



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 3433 04389 5014

C 10-5417

Ridge, W. Pett

Wickhames



[REDACTED]



[REDACTED]





THE WICKHAMSES

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]



THE WICKHAMSES



BY THE SAME AUTHOR

MORD EM'LY

LOST PROPERTY

ERR

A SON OF THE STATE

A BREAKER OF LAWS

MRS. GALER'S BUSINESS

SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P.

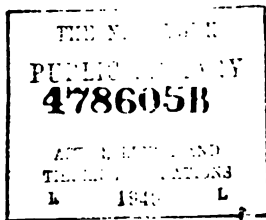
THE WICKHAMSES

BY

W. PETT RIDGE,

THIRD EDITION

METHUEN & CO.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON



First Published . . . August 1906
Second Edition . . . September 1906
Third Edition . . . October 1906

THE WICKHAMSES

CHAPTER I

“SURE?”

“Certain, my girl.”

“Perfectly sure?”

“Absolutely, miss.”

“No mistake about it, sir?”

“Oh, come on, lady. We can't wait 'ere all day.”

My eldest sister, flustered with responsibility, would not accept the conductor's word until he had obtained corroboration from other passengers in the Favourite omnibus; they gave her a solemn assurance that this was the Hugh Myddleton, and there was the statue; and one man at the corner in helping us and in handing out the packages said vaguely (referring, it seemed, to the number of occasions on which he had entered the house) that he wished he had as many sovereigns. Called from the knife-board seat on top I aroused myself and descended with a dazed expression, but not so dazed as to fail to resent the attentions of the conductor who caught hold of me on the third step from the last, landing me on the pavement as though I were a child. We stood at the kerb obviously distracted by the star of streets presented to us, and the conductor, leaning perilously and keeping his foothold only by aid of a small strap, repeated

his directions by shouting and pointing; the passengers again seconded his efforts.

"Sarah, Joe." My eldest sister counted, trembling. "Sarah, Joe, and little Ruth. But we were four when we started!"

"You haven't reckoned yourself, Mary."

My eldest sister objected to my correction, but she found on consideration that it did clear up an arithmetical puzzle, and gathering a bouquet of parcels and band-boxes, she ordered one of us to take the carpet bag, the others to each accept charge of a handle of the wooden box. Some men loafing at the corner came to offer services, and, on being repulsed, went back to the hay bins and to the sides of the public-house with an air of sulky relief and criticised our appearance, saying that London was about to be taken by storm, that rank and fashion had at last come to the neighbourhood; they also called us black beetles. This interruption effected the complete bewilderment of my eldest sister. She had to admit that, having turned round twice, she was now unable to remember the directions given; confessed also that she could not tell her left hand from her right. Releasing my end of the wooden box, I made a feint of bowling, and announced that over there was the right and here the left, and the left turning was the one we had to take.

"Better wait," declared my eldest sister helplessly. "Wait and see what happens. We don't know where we are at the present moment. Ruth, whatever in the world are you up to?"

Little Ruth, returning from consultation with the authorities, informed us that the policeman had told her the place we desired was close enough to be able to bite us, if so unsympathetically minded. Since stepping out of the train, I had been unable to believe that any-

thing possessed reality, but I suddenly caught sight of words painted in black letters above a shop, and, commanding them to follow, I took my handle and led the party through a broad passage, on a desperate expedition lasting about three minutes; at the end waved the disengaged hand with an air of triumphant introduction.

"Knew it was somewhere not far off," said my eldest sister. "Keep all together now whilst I find the key. If I've lost that, we're done for."

"You've got it tied round your wrist, Mary."

"Not quite so much talk from you, Master Joe, if you please," she ordered. "Else I shall tell your father what a saucy chatterbox you've been."

"Ain't said more'n half a dozen words."

"You've said half a dozen too many. Sarah, put down the carpet bag and hold this. Ruth, you can loosen your end of the box. Tired, dear?"

"Are you, Mary?" asked the sharp little girl; anxious, apparently, to discover before answering whether to be tired was the right and correct thing.

"Fit for nothing," replied my sister Mary, with an exaggerated manner of age. "Feel as though I could flop down right here. Just where I'm standing."

"So do I," declared the little girl eagerly. "I've got that all gone sort of feeling that—— You're done up too, ain't you, Sarah?"

"No!" Mary and the child exchanged pained looks conveying regret that my middle sister should thus curtly declare herself a stubborn minority. "Fit as a fiddle," Sarah went on.

"So 'm I," I declared.

"Nice expression for a lady to use," said my eldest sister. "Your father shall hear of it. Oh, bother take the key! I can't open the door. Someone else have a go."

The shops on either side and the shops over the way were honouring us with an attention that might well have been taken for frank curiosity. A plump lady from next door (the window had already attracted my sisters, for the side bore a brass plate with the words, "Modes and Robes"), gave genial and excellent advice, and the key being offered to the hole the reverse way, it went in and turned easily. A youth at the second-hand bookshop just opposite, spectacles pushed up to forehead, came across the gutter which ran along the centre of the paved space, and recommended the application of a kick, and this too proved to be good, sound counsel. The stout lady, following up to the now opened door, begged us to mind the linoleum in the empty shop, but two of the party were already down on their knees, caught by a jagged hole in the floor covering. She ran in after us and caught up Ruth, kissing her and slapping the floor severely in order to console.

"New to London, all of you?" she asked briskly, when comfort had been restored. "Thought so. Oh, father's been up twice before, has he? Then he's not altogether a stranger. And you've got a brother married here? Well done him! You'll find it a wonderful place, my dears. Me, I was born in Kentish Town, and bred in Kentish Town, but I've never quite got over being astonished at London. My name's Marsh—Madam Marsh. I'm in the dressmaking line."

"Husband French?" asked Mary, with respect.

"Not sure about that," said Madam good-humouredly. "He's taking his time coming along, anyway. Let me know if you hear anything of him. I've been looking out the last eighteen year, and I've never yet so much as caught a glimpse. Talking of men, where's your father and mother got to?"

Mary whispered.

"That settles her, then," said Madam. "What about your pa?"

"Father's coming on with the furniture from Willow Walk station."

"I see. And you're going to wait here until— Law bless my soul!" she cried, "what you all want is tea. Why ever didn't you remind me of it? I left one of my customers from the theatre just to run out and see—"

"Is there a theaytre near here?" I asked. "Ma'am, I mean, miss."

"Didn't you notice it coming along? There's a music-hall across the Green, too. Very nice theatre, although I say it, and I've got a good connection amongst the young ladies there. Miss Trentham, one of the principals—well, not really one of the principals, but getting on that way—she's upstairs at my place now with her skirt and bodice off, and I shall hear something if I don't hurry back. Give me quarter of an hour and I'll bring you in cups of tea and thin bread and butter. I should have gone on the stage at one time," said the stout lady, leaving us, "only my figure— Have a good look over the place whilst I'm away. I'll send my niece Henrietta in to see you. Cheer up. You'll soon find friends. You especially," she added to little Ruth.

"We don't know anybody," said Ruth.

"London's a place where you can always find the friends you deserve to find. As for you, you scamp," she pinched my ear, "I can see you already in the gallery of the Phil."

"Father wouldn't hear of it."

"We should take care of that," she remarked, with the wink of a joyful conspirator.

Our tempers had greatly improved, and leaving the

articles of luggage in the shop, we opened the half glass door, and went into the back room where the wall-paper, in squares that had been protected by pictures, furnished idea of the scheme with which it had started life. The garden proved disappointing; it gave an impression that the previous tenant had cultivated only Australian meat tins; a line of doleful scarlet runners bordered the wall on one side. Sarah nodded to me to intimate that here would be found scope for the use of spade and fork and later, the planting of slips, which we had brought privately in a sugar paper bag. Upstairs the balcony excited general admiration, but Mary would not allow anyone to step upon it, contending that father had better try first; if the balcony successfully resisted his weight, without fatality, then younger members of the family might perhaps be allowed to make the experiment. The staircases had a shining paper which looked like mottled soap; Mary said it was intended to be an imitation of marble. The house owned a first floor and a second floor, and on the ceiling of the back room of the second floor wooden steps went to the roof. I had carried during some years a small Union Jack between my waistcoat and my flannel shirt for a good reason; once I found an island somewhere in the Pacific, with palm trees and cocoanuts and honey and sherbet, and my gallant crew rowed me off to it in a gig-boat, and I was about to make the usual speech, proclaiming it henceforth under the sovereignty of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and my sailors had their caps off ready to cheer, when I discovered I was without the indispensable flag. Ere the boatswain returned from the shop with this, the black men attacked us with assegais and things, and we had to run for our lives; my feet became stuck in the sand; I could proceed no further; I yelled aloud as the

crew plunged into the waves, and my eldest sister knocked at the wall inquiring what was the matter. Sarah and I tied a piece of wood to the chimney stack up on the flat leads, and fixed the Union Jack to it and said "Hooray" very quietly for fear of giving annoyance to neighbours.

"Look!" I cried.

I had climbed on a high chair with no back, that had been used apparently on washing days. Thick forests of chimney pots all around, with here and there the spire of a church; down in the City, through which we had come in the Favourite omnibus, a portly Cathedral and a tall Monument; and beyond these, buildings which seemed to go half-way to the skies: the mist enveloped these and hinted at the sea or the edge of the world.

"Fine, isn't it?" said my sister Sarah. She trembled, and I took her hand.

"This is only part," mannishly. "I'm told they keep on building very nigh every day."

"Joe," she said, coming back from looking over the parapet, "do you know what occurs to me?" Mary called to us, begging us to come down and prophesying that we should break our necks, sure as fate. "Do you know what occurs to me? Everybody's moving about three times as fast as what they did down in the country. Everybody's trying to get past everybody. There's just a few that have given it up altogether, but the rest are all on the trot."

"Well," I said. "What of it?"

Sarah was a shade taller than myself at that time. She leaned down.

"We shall have to set to and do the same," she whispered.

"I'm prepared to take an oath—" I said.

"Hush!"

"To take an affidavit."

"That's better."

"Promising to push along as fast as I jolly well can."

"And I guarantee to do the same. How do you——"

"Raise the right hand. Or else the left. Raise both to make sure. We begin directly, mind!"

We went down, dignified and proud over the solemnity of the proceedings, and nothing but a scream of "Tea!" would have made us hurry into the shop parlour. Madam had been in again, and I felt sorry to have missed her; but we sat on the floor with the japanned tray in the centre, and after little Ruth had said a rapid grace, Mary recited the conversation sentence by sentence, with the prefatory remark (which sounded like one of father's) that Madam appeared to be kind-hearted, but rather worldly minded. The Phil had been referred to once more; it was not doing so well as it had done in Mr. Gordon's time, and Mr. Gordon's time could not compare with the great nights when West-End folk drove up to Islington in their carriages to hear *Geneviève de Brabant* and *La Belle Hélène*. In those days, said my eldest sister, lowering her voice, in those evenings, according to Madam, the ladies on the stage used to wear —— (I think that Mary, like myself, could never dissociate this word from an impression of tipsy recklessness; she said it voicelessly), and the local florists sold out their stock every night. Now, the place was being held by Miss Lizzie King and Company, and of their performances Madam said that she had, in her time, seen better; she had also, in her time, seen worse. She proposed to obtain orders for the following evening, and then two of us could go and see for ourselves what we thought of it.

"Did you tell her about father?"

"I hinted," said Mary. "Hinted it as well as I could. She only laughed and said, 'Oh well, London will soon cure him of that.'"

We gasped.

"I said, 'I beg leave to differ,'" remarked Mary.

"I suppose she's rather naughty," said little Ruth, "but I like her cake."

"She draws the line at the music-hall over the way," continued Mary. "Doesn't mind looking in there herself with a friend, but she wouldn't think for a single moment of giving one of her girls permission to go. 'If you want to hear Nelly Power and the Great Macdermott,' she says to them, 'just you wait until the pantomimes come on. You wouldn't understand some of the things they say and sing, and if you did, I should be sorry for you.' And there, *I* think," said my sister Mary judiciously, "there she's quite right."

We had no candles, and it began to grow dusk at about seven. We all talked a good deal, but Ruth shivered now and again, and Mary told her it meant someone was walking over her grave; this remark failed to cheer her, and the little girl came over to me and hugged me around the neck very tightly. I found myself beginning to wish that father and the van of furniture would arrive; the prospect of staying in the house all night, one man with three sisters to guard, did not seem alluring. Mary told me I had better take back the tray with compliments and thanks, and I was just going out of the shop door when a girl turned to come in.

"Whoa, clumsy!" she cried.

"Why don't you see where you're going?" I demanded.

"I can't. You're all in the dark here. Let me have the tray, and I'll get aunt to lend you a couple of candles."

She came back at once, holding two ginger-beer bottles with lighted candles stuck in them, and said, "Act Five, Scene One. Enter Lady Macbeth with taper," which I thought at the time a foolish, irrelevant remark, of the kind that girls often make without thinking. She set the bottles on the mantelpiece, and, giving her pigtail of black hair a jerk from the shoulder, looked at us.

"Good-evening," said my sister Mary. "Nights begin to draw in. I often think that once we get into September——"

"You're a cheerful, merry-looking lot," interrupted the girl. "Look as though you'd sold your ticket in a big sweepstake for a bob and the horse had come in first. Why don't you have a game of cards to while away the time?"

"Father doesn't allow——"

"Back in half a minute," she said.

We placed one of the candles in the centre of the bare floor of the shop parlour, and she sat on her heels and endeavoured to teach us how to play Nap. I am afraid we proved rather dull students, and when she charged me with not being able to tell clubs from spades, I had to admit that this was the first time I had seen either; she took up the cards and frowned in the endeavour to think of a simpler sport.

"Snap!" she announced. "I brought two packs."

Even little Ruth soon picked up the rules of this game. I should have been more successful if I had not been interested in watching the scarlet bow at the top of her head, and in guessing how soon a jerk would bring the wonderful pigtail of black hair with another scarlet bow near the end over the shoulder to be received with an "Oh bother!" and flung back again. More than once she took my cards when we both had,

say, Queen of Diamonds, and I was gazing at mine; she held the capture under my eyes, crying, "Stupid!" in what I thought a delightful and captivating way. We grew noisy over the game, shouting and screaming; little Ruth laughed so much that she began to hiccough. Sarah and Madam Marsh's niece were disputing, brandishing their cards in each other's faces, and begging each other not to cheat, when the half glass door opened.

"What a comic-looking person," cried Henrietta. "Who in the world——"

We placed our hands appealingly on her arm, and she stopped. With father we never could be quite sure whether he was greater in silence or in speech; the worst part about his silence was, that it gave such enormous scope for guessing the thoughts in his mind. He looked down at us now, his left hand, with red hair growing to the knuckles, feeling its way slowly over his face from the right cheek bone out to the ear, down the side, coming under the chin, and, with a slight acceleration of movement, up to the left cheek bone. This, done without a word, always froze me; Sarah and I used to agree that the terrifying part came in wondering whether the hand would go once more on its circular tour, or whether speech of condemnation would start. The girl gathered up her two packs of cards, dusted the front of her skirt, said "Bye-bye all!" and started. Father tried to crush her with a look; to his surprise and to our surprise she took his hand, and, giving it a shake, assured him of the great delight she experienced in meeting him; asked whether he had had a good journey, and disappeared without showing the least intention of waiting for the answer.

"Joe!"

"Yes, father."

"Come here, my son."

My three sisters instinctively assumed an expression of features intended to convey an assurance of perfect innocence, together with sympathy for me.

"Want to speak to you. Want a little conversation with you. Want to ask you a question. Want to put an inquiry to you, and you must be very careful how you answer it. Much depends on you giving an absolutely truthful answer to my inquiry. Hardware!"

"H-a-r-d——"

"Sent you down to the station, didn't I, to ask what class hardware came under. Going by goods train."

"And they told me what I told you."

"Sure of that?"

"Quite sure, father."

"The railway company has been trying to charge me for some of it at machinery rate. I've been arguing it out for a couple of hours with one and the other of 'em."

My sisters gave a sigh of relief. They knew, as I knew, that a recent dispute with somebody outside was the one thing which made father amiable towards his own family.

"You got the best of the argument, father?"

"Generally do, don't I?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well, then," he said. "Why ask? Now let's see about unloading the van. We shall have to carry everything a full twenty yards. Mary, Sarah, Ruth, everybody's got to help. Go and borrow aperns or pinafores from your young friend, and let's set to. Joe, off with your jacket. You'll find a green baize overall just at the tail of the van."

The van stood in the narrow lane which went across the Passage from High Street. The two lines of shops

were lighted up, some with gas globes, others, like the second-hand book establishment, with a couple of hanging oil-lamps; the young man, with spectacles pushed up to the forehead, came out to watch us, glancing first at the patrons who, with bent backs, were going through his stock; the volumes had circular labels like lozenges on the backs, giving the prices, but a framed notice in the window said encouragingly, *No Reasonable Offer Refused*. I noticed, as we went up and down from the van to our shop, that none of the patrons appeared to make any offer, reasonable or otherwise, but that many of them took up books and read pages in the dim light; one old gentleman turned down a leaf before going, and I wondered that the spectacled youth did not upbraid him.

The neighbours looked out of windows over the shops as we carried the things along, and one called tendering a bed-wrench, which father refused; later, he had to send little Ruth to say that he would feel greatly obliged by a loan of the useful article. We were surprised at the interest and at the kindness, for a butcher down at home, who was in the habit of coming to London for a day every November, had told us we should find that no one took the least notice of new-comers; you might live in town for a matter of fifty years without gaining the acquaintance of your next-door neighbour. When the railway carman (who never ceased confiding to me that, by rights, he was not bound to carry the goods into the house,—“What the lor says to me is,” argued the carman, ‘Just you pitch ’em down at the front door, that’s all you’ve got to do. Do that, and you’re clear.’)—when the railway man and father and myself brought in the long, broad horse-hair sofa, the windows opposite gave counsel in imploring tones; the harmonium agitated them, the sideboard excited them into some-

thing like frenzy. A great evening, an evening on which we, as a family, touched a high standard of importance; marred, so far as I was concerned, by the critical manner of the van-boy, who seemed to know that my private threats to punch his head were not likely to be carried into public execution. Mary and Sarah stayed in the house, arranging the rooms so soon as a sufficient quantity of furniture had been carried in.

"Lor' love us," said the van-boy, handing down "Moses striking the Rock," in its maple frame. "What a picture! Couldn't I do with that in my droring-room! Look at the old gen'leman. Ain't he come out natural! Beard and all. Is he a rel'tive, may I kindly ask? Oh my stars and stripes, 'ere's a rare old coal-box, if you like now. I lay that coal-box has been 'anded down from father to son ever since the time of William the Conqueror. There's a date on it somewhere if we'd only got time to look. We 'ave 'ere," assuming the manner of an auctioneer, "a set of steel fire-irons with fender complete, together with toasting-fork and Dutch oven, the whole comprising one of the most fascinating collection of cur'osities ever submitted to the British public. Also a bust of a gent apparently suffering from vi'lent neuralgia. Also——" He stopped himself from making any reference to the enlarged and coloured photograph of my mother. "Also," he went on, "a looking-glass in gilt frame, somewhat damaged owing to the only son of the 'ousehold having looked at hisself in it. Also, a pink jug and a blue basin presumably 'eld in reserve in case the same member of the family should ever decide to take the desperate step of washing his face and his 'ands. Also a kitchen table; one of the finest pieces of deal wood——"

The two heavy printing machines in at last, and the carman rubbing the inside of his cap, assured me that if he

did not sometimes make more out of jobs than he had made on this occasion, he should feel inclined to write in to his Goods Manager and ask to be appointed to the charge of a quiet level crossing somewhere down in the country. I told him I wished I had some coppers, but that my father did not like me to have money. The railway carman said that, supposing my head to be screwed on the right way—of which he admitted he had no proof—I should soon set to and pick up a bit for myself. The van-boy being directed to take the nose-bag from the horse, obeyed, and shouted to me that if ever there should be a desire to sell the whole lot—lock, stock, and barrel—for two-pence halfpenny, I was to see that he had the first chance. I hated the van-boy, and it hurt me to find that I could not give him a smart reply; but one could not help feeling as the van drove off that with it went the last link connecting us with the country.

The girls had worked well, and little Ruth felt so tired that she gained permission to go off to her chair bedstead; Sarah went up with her, by father's orders, to see that she skipped none of her prayers. I was sent out to get half a pint of stout for father, and a quarter of a pound of pressed beef. Dazed and gratified and enchanted by the splendid gaiety of the Camden Head, and by the magnificence of a young woman behind the bar, I deferred giving my order until I had been commanded to do so. In the bar above a scarlet plush couch hung the portrait of a lady then appearing in *Babel and Bijou* at the Alhambra Theatre, guaranteed to measure from top to toe eight feet two inches, and reported to be still growing; it seemed to me that here was a young person whom any lad of my age and height might be proud to woo and to win. Returning home, I noticed that other boys sipped from their jugs, and I pretended to take a drink from mine: a long

drink, and this made me feel myself an acute blade; a man who by practice and experience might in time be mistaken for London make. I foresaw difficulties with speech, for hitherto we had considered that the wildest and most blasphemous ejaculation, one which, merely to overhear, placed in peril the salvation of the soul, was one special word. At the National Schools, a rebellious boy named Spencer, whose father called himself a gentleman farmer—but both titles gave occasion for argument—had, on being ordered to give six well-known rivers in England and their sources, at once replied, “Jiggered if I’m going to jiggering well do anything of the jiggering kind,” a form of answer that we all thought to be generously, forcibly, and vehemently expressed. The Spencers were frequently referred to in our household as types which should not be imitated; the two girls were alleged to be fast young things (this only because they were always the earliest to introduce new fashions; it took the ladies of the village three months ere they decided to adopt the Alexandra limp, at which moment the Spencer girls gave it up for a newer trick); the father was not only a churchman, but a churchwarden, and took round the silver plate with a tremulous hand, saying into each pew, “Now then there; pay up and look big,” or some other exhortation to generosity. Here, near the Green, where strange words flew about like hailstones in a storm, stinging the unaccustomed ear, Bob Spencer, hitherto awarded honours in languages, seemed worthy only in my esteem of a second-class certificate.

My sister Sarah was beckoning from the shop door, and I relinquished the intention of spending a few minutes at the book shop; I had noticed a twopenny box there into which I promised myself a dip. Also I had observed that elastic side boots were no longer worn and that straight peaked caps were not popular.

“Father was just coming to find you,” whispered Sarah. “I should have hid the strap if he had. Say you took a wrong turning.”

“Took a wrong turning, father,” loudly, as I went through the shop.

“Many a one,” remarked my father, “many a one has done that in this world, my lad, and never found himself again. One step aside from the path that leadeth— This bread’s a bit new, Mary. Why didn’t you ask for one of yesterday’s? Joe, crust or crumb? Speak up sharp.”

The astonishment at being let off so easily almost took away powers of speech; it seemed to augur well for sympathetic methods in the new life. During the meal father encouraged us to talk and to give our impressions of the fresh surroundings; he himself took the important step of giving us a peep into his confidences by announcing that, so far as he had been able to discover, no printing establishment existed within a couple of hundred yards of us; and this, in a place like London, where trades crowded and jostled, formed subject for congratulation. He had noticed a very large establishment in the City Road, but that of course catered for customers differing greatly from those who would come to us. Father said that in course of time, with a third machine, a grown-up assistant, and the help of One above who ruled over all, there seemed reason to hope for a good share of this large bill work that could be seen everywhere on hoardings. He went into the shop with a lighted candle to look around, and Mary and Sarah and I, as we took off our boots, glanced at each other hopefully. Our expectations fell when he returned with the frown that intimated the imminence of a ceremony. He gave a jerk of the head; we sighed, and knelt down at our respective chairs.

"Thy servants," said father, using the growling monotone in which he always sent up petitions, "Thy humble servants here assembled are embarking upon a new phase of their career. It has been said that brief life is here our portion, and, O Lord, we know it. We do not dispute it. We admit that our earthly life is but a moment, as it were, in the vast eternity stretchin' out before us, once we throw off this mortal body. But we venture to ask, O Lord, that Thou wilt in Thy loving-kindness bless the efforts of Thy servants 'ere below, knowing well that they walk with the fear of God in their minds and ever searching for Thy gracious approval. Grant that our three daughters, not excepting the youngest, may be a glory and a blessin' to us. Grant that our son David, already a resident in this great city, may remember Thee. Grant that our younger son——"

Here Sarah kicked me, and I tried to convey the assurance that for this attention she would be repaid at the earliest moment.

"—Grant that our younger son, who has so grievously strayed at times from right'ousness, thereby incurring the risk of never-ending torments with which Thou rightly punisheth the wrong-doer—grant that he, even he, may grasp this opportunity, and 'enceforth seek salvation where only salvation can be granted. Perfect him from evil companions. Keep him from sin. Go before him by day in a pillar of a cloud, by night in a pillar of fire. Save him from the temptations that abound on every side in this city of pleasure. Thy servant who now addresses Thee observed, not later than this evening, a pleasure-seeking crowd assailing the doors of a buildin' hard by, intent on thoughts, not of Thee, but of mere vulgar profanation of the precious hours that Thou hast accorded. Punish the evil-minded."

Father's voice raised itself; his closed eyes went to

the ceiling. We always trembled when this fierce note came.

"Destroy them!" he cried. "Raze them to the ground! Visit upon them the terror of Thy wrath! Spare them not, O Lord, but just as Thou once destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, so destroy Thou them. Do this as a lesson to those who waver. And now," back to the former tone, "we humbely commend ourselves to Thy favours, earnestly begging that all our sins may be forgiven, believin' as we do——"

As a rule these outbursts had been reserved for occasions when I had been found playing cricket—permission not having been previously granted—or when someone had failed, in spite of repeated applications, to settle an outstanding account. The denunciation of the theatre depressed me, for I had tried to picture to myself great evenings at the Philharmonic with Madam Marsh and her niece, or perhaps with only the niece; and I had dared to hope that father's antagonism might withdraw itself when he found that we were not paying to go in. The noise and clatter of traffic out in the main road interfered with rest that night (and indeed for many subsequent nights, until the time came when only the more moderate roar of a Sunday evening caused disturbance). I, for my part, begrudged the waste of time. So much to see, so much to hear; London was surely no place for rest. Once, just as I was going off in the early hours of the morning, a crash came of galloping horses and shouting men, and I thought one could hear folk running out of houses in the Passage and calling to each other excitedly; I assumed this to be but an ordinary incident of town life, and I had made up my mind to be surprised at nothing. I dreamed that father and I walked about London, and there was somebody with us whom one could not describe; father pointed out

the places and buildings which he desired to vanish from sight, and every suggestion he made was immediately acted upon. I suggested that Drury Lane Theatre should be excepted, and put in a good word for the Oval; the fact that no attention was paid to my remarks made me feel convinced of the truth and reality of the dream.

I dressed and went out at about seven; walked up and down the Passage, but not one of the shops was opened, and the few people one met had a tired air. The front of the newspaper shop was mine, and I had a good look at the pictures of Arabi Pasha and of Sir Garnet Wolseley. Madam Marsh's shop window was covered with a brown blind. A young, round arm came through the venetians above and raised the window; I whistled, and Henrietta's head, with her black hair loose on her shoulders, peeped between two disarranged laths.

"Heard the news, youngster?" she asked eagerly. "Didn't it wake you up? Wait ten minutes till I come down, and I'll tell you all about it."

I repeated the information at breakfast, and little Ruth cried, saying she wished she were safely back at home again; but Mary and Sarah told her the feeling ought to be one of thankfulness that we had escaped. The fire, so Henrietta told me, burned fiercely, and in about half an hour the Philharmonic had been destroyed. Father made no comment, which we thought showed either modesty on his part or remorse. We expected he would at least make some reference to the efficacy of prayer; instead he remarked, after a space, that directly the meal had finished we must all turn back our sleeves and set to.

"If you want to conquer London," he said, looking at me, "you've got to work; mind that, all of you."



CHAPTER II

I CANNOT remember that father ever again called down vengeance on anyone or on anything, but he did in the course of the next few weeks make strong remarks concerning war and people who exulted in victory. As to the folk near who hung flags out of windows and played concertinas and shouted uproariously across the Passage at early hours, and said of everything that it was all Sir Garnio (meaning that everything was as satisfactory and triumphant and successful as the leader of our forces out at Tel-el-Kebir), father said they were like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, a simile which struck me as only partially exact. What father meant was, that in spite of the decorative efforts of the fascia writer, who took two days to first outline above the shop the words

WICKHAMS, PRINTER

and afterwards fill them in and give them shadows and scrolls, and who was so much of an artist that he offered to put the second word in inverted commas without extra charge (I saw him coming out of the Druids Arms that night, and felt sure that father's refusal had driven him to it); in spite of a thousand handbills which we printed on the Cropper machine, and I distributed, but one order came in during the first ten days. In the country we had always prided ourselves on mourning

cards, and we threw ourselves into the first commission with appetite. The widow lady who called said the cards were required immediately, insisted on giving us a full and detailed account of her husband's last illness and of her own virtue in calling daily at St. Bartholomew's for information, of her deplorable collapse when they brought the sad news. She reconstituted the scene, bidding me pretend to be the porter at the hospital and father the City constable who ran forward to catch her as she fell. Examining critically through her tears the country specimens which we had in stock, she said that not one of them conveyed the acuteness of her sorrow.

"I'm no ordinary woman, mind you," she sobbed. "Any little thing upsets me."

We submitted to her, out of our extensive knowledge, selections from a variety of hymns, some of a hopeful, others of a lugubrious nature; she said eventually that, to avoid using lines of which relatives might say they had heard them somewhere already, she thought it better we should try to make up something original. The widow proved to be almost as good as a large number of clients, for, living in a street off Essex Road, she came in and out of the shop several times every day, her spirits rising at each visit. She approved of two rhyming lines which I composed, but, after considering for twenty-four hours, brought them back and asked me to do her the personal favour of amending them slightly, pointing out that if, as the lines suggested, she and her late husband should one day meet again, free from sorrow and from pain, they would in all probability only recommence nagging at each other. Father had to speak to her pretty straight at last when she asked him confidentially across the counter whether it was not time he began to look about and find a new mother for his children.

I had my troubles at that time, for Gloucestershire beat Surrey. W. W. Read made a good score in both innings, but Gloucestershire beat us.

In my spare time I sketched out some new ideas for handbills, and father adopted one of these. It was headed—

“ Don't you Know ?

Can't you Know ?

Won't you Know ?

That if you Require Excellence

and Economy in Printing you must

Go to Wickhams ! ”

I went about with these in the early hours of the morning with a brush and a small flat can of paste, affixing them to the shutters of shops in Upper Street, to hoardings near the Green, to pillars of private houses in Duncan Terrace. One of my triumphs was to stick a bill on the bandaged eyes of a statue outside a scale-maker's; it remained there for days ere the proprietor noticed it. Sarah went with me on these expeditions and kept a lookout; if we met a constable, Sarah went up to him and asked the time. Henrietta once saw us returning, and of course showered questions on us; I answered that we had been fishing. She appeared offended at not being allowed to share the secret, and said (referring, I suppose, to the brush which we carried) that she thought we had been fox-hunting.

“ Joe ! ” announced my father. “ There doesn't seem enough here for both of us to do. I've been thinking it over, and it appears to me that one pair of hands, with assistance morning and evening——”

“ Why don't you make it a kind of stationery business as well, father ? ”

“ If there's any business that's more so than this is,”

he said grimly, "I should be comforted to know of it. Apart from which, my lad, if you interrupt me again when I'm in the middle of the sentence, I'll welt you as you've never been welted before. You're not too big for that, you know, yet."

I went on cleaning the windows and kept quiet, because one knew that father was always annoyed when he received a suggestion which he felt ought to have occurred to himself. Sarah and I had talked the matter over more than once; she had consulted Mary, and to Mary, after talking with Madam Marsh, arrived an idea, which she dared not bring forward, of putting a card in the window. Mary argued that it was useless to tell her that respectable young men, out during the day, did not exist in London; she felt certain there were many who would be only too grateful for a comfortable home and breakfast with the family. Little Ruth, growing sharp as a result of daily attendance at the Board School, arrested this scheme by asking what David's wife would be likely to say about it.

"What I've got to do with you, my son, is to find you a situation in some respectable, God-fearing place. I've got to do it, and I mean to do it. Though," admitted my father, "how on earth one's to set about it is more than I can tell you. First time David calls— Well, what do you want to say?"

"Only thinking, father."

"Let's hear what you're thinking," he ordered.

I told him, and he said at once that no one, judging by my want of common sense, would believe me to be his son. All the same, he acted upon my advice, and the following Sunday evening, when the young minister with the rough head of hair came down from the pulpit, and stood at the doorway to shake hands, father engaged him in talk whilst we all stood around, by persistent

smiles showing that we supported the invitation. The young minister, unable to spare much time to individual members, glanced at a small diary which he took from his waistcoat pocket, and said that Thursday evening would suit him admirably, Thursday evening at eight-thirty—between eight-thirty and a quarter to nine. He had to be at a Young Men's Institute that evening, but he would manage somehow to slip away. Mr. Wickhams must be introduced to Mr. ———. He looked along the line of people and selected a portly, yellow-waistcoated gentleman. Mr. Blenkinsop, Mr. Wickhams. Mr. Wickhams and his young people were just up from the country. Mr. Blenkinsop, moist with satisfaction at the sermon, gave us all a large hand, and outside the chapel said with heavy playfulness that he had a good mind to steal one of Ruth's brown curls. We walked along with him to the end of the street.

"And doing well?" he asked, as he stopped to say good-night. "Yes, yes," as father made reverential answer, "that's all right. The Lord will provide, no doubt, but there's no reason why we shouldn't do a bit ourselves. Give me the address; perhaps I may be able to put some work in your way. I'm an auctioneer, and if you can do a job of printing at the same price as other people who don't belong to the chapel—— Well, I suppose we ought not to be talking business on the Sabbath. Difficult to avoid it. Good-bye all. I shall most certainly bring a pair of scissors with me next time," he added to little Ruth.

Father had previously criticised the sermon on the way home to the Passage after morning and evening services, telling us how he would have dealt with the text, and, using a word which obsessed him at the time complained of Mr. Redwell that he took a mundane view. For our part we, remembering Sunday nights in

the country, with a text nearly always selected from Revelations and the prospect of a three and a half mile walk home in the dark, fearing all the way that up from the earth would spring some beast with two horns like a lamb, but speaking as a dragon, we looked on Mr. Redwell's sermons as something to be ranked as equal to Penny Readings. On this particular occasion, my father said the mistake we children made in thinking of Mr. Redwell, had been in not seeing that London was one place, home was another. In this world you had to adapt yourself to circumstances. Down in the country you could be sure of your congregation; up here you had to make the services attractive in order to get the people in. Madam Marsh and her niece had been out for the day, visiting friends in Caledonian Road, and they were at their door when we returned. I took off my cap, and Madam, speaking to father for the first time, said that November was a queer month; she attributed the absence of rain to the fact that she had taken with her a waterproof and an umbrella. Father replied that the weather was in better and wiser hands than ours, and Madam said, "I suppose, if the truth was known, that is so," in a deferential way. She added that she had run out of printed paper bags, and she would look in early the following morning, if all went well, and give an order. She wanted them neatly done with "Late of Regent's Quadrant" at the top.

"I was apprentice to the millinery there when I was a slip of a girl," she said. "Seems a good many years ago now."

"Can't be such a great while," said my father.

And feeling, apparently, that he would not improve on this as a farewell speech, hurried us in. Sarah declared he lifted his silk hat to the ladies, imitating me; but Mary and I agreed that Sarah must keep a tighter rein on her invention. Sarah persisted in her statement, and

expressed a hope that the day was not far distant when father would not only take off his hat but would throw it away ; she had overheard some comments regarding its shape that evening, and it was a matter of common knowledge—the facts being communicated by an aunt—that it had been purchased on the day of the Prince of Wales's wedding.

Orders came in that week in a way that, after the time of waiting, appeared overwhelming, and the question of a situation for me was postponed. Father gave some commands to a commercial traveller, and by Wednesday Sarah had set out the window with boxes of letter-paper, bottles of ink, blotting pads, stationery racks ; and I am not exaggerating when I say that the first evening it attracted a crowd. Shopkeepers came from the narrow end of the Passage to inspect, and the following day we took three shillings and fourpence over the counter ; Sarah had to go more than once to little Ruth's money-box with a knife in order to procure change. Mary had sent a note to my brother David, requesting the presence of his wife and himself on the Thursday to supper ; and the fact that no reply came was attributed to that lady's earnest desire to keep us in suspense. We recalled her behaviour on the one day she and David visited us down in the country, and determined that on this occasion we would bend all our efforts to the task of keeping her in check. We were Londoners now, and she would have to meet us on equal terms.

"As a fact," said Mary, with bitterness, "I suppose she's busy with her dressmaker. A new dolman, you mark my words !"

"If she offers me any of her old clothes now we're living here," declared Sarah, "I shall do something. Or else say something. Or else think something."

"You're both frightened of her," I said.

"What about you?" they both asked. "You were as much afraid of her that day as we were."

"I didn't let her kiss me."

"She didn't try to."

"If she had," I remarked courageously, "I should have darn well smacked her face for her. And chance the ducks."

We differed in opinion on many points, but in regard to our sister-in-law we were always at one. Never hesitating to point out each other's faults, we remarked, on noticing any sign of affectation, that this was a bit of Mrs. David; the same comment was applied on signs of a raspish temper. If little Ruth found her doll refusing to sit upright and exhibiting lofty independence, she would sometimes make a terrible threat to change the doll's name.

Mrs. David's reply came by a late post on the Thursday afternoon, after Mary had taken the trouble to set the oval table for seven and bring up our stock of glass tumblers to that number. Mrs. David said it had been a great delight to hear from Mary; she and David had thought so much about us during the last few weeks, and David would have made a special effort to get across London to see us, only that there had been a great deal to do in the Borough, working early and working late. Farmers came up with samples every day, and David had to see them if the governor happened to be out.

"Doesn't she say whether they are coming or not?"

Mrs. David felt pleased to hear we had settled down, and that nothing had been broken in the moving, but she could not help thinking it a mistake to select such an outlandish place as Islington; Forest Hill, now, would have been much more get-at-able. She herself, although born in London, knew but little of the north

of the Thames, and she really could not understand why people lived there, when nice new roads were being made and convenient villa residences being built in the south.

“But what time are they going to be here?”

Thursday was an inconvenient day of the week to select, for on that evening her maid—here we gasped and stared at each other—on that evening her maid always went out, and did not return until twenty to ten. Impossible to leave the house by itself. Apart from which she was going out very little just now, and had indeed taken the extreme step of cancelling her first and third Wednesdays.

“Turn over and see what——”

David, feeling with her that this was an anxious time, divided his hours between attention to the hop business and devotion to her, and asked her to say that the first evening which he had free should be given to Islington. Meanwhile, Mrs. David hoped we would excuse them from coming on Thursday. She ought to have written earlier, but her mother was staying with her and would remain on for a time. She concluded by sending her love to little Ruth.

“There’s a—— Oh, I don’t know what to call her!” cried Mary, putting the letter down and looking at the set-out table. “She’s done it a purpose. She must have known I’d sent a note to Mr. Redwell, reminding him, and telling him there would be friends present.”

“She guessed!” agreed Sarah. “She’s as artful as a cart-load of monkeys.”

“Wouldn’t ask her again,” I said.

“So like her,” said Mary, looking again at the letter, “to just mention in a casual way about their having taken on a servant, pretending they’d had one all along.”

"We'd better alter the chairs."

"And let Mr. Redwell think that after we'd invited friends, the friends had considered it not good enough?"

"What about next door?" I suggested.

General opinion was that father would never listen to it, but the situation being explained to him in the shop where the bigger machine had been clanking all the afternoon, father said he had no objection to Madam Marsh and her niece being asked, providing they were distinctly informed that it was not to be taken as a precedent to be acted upon weekly, and that we did not expect to be invited back. Father added that, if Madam consented to come, he supposed there was nothing for it but to put on a clean shirt-front.

Talking it over when the guests, at the hour of half-past ten, had taken their leave, we felt bound to admit that we, the Wickhamses, in our earliest effort at society entertaining, had scored a triumph. Whilst father accompanied Mr. Redwell to that guest's rooms off Pentonville Hill, we endeavoured to find one blemish, a single defect, in the evening, and had to confess, with exultation, our inability. I did say that I thought Madam's dress rather daring, but the two girls (Ruth had, of course, been sent to bed immediately before supper, and the little person had gone off without a cry), the two girls replied, nodding their heads eagerly, that I ought to see the costumes some ladies wore on special occasions. The Queen's Drawing-Rooms, for instance. And if Royalty did not object, why should we, the Wickhamses, find fault? Waiving this detail, I said it was a pity little Ruth had asked Mr. Redwell whether he had any other Christian name besides Rev.: my sisters declared that, as a fact, this remark had thawed the ice, starting the evening with warm hilarity. I contended that Henrietta, on being urged to play

the harmonium, might have begun with something less frivolous, in view of the circumstance that a minister of the gospel was present; they pointed out that Mr. Redwell had declared it to be a tune which had been running in his mind for months past, and persuaded Henrietta to teach him the words of the chorus—

“So don’t annoy,
Be a good boy,
Make room for your uncle do.”

We hummed the last lines, eager to conserve the pre-posterous song in our memory.

“He’s so sensible,” remarked Mary. “Not a bit like an ordinary minister. And he listens, too.”

“Got the best of father, though, in every argument.”

“Did you notice how nice he was with Madam when he found that some of her people were Jews?”

“Henrietta looked well. Didn’t you think so, Joe?”

“There’s a good deal in what Mr. Redwell says,” I remarked, “about the chapels not paying enough attention to the social life of the people. I quite agree with him. I agree with him that that’s where the Salvation Army is going to do a lot of good. Religion ought to be made bright and cheerful and——”

“Doesn’t take much intelligence to agree with people,” interrupted my eldest sister. “Brain comes in when you want to dispute their arguments.”

“Pity Mrs. David wasn’t here then.”

The mention of her name restored unanimity. Such a blessing that she had not accepted the invitation! What a nuisance she would have been with her “I don’t think so at all,” and her “Forgive me for differing from you,” and her “Ah but——” Whatever the real cause of her absence, we felt that to be something for which we owed deep gratitude. All was well that ended well.

"So long as I live," declared Mary dramatically, "so long as breath endures, I never shall forget father's face when Mr. Redwell, putting a hand to his inside pocket, asked me whether I thought the ladies objected to smoking. What was it I said exactly?"

"You answered that you were sure the ladies didn't, but you couldn't be so certain about the gentlemen."

"I thought to myself," went on Mary, "'Now we're going to have a flare up. Now the fat will be all in the fire.' But I don't know," dreamily; "somehow to-night nothing could go wrong."

"Mr. Redwell said his cigar was a set-off against father's glass of stout. Father did venture to ask him why he smoked, and he said that he smoked because he liked it."

"Thought Madam seemed to brighten up directly she took a sniff. That was when she began talking about her young days and the young fellows who paid her attention."

"Did you notice," asked Mary, half closing her eyes—"perhaps you two didn't, but I did—what nice white thin hands he'd got? Look at the mark his ring made."

"You must have given him a pretty tight squeeze," remarked Sarah.

"Did you care for his singing of 'The Blue Alsatian Mountains'?"

"Lovely!" murmured Mary. "Better than all the rest put together. And you heard what he said about my Prince of Wales pudding."

"I liked Henrietta's song," I said. "Words were silly, but the tune was good."

"In what way 'silly'?"

"Why," I pointed out, "Erin isn't on the Rhine. Erin's the fancy name for Ireland."

"They can't get the best of Joe," cried my sisters.

I went off to bed before father returned, but in the morning the girls told me he had announced that there must be no more parties; life was too serious for such frivolities, and he ordered that no reference of any kind should be made to the evening in his presence. To do it once, just to show that we could do it, might be all very well, but to do it more than once would be reprehensible, indicating worldliness and a desire to show off and look mundane before neighbours. Mary told me that he used phrases such as 'nipping in the bud,' and 'thin end of the wedge,' and banged the oval table, making the tumblers dance; Mary declared she had had perhaps five minutes' sleep during the night, but certainly not six. A more miserable world she did not believe existed; she appealed to me to furnish some good, reasonable, and sufficient explanation for her birth, urged me to give some encouragement by prophesying an early demise. From Sarah I found the real trouble existed in the fact that father, after listening to the praise showered upon the guest of the evening by Mary, mentioned that Mr. Redwell had told him he was engaged to a young lady of good family living at Enfield. Mr. Blenkinsop sent in his first order that morning, and father, putting on his paper cap, ordered me to give the assistance of at least two hands.

It was on that morning my father for the first time treated me as though I possessed a brain. Hitherto, when I had made suggestions, his methods had been similar to the one used in ordering an obtrusive dog to its kennel; but on that morning, as I worked the handle, he more than once asked my advice. It is certain that nothing I had ever said or recommended impressed him so much as the success of the hand-written notice which, at my suggestion, was placed in our window. I wrote it with a brush and composed it all out of my

THE WICKHAMSES

own head. "A Public Apology" it began, and these words seemed to arrest folk who were hurrying through the Passage towards the Angel, stopped people who had urgent business in Essex Road. Having read the notice, some went on rapidly with an ashamed air of having been deluded, but many of them smiled, and, in spite of the crowded nature of the hours, father could do no more help glancing now and again to watch the effect than I could.

"S. Wickhams, the Popular Printer, begs to ask his Clients to excuse any slight Delay in the completion of their esteemed Commands. Owing to great Influx of Orders, these have to be Taken in Rotation."

"What?" cried my father, tipping back his paper cap. I repeated my suggestion with more of humility, fearing I was perhaps overstepping the mark divid-

"I nearly burst out," he argued, "as near as possible burst out last night when Mr. Redwell walked across from the sofa, carrying a antimacassar on the back buttons of his coat. I've got a sense of humour, my son, or else that wouldn't have made it so difficult to keep a straight face. Reckon I can see a joke as well as here and there a one. 'Casionally, I don't see them at the time, but sooner or later they come to me. Generally when I'm shaving. Not so much talk, Joe. Get on with your work."

It only needed this moderate encouragement to induce ideas to peep out like young asparagus. We kept one corner of the window for the daily announcements, and after a while used a frame instead of pasting them on the windows. At times I would work in a reference to some topic of the day; at others it began with a quotation from a song heard in the street. Henrietta next door could not conceal interest, watching the changing of the notice each morning, in order to be the first to read the new composition; generally she remembered to give a slight jerk of her pigtail of black hair, to click her tongue, and assume an expression of pity as who should say, "Little things please little minds." I felt hurt by this, but the less critical were generous in their comments, and Madam Marsh, coming out, would read, and then, taking her pince-nez from a nose excellently adapted for the support of glasses, call through the open door of our shop—

"Very good, Joe. First class, in my opinion. Quite A1. How in the world you make them all up, beats me."

One of my most successful efforts, before I took to poetry, began, "Why was I born so Beautiful?" It went on to say that some were proud of their face and some of their figure, but that there were no figures to equal

in cheapness those charged for portrait albums at Wickhams's. Cheaper than the Stores. And I made up this—

“In consequence of the opening of the
New Law Courts, Justice will be tempered by
Mercy at this Establishment, and S. Wickhams,
in offering his Birthday and Christmas Cards,
confidently Awaits
Verdict and Sentence.”

The young man from the second-hand bookseller shop called me out, and remarked that in his opinion the notices would be improved if I could see my way to giving them an added literary flavour; he urged me to read the standard authors. He was kind about it, and I am ashamed now (but was quite proud then) that I told him to mind his own business, and to buy neat paper-weights to keep his sheets of music from flying away, instead of using unsightly lumps of brick. He asked me whether I would mind taking the trouble of procuring the articles for him, and, as a special and particular favour, I consented to do so.

“If ever you see a volume outside my place that you fancy,” he said, “don't buy it. Just borrow it, and bring it back when you've done with it. Ever read Carlyle?”

“No,” I answered curtly; “nor don't intend.”

“Perhaps fiction's more in your line.”

“I've read *Little Women*.”

“There are some others,” he remarked. “By different writers. Desultory reading's not a bad idea. Just browse and nibble where you like. Roam about. Don't keep to one author. Dip!”

He must have been an even-tempered fellow, for he seemed in no way disturbed by the abruptness with

which I turned from him, but went back to his shop, gazing with a contented air at the people who read his stock and never purchased. I knew very well that I had not comported myself decently in the conversation; was not sure that I had shown cleverness. Down at home the general idea was that wit consisted in being offensive; one cannot feel certain that this view is restricted to country villages.

A significant result of my gift of invention consisted in the fact that nothing more was said by my father of finding a berth for me away from home. Mary and Sarah did not want me to go, declaring that the world would use me shamefully, expressing also a fear that I might learn to gamble; there was an account of a bookmaker's end in the *Bible Christian Miscellany*, which never failed to make us shudder. Little Ruth wept when my other sisters spoke of the possibility, for it was I who conducted her across terrifying roadways and through short cuts to school, calling for her at midday and at four o'clock, and giving her valuable assistance with her seven times. We began to make many acquaintances at chapel, and agreeable rumours came of a wild rush of parties to be given near about the New Year; private inquiries were being made to ascertain whether we had any thought of entertaining, and I could see that, if I were sent away, I might lose one or more of these alluring festivities. I wanted to miss nothing. I had long been forming an intention, on the occasion of some social event of the kind, to kiss Henrietta; one felt sure that greater licence in this regard was allowed in town than in country, and, for all one knew, she might be experiencing acute disappointment because of tardiness. Meanwhile, when we met, she generally said, "Hullo, how're you?" And I said, "Mustn't grumble; as well as I deserve to be," and she would retort, "You

ought to see a medical man if you're so bad as that," or give some other remark that was unexpected, leaving me without powers of speech for a few moments, at the end of which I would say, rather feebly, "Well, I suppose I'd better be getting along," which, looked on as an exit speech, lacked something of readiness and point.

We were so busy over the counter the week before Christmas that I put on my Sunday suit and helped Sarah. The two printing presses blocked the place a good deal, and lady customers sometimes remarked—

"Oh, bother the nasty, black, ugly things!"

And when they tripped against the stand of one—

"Dash it all! Why on earth don't you move 'em out of the way?"

Sarah said to me that the time would surely come when the Wharfdale and the Cropper would have to move into the shop parlour; she begged me not to give this to father as her suggestion, but as my own. The scheme would enable me to superintend, as it were the work of both places. I was serving people and thinking this over, when a tall, frock-coated young man came in. He lifted his shining silk hat as apology to lady customers for pushing by them; his presence seemed to fill the shop.

"At last!" he cried, with enthusiasm.

"David!"

"Time over time," declared my brother, putting his hat down with a bang on some quires of brown paper, "I've said to the wife, 'Now I really must make an effort to get up to see the old jossers.'"

"Meaning us?" asked Mary, at the shop parlour door.

"How you've all smartened up, to be sure," he exclaimed, kissing her chin. "Why, young Joe here, in his linen collar, looks quite the man. I can see a change in all of you."

"It's some time since you saw any of us," remarked Mary. "Come inside and sit down. How are you at home?"

"Both very well, thanks. Been an anxious time, of course, but—— Where's the pater? I mean father. Out? What theatre has he gone to? You ought all to go and see Nelly Farren at the Gaiety." He laughed uproariously on being told that father had gone to a meeting at the chapel. "An old-fashioned geeser," he declared. "Always was and always will be."

"Do come in," urged Mary, "and have a slice of cake and a glass of wine."

He lifted his gloved hands protestingly. "My dear girl," he said, "I've just had dinner. Just had dinner at Blanchard's. Very good feed, too. And I must be off now or else the wife will begin to think I'm making a night of it. She particularly sent her kind regards."

"Sure?"

"Would have done if so she'd known I was coming up to see you. I've got a hansom waiting at the end of this amusing Passage of yours. By the bye."

The customers did not seem to mind waiting. They watched interestedly, and I, for my part, gazed at the wonderful vision open-mouthed.

"By the bye. The twenty-ninth. Twenty-ninth of this month. Make a note of it, won't you?" He lifted the flap of our new counter and waved his hand to us as he went through. "Awfully pleased to have seen you."

"What about the twenty-ninth?" demanded Mary, keeping her head.

"You're coming to us on the twenty-ninth," he said, returning. "Supper at eight. All of you. The wife is not going to ask anyone else."

"Isn't that the evening, Sarah," Mary asked, "that Madam Marsh is giving a kind of a soirée?"

"I think it's the twenty-ninth," replied Sarah, "but I won't be sure. We've got such a lot of engagements really; we ought to write them down."

"She'll be very much disappointed," said David, across the counter, earnestly. "She's been looking forward to seeing you."

"With a telescope, I suppose."

"No, but really——"

"Look here, David," said Mary. "She hasn't troubled about us the time we've been up here, and now she can wait our convenience. Tell her so from us. If father was here he'd say the same. We're not going to be at her beck and call, so don't you think it. We have friends of our own," Mary went on, still shivering with importance, and cognisant of the fact that she had an attentive audience, "and we get invited out quite as much as we want. Give her our compliments."

"Well, but," stammered my brother, "surely I wrote to tell you—I know I meant to. Don't you—don't you want to see the baby?"

I helped father to put up the shutters late that night; there had been a deal to tell him, and the girls discussed eagerly the dresses they intended to wear at the party at Forest Hill, and how much, by clubbing together, we could manage to give for a silver mug to be presented to our little nephew. Even the printing machines seemed to quiver, sharing the general excitement. For myself, I could not get the brilliancy of David's patent leather boots out of my mind.

"Father!"

"Well, Joe?"

"You know you talked about getting me a situation."



THE WICKHAMSES

41

“Some time ago that was. Things have changed, changed for the better. We’re going on fairly well now.”

“I want to get out into the world,” I said definitely, “to get out into the world and see if I can’t get along as well as David’s doing!”

My father quoted something from Matthew.

CHAPTER III

THE difficulty experienced at the age of fourteen-and-a-half in obtaining the concentrated attention of one's family, even at important and heroic moments, is always considerable. With Christmas imminent, the prospect of Mrs. David's party on the Friday following, the trouble of selecting presents and hiding them that the recipient should be able to say, "Extraordinary thing, but that's just exactly what I wanted; however did you guess?" above all, thoughts of the baby at Forest Hill,—these crowding events elbowed aside consideration of my important project. What I should have liked to do would have been to stride away from the shop and out of the Passage immediately after making the announcement, returning years later (selecting, if convenient, a Christmas Eve) a brown-faced bearded man with a slouch hat partially concealing the features, demanding of sisters, in a deep bass voice, whether they ever had a brother named Joe. "Sir, we did indeed once possess such a brother, and a dear faithful lad he was, but, alas! poor Joseph went away, and never a line, never a word——"

"Sisters," throwing the slouch hat away with a dexterous jerk, "can it be that you do not recognise me? And call me not poor, for I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Bring in the yule logs and let us make merry with wine and song."

Instead, I had to wait on, after making the declaration,

and every hour, every day made my decision appear less magnificent. Sometimes I felt keen resentment at the delay London showed in capitulating, but not that, or anything else, made me wish myself back in the country, reckoning there the deliberate hours, and breathing on a window-pane in order to write my initials. We had not perhaps captured town, but town had captured us; only little Ruth showed at times a fluttering desire for Surrey, and we laughed her out of this. True, London was not at London's best, for it was a damp Christmas with drizzling rain, and out in Upper Street the omnibus horses plunged their hoofs into mud, and sent it across pavements, spattering people and windows, keeping, I suppose, a mental score, and counting up at Highbury Barn or Holloway the number each had succeeded in splashing. A Christmas, too, that seemed to last a considerable time. Coming on Monday, it meant that we closed on the previous Saturday night, and on Wednesday I took the shutters down; but I might have saved myself the trouble, for no one else in the Passage excepting the barber, the two public-houses, the cat's-meat man, and the dairy showed any signs of intention to do business. The holiday had an extraordinary effect of disclosing secrets; folk whom we had hitherto considered hard-working, sober, reticent, and rather sulky, came out in the character of roysterers, shouting songs, shrieking the catch phrase of the day, and keeping children on the trot with glass bottles, which had once been used for medicine.

"Keep all them windows closed, Joe," ordered my father sternly. "The girls mustn't hear."

"If they don't," I complained, "I can't."

"I begin to see that we made a mistake. We have come to Babylon, my son. We are in a town that has fallen, fallen. What's that?"

I ventured to repeat that it was rather a joke watching them.

"Had your dinner yet?"

"No, father."

"Then you shan't," he said promptly.

The Marshes were away for three days, and this made the time appear longer and more lonely. I had terrifying visions of Henrietta dancing with tall cousins who would whisper, "One, two, three—hop; one, two, three—hop," and then whirl her round; all to the melody of a schottische. I read in the *Bible Christian Miscellany* the arguments for and against dancing; but, with every desire to agree with the conclusions of the writer, I could not persuade myself that the long and judicial summing up of the case strengthened my position. Are dancing parties sanctioned by authority? asked the writer, and answered—

"No one will pretend that in the religious dances of Miriam and the Israelitish Maidens, or of David, in the festival of bringing up the ark, there is anything to warrant the whirl of a waltz, the indelicacies of the polka, or the evening party for a country dance. As far as we know, none of the young men danced with Miriam; none of the Jewish maidens with David."

One knew quite well the answer Henrietta would give if this was argued on her return. Besides, the writer, in his efforts to be impartial, began by certain admissions—

"The Exercise is one which seems peculiarly adapted to young people. The elasticity of youth, the springing step, the exuberant spirit, seem to require some employment; and the activities of the dance appear to be a natural expression of the physical and emotional buoyancy of early life."

I had prejudiced myself, too, in any debate with Henrietta, by an unfortunate admission that I myself

could not dance, but hoped one great day to make an attempt. I became so miserable over the calf-bound volume, that Sarah gave up her tatting work—the others had gone to a chapel tea—and came over to me, and suggested that we should select, as we had often done before, dying speeches for our use when the moment came. A less tactful person than Sarah might have urged me to brighten up, which would have sent me into the deeper depths; this game seemed well attuned to my present disposition. She knew my desire for food, but she did not dare to give it to me, and I did not dare go to the pantry and take it.

I rejected Sarah's offer at first, and read sullenly a brief article called "Be Cheerful," which said, "Try to take cheerful views of divine things. Dwell on your mercies. Do not cherish gloomy thoughts. Melancholy greatly hinders the usefulness of many," but she took the volume from me, and we were soon engaged in the old discussion. The *Miscellany* gave in each number "Memorials of the Departed," and many folk had made striking remarks at the last; some delivered long speeches; the consoling fact was, that all had gone hence. We were greatly comforted by this contemplation of other people's disasters, and when presently I made a suggestion, Sarah did not need much persuasion.

"Father never said we were to stay in," she admitted. "I suppose he forgot to tell us."

"That's his look out," I contended.

"We should have to be back before they were. Besides, Mary will see my dirty boots."

"Put on your goloshes."

"What shall we do when we are out? I don't think I shall go," added Sarah, putting on warm gloves.

"I've got one-and-six that father gave me. He said I could do just what I liked with it."

"But he said, too, that you were to account to him for every halfpenny."

"I shall say I lost sixpence." I took out the lining of my trouser pocket, and tore a hole in it.

"Joe," cried my sister, "you *are* an ingenious one."

It will explain how little we had explored the neighbourhood when I tell you that in a previous month not one of us knew of the Cattle Show week until it had finished; if we had known, we should have gone over in the hope of seeing someone from home. Say, Bob Spencer's father. Now we two crossed the broad road hand in hand, Sarah so nervous at about the centre, where the traffic came both ways, that I threatened to treat her as I treated little Ruth, and take her up in my arms. She ran back to the kerb from which we had started, and I had no alternative but to return. Passengers on omnibuses, leaning over, urged us to have another shot at it, asserting that we were entitled to three tries for a penny.

"You're a reg'lar girl," I said disparagingly. "Anyone could see, too, that you come from the country."

"Let's go back, Joe."

"Not once we're out."

"Do take me back, Joe."

To soothe her we went into the Passage, and there I suggested that we should walk along Essex Road; this could be done, I assured her, without crossing any main street. She agreed, but urged me on no account to let go her hand, declaring that, if I did so, hysteria would ensue, and she would have to be dragged back to the shop by the shoulders.

"Better?" I asked. We came out of the Passage, so narrow there that, standing in the centre, I could nearly touch the walls on either side, and the triangular Green was before us.

THE WORKHOUSE

'My shoes may give me a bad name' he answered.

She stopped again.

'Come on,' I replied. 'There is no one who will never see anything if we provide for them.'

Sarah said presently that Essex Road suited her as a place and a shop. Beginning with small shops and crowded pavements and still reaching to the New North Road every man was busy over his stock and shouting to be it better than it was and examine—

'You ain't asked to buy' they shouted.

With everything that a workhouse could do, from high monuments of misery to monuments of joy from mounds of second-hand clothing to yards of Islington Road—Essex Road gradually became more prosperous and less noisy. Private houses were built with neat lawns in front. Some had flowers on the ground floor with watering of wire fences in front of them. There was no pretence of business. Stone gates protected the privacy of front gates. Here and there a man did a similar service and away at the end the road merged itself into the domestic respectability of Canterbury. We did not care to go in and out as we were in coming back for Sarah returned to self-possession and holding her skirts carefully in the manner she had observed other girls adopt. As for whether the project of spending sixpence was merely talk and nothing else.

'Take my arm,' I commanded.

We went into a place draped at the entrance by a muddy red hair curtain and I paid two twopenny with the air of a man accustomed to frown away money. The boy at the pay-box placed the sixpenny in between his teeth, and then looked at it as though it had only just succeeded in coming through the test.

"Penny extra," he said, "for upstairs."

"I know."

"Who told you?" he demanded.

"Saw it written up outside."

"Clever kid," he remarked bitterly. "You ought to make a name for yourself some day."

"I've got one now."

"Get on," he ordered. "Don't block up the gangway."

I think he might have told us before we went through the second baize curtain that the performance was nearly over, and Sarah thought so too, but she added that it was possible, as everyone knew, to have too much of a good thing. The small room was packed with people standing, all eagerly watching the stage, and there the most amazing things were happening. Voices came from the side, but figures were on the stage, appearing when required, and disappearing, when not wanted, in a flash. Murder had been committed before we entered, foul murder, murder of a woman, which made it worse, case of murder of a young wife by her husband, who appeared, however, to be innocent, but admitted that he knew who had committed the crime. There came in a flash an unconvincing Old Bailey scene with only a judge and a prisoner and the prosecuting counsel present, and we very soon ascertained, partly by our own acumen, partly by information generously offered by those of the audience pressing us against the wall at the back, that it was a ten to one chance that either the old judge or the prosecuting counsel (the murdered woman's brother) would prove to be the guilty party.

"What can I say," replied the prisoner, called on to plead, "but that I am innocent. I loved her. We were happy as the birds that fly in the air. We had made our lit—tle nest together."

A lady near me sobbed, and said it was all done by looking-glasses.

"And yet you foully murdered her," remarked the prosecuting counsel.

"You lie!" The voice came in a ringing tone from the side of the stage.

"Then who did?" asked the prosecuting counsel.

"Yes," said the judge, seizing this point. "That is the question you have to answer. If you did not kill your wife, who did commit the murder?"

The prisoner's right arm shot out.

"There," he shouted emphatically. "There—stands—the man! And there," pointing in another direction, "is the ghost of my dear dead wife."

The prosecuting counsel collapsed, appealed to the old judge for mercy, gibbered incoherently. The flash came, and we saw a languid lady on the floor.

"Gerald," she said, seemingly in good health again, "'twas but a swoon. 'Tis all past now. Kiss me, dear husband."

"Not until I have revenged myself on that villain."

The lady near me dried her eyes, and agreeing with this view said the brother ought to get two years; adding that it was all done by placing mirrors in a certain position.

"Forgive him," begged the wife. "He was my brother."

"I will forgive him," agreed the husband loudly, "even as I hope some day to be forgiven."

"All over," cried the boy who had taken our money, pulling the baize curtain aside. "Come on out of it, all of you. What? The infant phenomenon going to take his donah up to see the waxworks! Lor' love us," taking my twopence, "he is a going of it!"

It must have been a fruitful time in distinguished

criminals, for whatever the figures had represented in earlier periods, they had all been pressed now to take the parts of notorious law-breakers. We felt thankful, Sarah and I, when the lady who had been near us downstairs panted her way up and told us genially much that she remembered of the events in which the figures had taken part.

There was Charles Peace after the act of jumping out of the train. The lady had a sister who lived in south London, and it seemed a mercy her house had never been burglariously entered by that midnight robber; the woman said that likely enough Charley had made a visit, for her sister having married well was placed in such luxurious circumstances, that if the house were half emptied she would never know the difference. Lefroy, too, who had made away with Mr. Gold in a first-class smoking compartment on the Brighton railway; Sarah and I knew something of the details of this, and our friend said, rather hurt at being corrected, that if we felt ourselves too good for her company, we had better say so and have done with it. We hastened to reassure her, and over the figure of Dr. Lamson she became dramatic, warning me at the end never to accept a pill from a stranger. I gave her my promise. She pointed out Marwood, the executioner, in a dim corner, and took off her cape to explain to us how that official did his work. Sarah found that by my watch it was twenty minutes to six.

"That's so like you children nowadays," cried the lady after us, as we hastened down the stairs. "You talk, talk, talk, but the moment anyone else begins to say a word, off you go, like I don't know what. Nice manners, I don't think."

The question whether I remarked to Sarah, "Oh, come on, do; we've only just got time," or whether Sarah

said to me, "Don't stand arguing there, Joe; follow me," was one never cleared up, for the reason that each witness refused to give way, declined to concede a single point. True, the boy at the pay-box stopped me, although busy taking money from a new set of patrons, requesting me, in polite tones, which should have excited suspicions, to inform him whether my mother knew I was out, a civil and a fair inquiry which I answered. He thereupon remarked that he could not find it in his heart to blame her for leaving this world; for his own part, should he ever find himself the parent of a child resembling me, he would instantly wrap it in a Sunday newspaper and drop it over the bridge of the North Metropolitan Canal. This struck me as being a cruel and offensive remark, but I could think of nothing to say in reply. Two hulking lads going into the show took me by the shoulders and put me outside.

"Quarter to!" I replied to Sarah. "And it's coming on to pour."

"Know your way, Joe?"

"Look where you're walking," I ordered.

As we hurried along by the shops, backing to the wall whenever a splashing carriage went by, I thought of a retort I might have given to the boy; and having told it to Sarah, and almost persuaded myself that I had given it to the boy, grew better-tempered, and we discussed breathlessly the striking entertainment we had seen.

"My brain's all of whirl," admitted my sister Sarah. "I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

"This is only a kind of a foretaste," I said. "This is a mere sip. Soon as I get out in the world and start earning money, I'll take you to a theatre nearly every night of your life."

"I shall be making money by that time, Joe, and I can pay for myself. I'm going to learn——"

I was not in the mood to discuss the affairs of other people. "Perhaps not every night," I went on, "but every pay night, at any rate. I shall insist on keeping three shillings a week for myself, whatever father says about it. I shall say, 'Look here, father, I'm no longer a child,' I shall say."

"Henrietta says there's a place in the City Road not far from us where they teach drawing in the winter."

"'I'm no longer a child, father, and you must please understand, once and for all, that I'm going to do just as I jolly well like. My position,' I shall say, 'my position in the City wants a certain amount of keeping up, and unless you agree to my proposal,' I said, 'I shall simply——'"

"You're using the past tense," my sister pointed out "Let's go a bit slower. I'm out of breath."

"Great thing is," I went on, "to take up a firm attitude. Once father sees that I'm determined, he'll crumple up like——" We stopped.

"Like what?"

I pointed to private houses on the opposite side of the road. "This comes," I said, "of trusting to you, Sarah. You made me turn to the left when we came out of that place instead of to the——"

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" wailed my sister. "Whatever shall we go and do now?"

"Turn down this street. We'll find a short cut."

"Let's ask!"

"No fear," acutely. "Know better than trust the people in this neighbourhood."

Indeed the festivities of the season were not yet over, and many of the folk lurched awkwardly as we ran along, so that we began to assume that everyone was tipsy. In side streets, emptied by the rain, concertina-playing was going on behind the brown blinds of ground floors; we heard singing, and the tramp of heavy-footed dancing.

Essex Road, we found later, goes straight north-east, but I had an idea at the time that it curved, and thought I could see plainly in my mind the way to get back to the Passage in the briefest possible space. I should not have been so very far out if the darker and minor streets had had the sense to plan themselves reasonably, but some were at one angle, some at another, and in less than ten minutes I found myself trying to decide whether I should cease talking to Sarah about my treatment of father and the world generally, once I began to earn money, and confess to her that we had lost our way, or whether to go on and trust to luck. Having talked myself into a proud attitude I could not well afford to wilt suddenly.

I found presently that Sarah, holding my arm tightly, was crying; it would have given me relief to burst into tears myself. Blundering amongst the maze of streets, I lost all sense of north, south, east, and west; dared not look at my watch. We had to give up all pretence of vivacious conversation; for a quarter of an hour I had scarcely known what I was saying, and I am certain Sarah could not have informed in regard to the matter. I did take courage to stop a respectable-looking old gentleman at the corner of a street; he looked at me for some moments, and said in reply that he wanted none of my chaff. Sarah addressed a woman standing at a doorway; the woman answered civilly that she was a stranger to the neighbourhood, it being her husband's custom to move from one district to another immediately before each quarter day; she recommended us to inquire of a policeman. We told her, tearfully, that we had never ceased looking for one, and the woman assured us her husband was much the same—never present when wanted; always present when not required.

“But you'll get 'ome some time,” she said encourag-

ingly. "The night's young yet. So are you, by the bye. What age are you both, I wonder? Let me guess."

The rain stopped, and Sarah remembered that travellers lost in African forests selected a star, and by its assistance avoided the error of walking in a circle. We found a young policeman, and he, instead of standing round and facing the way of the inquirer, as constables generally do, reeled off a series of directions—

"Third to the left, second to the right, and the first to the right again, and that brings you up against a corner pub; go straight on till you come to a church, bear sharp to the left," calling out, as we went off, that we were to reverse all his instructions. We had no faith in policemen after that; we expressed an opinion that many of them did not know the geography of London, but were too proud to confess ignorance.

"Aren't you hungry, Joe?"

"Famishing!"

"Do you think—do you think we shall ever reach home, Joe?"

About to confess that I could perceive no cheering prospect, I saw coloured lights at the end of the street which our sodden boots were tramping, and knew it for the Green. In three minutes we were racing through the narrow end of our Passage.

"Now for a row," said Sarah.

"Blest if I care!"

Father was talking to Madam Marsh at her doorway, Henrietta standing by listening. We crept up near enough to hear father's voice; he was clipping his words and making desperate efforts to regard aspirates. Sarah and I crouched behind an advertisement which announced misfits as conceitedly as though the tailor claimed applause for his failures, and endeavoured to obtain Henrietta's attention without engaging the notice of the

others. Henrietta—I promised her mentally some small tribute of affection—turned and said Mr. Wickhams ought certainly to see the way in which they had decorated their sitting-room; she believed him to be a judge of holly.

“You’re safe,” whispered Mary. “My heart’s been in my mouth the last half-hour.”

“Give me something to put in mine,” I begged, sitting down exhaustedly.

“Off with them goloshes and boots,” ordered my eldest sister swiftly, “or else he’ll notice. Little Ruth’s gone to bed. Change your jacket, Joe, and give your hair a comb. Sarah, go upstairs and put on some dry things. Wherever have you been to get in such a state! We’ve had such a nice affair. She was there, if you please.”

“Who’s she?” I asked, my mouth full of potato pie.

“Why, Mr. Redwell’s young lady. And believe me or believe me not,” declared Mary exultantly, “she’s as plain as plain. There isn’t one of her features you could say a good word for. Everybody was saying—cut that piece in halves, Joe; don’t gollop your food; you’ll choke yourself else—everybody was remarking the same thing. Whatever he could have seen in her! One lady, a very sensible-speaking person, came up to me and said, ‘Miss Wickhams, why didn’t he choose you?’”

Father came in, humming cheerfully, and giving his old-fashioned silk hat a rub with the velvet pad, to the rhythm of the tune; he mentioned that the day was drawing near when he would have to see about buying a new one, but this he had said every time he put it on and took it off so far back as memory served. He joked me about having had to stay in all the afternoon, imputing the circumstance to artfulness on my part, and to antipathy against straying from the domestic hearth. Regular home bird, he said. He apologised to my eldest

sister for coming in late ; fact was he had been chatting with Madam, and had forgotten all about the arrangement for an early supper. Very good talker, Madam ; not narrow-minded.

" I told Joe he could begin," explained Mary, " because he was hungry."

" Pass the salt," he said jovially, " or rather *passer le sel*, as the French would say. You didn't enjoy your dinner to-day, Joe, I'm afraid. No appetite, eh? London air don't agree with you, I'm afraid."

He winked at Sarah, who had come downstairs, calm, dry-clothed, and looking as though she had endured no disturbing experiences. My sisters laughed dutifully.

" Madam said something very pleasant about you, father," remarked Mary.

" No!" Putting down his knife and fork. " Did she really, though? What was it like? Let's have it word for word."

I ought to have noticed that he changed his tone immediately that I, having gained his permission to leave the table, drew my chair up to the fireplace and rested slippers on the edge of the steel fender. Tired, I crossed my hands at the back of my neck and leaned back, content with the admirable finish of an exciting incident. London had perhaps thought it had beaten me ; London had discovered its mistake.

" So you've been indoors all the time?"

" Yes, father."

" Reading and writing bits on paper?"

" Been trying my hand at poetry."

" Great difficulty," said Mary, following up what she supposed to be the humour of the moment, " at least, so I should imagine, in finding a rhyme to Henrietta."

"Silence!" We stared, and he turned again to me. "It's been raining," he went on. "You didn't know, I s'pose. Oh, you heard it beating against the windows, did you? Haven't been out in it?"

"Knew you wouldn't like me to, father."

"An evasive answer," he said, striking the table, "is worse than a downright lie. Unclean lips——" He rose; a jerk of his head commanded me to precede him into the shop. He took the strap from behind the looking-glass; it became entangled in the coloured tissue paper protecting the frame, and he gave a tug. "You're not too old for this, my son." I mumbled a protest. "Look at the legs of your trousers, caked with mud," he replied sharply.

Waiting in the dark shop, it was not anticipation of the three cuts across the palm of the hand and the final swish on the shoulders which hurt; I did not mind the sobbing of Mary and of Sarah in the parlour. The thought that stung me was of the contrast between the man of business I had been for weeks past in that shop; the important individual I had pictured myself in talk with my sister in the early part of that evening—the contrast between these and the shivering boy kneading his fists into his eyes and trying once more to determine whether the better diplomacy consisted in extravagant pretence of fear, or in easy indifference.

"Hold out your hand!"

He closed the door behind him, and striking a match lighted a gas jet. I could see my sisters looking on affrightedly between the muslin curtains.

"Further out!"

He wished the air two or three times for practice, eyed the distance carefully, set his lips together, and raised his right arm.

"Joe!" he cried, dropping the strap helplessly, "I

—I can't do it. I can't punish you, my son. I mustn't punish you. I don't dare punish you. I want me and you to be friends, chums, pals; I want us two to stick together and work together all our lives. You're more like your poor mother than the others. Try to keep like her. Be a better boy, Joe; ask God to help you!"



CHAPTER IV.

ON the twenty-ninth of that December, the evening the others went to Mrs. David's party at Forest Hill, something was achieved which had for weeks occupied my mind. I considered several schemes; in the result, it all happened in two seconds. Two seconds, and it was over. Henrietta said casually, "Ain't you a sauce box!" and turning, went in whistling, to join the two lady apprentices, and, I fear, tell them of the incident. The occurrences subsequent to this event also proved, in my opinion, inadequate.

I had been under the impression that once you kissed the lady of your choice, or in fact any lady outside the circle of your own family relations, the two of you never met without exchanging glances which came, as it were, from the very soul: there existed an alternative of fearing, in the manner of guilty conspirators, to encounter each other's eyes. Henrietta did neither one nor the other. She made no reference to the gallant attention I had paid, but for some time afterwards she never saw me without bursting into signs of amusement. I had not then met Miss Trentham, but the circumstance of Henrietta refusing to regard precedent, made me search my heart and ask, "Is this Love?" There was no one to consult excepting the young man who kept the second-hand bookshop, and when I submitted the case to him, mentioning that the troubled party was a particular friend of mine, whom, in the interests of private honour and

personal amity, I decided to call Mr. X, the bookshop young man drummed his forehead with his fingers, and finally recommended me to borrow from him, and to lend to my perturbed friend, one of Ouida's stories. He had an idea, without feeling perfectly certain, that you would find all about it in Ouida. I selected volume one of *Tricotrin*, because I might run up against my friend at any moment.

It took the girls some days to report fully concerning the evening at Mrs. David's; mainly their information referred to the baby. Of Mrs. David, Mary admitted that she seemed endeavouring to be pleasant, and she had particularly and specially said—

“When's young Joe coming to see us? He's my favourite.”

Which, as Mary said, might be gratifying enough to me, but could only be regarded by other members of the family as one of Mrs. David's nasty snacks. Several further incidents had given annoyance: the new servant had waited in the room throughout dinner; a girl cousin of Mrs. David's had been present. I inquired whether the girl had good looks, and my sisters admitted that in this respect she was up to the average, but complained that she sang without (so they considered) being sufficiently pressed, and without exhibiting the coyness proper and usual to such occasions. Royal Academy if you please, remarked my sisters. Royal Academy, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. Studying under Signor goodness knew what.

“But not near so trying,” declared Sarah, with impartiality, “as you might think from being on Mrs. David's side of the family. Answering her back too once or twice, quite smartly. She gave me a very good idea how to start learning to draw, and she let me try on her hat when we were upstairs just before we came away.”

"I took 'Come, Birdie Come' and 'Sweet Belle Mahone,'" complained Mary, "but of course not a word was said, not a syllable so much as breathed, about *my* singing."

"Said she'd call if she ever found herself in this neighbourhood."

"What's her name again?" I asked.

"You stick to your Henrietta," counselled Sarah.

The description of David's house, its furniture, and its lawn at the back encouraged me in my decision to emulate his example; father, I knew, hoped that I had already forgotten my announcement. It proved, however, to be a project far easier to talk of than to carry out. I called at the large printing-works in the City Road; called at a dozen similar places of less importance, and the replies gave me no reason for suspecting them of ambiguity; at some the foreman went to the length of warning me not to come bothering again unless I greatly desired a clip over the ears. I knew that London had gripped me securely, for even on these occasions I felt no desire to return by the Brighton railway. Thinking of the village at its best and brightest—on race days—only made me recall the wistful manner in which one used to watch the last departing special with its roystering passengers. Meanwhile there came reaction in the business of the shop, and from then to Easter customers were less plentiful and printing orders rare. But for Mr. Blenkinsop, the machines would have slept for days. Mr. Blenkinsop began to walk back with us from chapel on Sunday evenings, always keeping close by me and talking politics with a great deal of energy; one of his schemes for remedying the trouble in the House of Commons was to get the Irish members, every man jack of them, on a steamer—or a sailing vessel if you liked. Get them on

board by some device, easy to invent once you applied your mind to the task, and give the captain sealed orders, saying—

“Captain, those are not to be opened until you’ve been forty-eight hours out.”

Captain, breaking the seals on the second day, would find directions to disembark his passengers on an island, hitherto uninhabited, in the Southern Pacific. Having, by another device, induced the whole boiling of them to land, the captain would say, “I shall be back in a couple of hours,” and thereupon go off at full steam (or, in the case of a sailing vessel, put on every yard of canvas), and make straight for the English port from which he had started. Mr. Blenkinsop assured me this was the simplest and the most effective scheme which occurred to him, and, but for the difficulty of finding time in a busy life, he would write to Mr. Gladstone and set it before him. We carried on these Imperial discussions at the tail of the party, and at the entrance to the Passage Mr. Blenkinsop always stopped, saying hurriedly—

“Well, I mustn’t come any further. Say good-night to your sisters for me and to your pa. Good-bye good-bye good-bye.”

Ouida, in the borrowed volumes, helped ambition, and I can never fully express my indebtedness. I met Bob Spencer one evening outside Collins’s; the crowd had just gone into the gallery, and Bob was returning. He confessed that he frequently joined in an attack of this kind, retiring, after the struggle, when he reached the doorways for the good reason that he had no money wherewith to pay for entering. I mentioned *Under Two Flags*, and he knew the scenes as well as I had learnt them. His landlady had three of the novels. Before discussing them he told me that he had decided to be known in future as Robert, this

being a dignified appellation and one more appropriate to a man gaining his own living. I agreed, and said the time might come when I should have to request him to call me Joseph.

"My old man knew what he was up to," said Robert, in confidence. Robert lived in a bed-sitting room in Shepperton Road, and I walked a part of the way with him, with the premise that I should decline to turn out of Essex Road. "I didn't know he'd got so much sense. If he had made me an allowance, though it had only been five bob a week, I should have been in a rare old tangle by this time. London's a tempting place, especially when you're new to it, and the friends you make at the start are the friends who affect the rest of your life."

"You're talking like a saint."

"When a chap," said Robert Spencer violently, "gets fourteen bob a week in a brewery down in Clerkenwell Road, and has to pay his landlady twelve for board and lodging, a chap don't get any alternative. He has to be a saint. I've tried several places, getting it cheaper each time: the present one declares she's losing money over me. Besides, I've got such a thundering appetite. I look at the two bob, and say to myself, 'Shall it be a music-hall, or shall it be cigars, or shall it be something else, or shall it be a good square meal in an eating place?' And of course the moment I pass near to a corner where the smell of cooking puffs out of the doorway, I'm done. There's a place not so very far from where you say you live——"

"We eat very well," I interrupted. "I want my liberty, but I must admit I get my food. Mary's a good cook. Her roast sirloins of——"

"Don't!" begged young Spencer, wiping his lips with the back of his hand.

“Her toad-in-the-hole with a bit of crisp bacon on the top——”

“I must ask you, Joe——”

“Her fried potatoes for breakfast with pickled pork——”

“Shut up!” he roared imperatively. Passers-by turned from examination of shop windows in the hope of seeing a fight. “Beg pardon,” he went on quietly, “for hollering, Joe, but really——”

“Going back to Ouida,” I said, directing the conversation into a safe path. I took one of the red-covered books from under my arm; we stood opposite his road, and peeping at a life where most of the men were in the Guards with plenty of money and beloved of fair women, shared turns in reading out favourite excerpts. “The Seraph took a long-drawn whiff from his silver meerschaum, and then a deep draught of soda and brandy to refresh himself after the narrative; biggest, best-tempered, and wildest of men in or out of the Service, despite the angelic character of his fair-haired head and blue eyes that looked as clear and as innocent as those of a six-year-old child!”

“There’s a better bit further on,” said Robert. “Give it here; I’ll find it out for you. After the race it comes when Lady What’s-her-name speaks to him. Here we have it! ‘And while he bent over her, flirting in the fashion that made him the darling of the drawing-room, and looking down into her superb Velasquez eyes——’ And here again. ‘No list was the thing without his name, no reception, no garden-party, no opera-box, or private concert, or rose-shadowed boudoir——’”

Robert repeated this with a relish.

“‘—Or rose-shadowed boudoir, fashionably *affiché* without being visited by him.’ And here again! ‘He went that night to half a dozen good houses, midnight

receptions, and after-midnight waltzes, making his bow in a Cabinet Minister's vestibule, and taking up the thread of the same flirtation at three different balls, showing himself for a moment at a Premier's At Home, and looking eminently graceful and pre-eminently weary in an ambadress's drawing-room, and winding up the series by a dainty little supper in the grey of the morning, with a sparkling party of French actresses, as bright as the bubbles of their own Clicquot.'"

We both sighed and looked around at the children who had stopped up on the high pavement because we had stopped below, and were beginning to show signs of acerbity at our delay in starting on some form of public entertainment.

"In the meantime," said Robert Spencer, kicking at the wall, "I don't get no dainty little supper to-night unless I take it in with me, and if I spend threepence at a confectioner's, I shan't get anything solid for my money. Have you ever invested any cash on those *gauffre* things they bake and sell at a place down at the end of Villiers Street near Charing Cross?"

Negative answer. Robert took a button of my jacket, and gave confidentially the advice of an expert.

"Don't!" he said.

The girls showed interest on hearing that I had met Robert, but they agreed it were better to make no mention of the circumstance to father. True, father was changing, but one never knew when he might re-adopt his old stern and rigid manner, and he still eyed me suspiciously when I returned after half an hour's run of an evening; he snapped out at my sisters on noticing any attempt on their part to move with the fashions of the moment. A slight improvement which Sarah made in the arrangement of her hair gave him an excuse for burning some pads; the smell caused Madam Marsh to

send one of the apprentices in to ask the reason. Madam spoke to father that evening, and told him plainly he was sillier than even a man had any right to be; assured him he would be occupying his time better in shaving off his side-whiskers and endeavouring, in other ways, to improve his own appearance. Father protested that he acted as he thought for the best, and Madam Marsh retorted that if he could not act better, he had no right to expect a speaking part, but should be content with carrying on a banner and occasionally waving it. Father borrowed Mary's scissors the next morning, and we were careful to make no comment on the great alteration carried out in his features; the pads were bought again, and Sarah found herself able to perch her Sunday hat at the desired angle, high up at the back and low down over the forehead in front. Two or three young men called to order visiting cards and take Sarah's advice in regard to type, and I made a frame to contain specimens which hinted that we had for patrons Lord Randolph Churchill, Colonel Fred Burnaby, and other men of distinction.

Robert Spencer and I, standing back to back, found that we were just about equal in height, whereas down at home I had only reached slightly above his shoulder; this rendered me the more anxious to be making my way in the world, and I found only a temporary consolation in reading Smiles's *Industrial Biography*, presented to me by the entire family as a birthday present. There, everyone who ultimately succeeded experienced trouble in making a first start, but always some agreeable accident intervened, starting them on the straight road to fortune. I considered seriously the question of inventing something of great use and value, and debated with my sister Sarah on the point. We came to the conclusion that everything of importance had already

been discovered. One felt that one could have invented the steam engine (having often watched the boiling of a kettle) if Watt had not, rather fussily, anticipated. The goad and the impetus required to move came from Miss Trentham.

Madam Marsh's party, of which we had spoken incorrectly to my brother David, had been in the air, as it were, for months; Henrietta talked to me about it, sometimes in a whisper given close to my ear; but I could not help seeing that a girl who, on being kissed, went straightway and made proclamation of the circumstance, could never be the girl for me, and the nearness of her black pigtail of hair, even the approach of her lips, left me cold. Once she wrote a fervent love-note which might have touched me if I had not previously seen her, through the window of our shop, go along to my friend, the second-hand bookseller, and borrow a volume with which I was acquainted called *The Complete Royal Letter Writer*. The opening phrase, "With what mingled feelings do I take up my pen," destroyed at once any flattering suspicion one might have had that the words represented a free, frank, outspoken expression of her own feelings. I kept the note, but, selecting a sheet of paper of like size and texture, went outside and tore it into small pieces, throwing them away, in her full view, with a fine air of indifference and contempt, fancying myself greatly as ranging on a level with Ouida's brightest and best. Henrietta spoke to me a week or so later, saying that she found, on consideration, that she could never be more than a sister to me. This offer I also rejected.

"Oh, very well," said Henrietta, with dignity. "Then you don't jolly well come to our party."

"We hear a lot of talk about it," I remarked, "but we don't seem to be getting much nearer."

"As a matter of fact, aunt's found a night at last to suit Miss Trentham."

"Trentham," I repeated. "Trentham, Trentham! I've heard the name somewhere."

"You hear the name everywhere," answered Henrietta. "She's a celebrity. She gets her photos taken for nothing. Her name's in large print on the bills. She's supposed to be one of the cleverest in her particular line. And," returning to the former threat, "you're not going to be asked. See?"

This appeared unfortunate, and for some time I considered, whilst working at the machines, an elaborate idea of affecting a renewal of admiration, using guarded sentences which should not afterwards be used against me. Fortunately, the governance of affairs was in superior hands, and Madam sent in a gilt-edged card inviting us all, in set terms, to the party. She included little Ruth, but the child's bed-time was still half-past seven, and as compensation I took her for a threepenny ride on a tram-car. Ruth was a dear soul to take out; she and I, if we went to Highgate Archway, never really went to Highgate Archway, but started on desperate enterprise with view of discovering some gold, hidden by the Spaniards during the troubled times of the Armada venture, and Upper Street was the Bay of Biscay, the corner at Highbury Station the entrance to the Channel, Holloway Road the Channel itself. There was a jeweller's shop up near the Tavern, and this Ruth and I held to be the spot where most of the Spanish doubloons and valuables were to be found; indeed specimens of Abyssinian gold of unconvincing colour were exhibited in the window, which we held to be a highly encouraging circumstance, and one affording something in the nature of a clue.

Miss Trentham did not arrive in good time at

Madam's party, but Madam said this was her invariable custom; if she arranged to be fitted at (say) half-past three to the minute, you might count with certainty on seeing nothing of her until a quarter to five.

"Don't let the party flag," cried Madam anxiously. "Keep it going. Henrietta, play your new piece on the piano."

"I've only taken to half-way down the second page aunt."

"Play as far as you can, miss, and don't let me have to ask you again. Mr. Wickhams, you quite sure you're comfortable?"

"Never more so," answered my father.

"Take an easier chair."

"Thank you, madam," said my father courteously, "this one just fits me."

Hitherto our party had held the record in our minds so far as the locality was concerned; we had but to look around the room to see that here was one that would beat it. Madam had great trouble in distributing us about the room, and presently, finding that after being separated we drifted back to one corner again, she clapped her hands and begged the others to assist her in seeing that the Wickhamses did not sit together. Two young men, who spent most of the evening in endeavouring to explain to everybody in turn their exact and precise relation to Madam and her niece, always getting into a tangle and giving it up with the helpless remark—

"Well now, there you are! Figure it out for yourself."

Each of these two took charge of one of my sisters, and a lady with a mouthful of teeth promised waggishly to look after father, and indeed looked as though she would, were he to attempt to escape, eat him. Madam

said she felt certain I knew a recitation, she could see it in my eyes; but I assured her, on my word of honour, that she had for once made an error; besides, my voice had changed, and my sisters corroborated this, mentioning, however, that I had once in early days learnt and delivered a piece beginning—

“A mountain and a squirrel
Had a quarrel.
The former called the latter little prig.”

I managed to convey to them, secretly, a promise that if anything more was said concerning this, I should force them to act a brief teetotal sketch for which they had been celebrated down at home. They knew quite well that this argumentative duologue, with such a sideboard winking at them, would be out of place and unlikely to be successful.

“Keep it going!” urged Madam, bustling about, and glancing anxiously at the marble clock on the mantelpiece. “Don’t let’s be dull. Henrietta, did you play when I asked you to, or did you not?”

Henrietta made a face when her aunt turned to speak to father and to the teeth lady; this confirmed me in thinking that the course of treatment I had adopted towards her was right, sane, and expedient. When, as she gave me a kick as signal that I had to turn over the page, a ring came at the side door and into the hushed room came Miss Trentham, then it seemed to me that the Fates were wise, guiding everything aright. We hurried to offer chairs; the magnificent person glanced around the room, and saying, “The best is always good enough for me,” shook up the cushion, made a dent in it, cleared a pile of music and a family album with the foot, and removing a lace shawl from her head, reclined there in what seemed to be

a most graceful position; one slipper showing with buckles which sparkled in the gaslight.

"Well," she said, hiding a yawn languidly, "glad to see me? Then why not say so? I'm used to compliments. Who's the boy over there by the pianoforte? Send him to sit on a hassock beside me." I obeyed, trembling with admiration. "How old are you, Bertie?" I said my name was Joseph, and that my age was getting on for fifteen.

"Joseph, Joseph," said the delightful person, ruffling my hair. "What have I read about Joseph? Wasn't he someone in the Old Testament?"

My father coughed, and remarked that they seemed to be getting on well with the new theatre up at the corner.

"Mind you," went on Miss Trentham, "because I mention the Old Testament, it doesn't follow that I'm a Jewess. As I often say, if I were a Jewess, I should only be too proud to acknowledge it; but it's no use people accusing me of being one, because I'm not. Silly thing to say about anyone, when there's no grounds for it. Fact of it is," with increasing acrimony, "in my profession there's so much tittle-tattle going about, that it's one person's work to contradict it. What? Oh, it's only my companion."

"Let her come in," urged Madam Marsh.

"Nonsense," said the glorious lady. "Miss Nodes will be all right in the passage."

"Do let her come in," begged Madam good-naturedly. "She's standing in a draught."

"She plays my accompaniments," explained Miss Trentham, honouring me with conversation, "or else I wouldn't be bothered with her. And of course it looks better for a girl of my age—— Candidly now, what should you think I was? How many years old, I mean?"

The companion sidled in, and took the extreme edge of the sofa; Miss Trentham ordered her to put down the roll of music which she hugged, and she gave it up reluctantly, as though relinquishing charge of an only baby. Miss Trentham commanded her to leave off humming; she replied, respectfully, that she was not humming; whereupon Miss Trentham, not to be beaten, said, "You generally are!" turning to me again with the air of one who has had all the victories of an argument.

"Twenty-one," I said. "Twenty-one or less."

"There!" cried Miss Trentham, "I shall tell him that, Miss Nodes, the next time he begins nagging at me. Twenty-one or less. And it isn't as though I'm looking my best to-night. Oh no, I'm not," in answer to the chorus of protest from the room. "*I* know, I know better than anyone else."

"But look at yourself in the glass," urged Madam.

"Bring me one."

She admitted, in what we thought a very generous manner, when a hand-mirror had been brought from upstairs, that perhaps, after all, she might not be looking quite so hideous as she had feared; it had seemed, in glancing at her reflection before leaving her digs that evening, that she looked like something out of the kitchen scene in a pantomime.

Miss Nodes, the companion, gazing at the ceiling, remarked that if one tune had run in her head longer than another it was the one Miss Trentham had sung in the early nights of the season at Leicester.

"We were all thrown out, of course," said Miss Trentham to me, "owing to the fire." I glanced at father. "So I said to myself, 'Well, I can't starve!'"

I shuddered at the idea, and rolled my round head comfortingly into the palm of her large hand.

"Of course," haughtily, "my friends would never

allow that to happen. Especially not Kite. What I really said to myself was, 'Now I can't afford to let the public forget me.'

Miss Nodes said it was a terribly exacting life, look at it how you would. People who saw Miss Trentham only on the stage would imagine that nothing ever happened to annoy her, or to put her out.

"In Heaven's name stop," begged the lady on the sofa emphatically. "Why ever will you persist in interrupting when I'm getting on so nicely? Joseph, my infant, where was I?"

If anything could exceed the delight afforded by being thus addressed by her, it consisted in observing how completely she monopolised the evening. To all intents and purposes, the party was thenceforth Miss Trentham. Afterwards, I could not recall a moment when her voice was not heard, for even when one of the young men had a shawl put over the door, and hiding in it gave a ventriloquial entertainment, she chattered on, slightly modulating the volume of her voice. She sang, on a guarantee being given by me that I had never heard it before, her Leicester song—

"When the stars are brightest,
And the moon is whitest,
And the heart is lightest,
Say good-bye and kiss me."

The two young men standing over near the door made an attempt to take up the second half of the chorus; I stopped them with an uplifted hand, not taking my eyes from Miss Trentham. Every short golden curl on her head seemed to dance with archness, to palpitate with sentiment—

"Say good-bye and kiss me,
Swear you'll not release me,
Say that you will miss me,
Say——"

with a wonderful pretence of holding back a striking line which she had not given before—

“Say good-bye and kiss me.”

Why did I not, as she finished, as Miss Nodes gave a sigh of content at escape from anxiety, as the room murmured, “Oh, how very sweet!” as the singer gazed at a plush bracket up in the corner, waiting for it to applaud—why did I not step forward, take her, or some of her, in my arms, and turning, announce to my father and my sisters that henceforth she was to be regarded as a Wickhams and treated as one of the family? Why did I not seize her fingers, and selecting one of the rare spaces not covered by rings, kiss ardently and whisper, “I am yours, Miss Trentham, or whatever your Christian name is; henceforth nothing can part us!” Why did I not take Miss Nodes aside and demand passionately of that mild person whether a rival existed, insisting on his name and full address, that I might make all the necessary arrangements, together with the provision that the survivor should have the right to claim Miss Trentham? One of my sisters said across the room, “Wake up, Joe!” and I heard the wonderful creature’s voice speaking behind a large feather fan which she moved vigorously.

“I don’t know about the rest of you,” with enchanting frankness. “*I’m* dry!”

She complained that Henrietta had given her too much soda, but on Madam offering to remedy this, said she would make it do; perhaps the next time they would allow her to help herself. She lifted the tumbler, and saying, “Well, here’s a West-End engagement to all of us,” threw back her head, remarking, as she placed the empty tumbler on Miss Nodes’ lap (much as though the lady had been an occasional table), “I wanted that!”

My sisters said afterwards, that to give a hand-round supper would be considered by some a skimpy way of entertaining, but I felt glad I was not called upon to sit down to a meal. What were sandwiches, what was fizzing lemonade, what was tipsy cake on a plate, compared with the joy of watching Miss Trentham? She took a sausage roll (opening it first, which I thought showed a cautious and a business-like side to her character, as attractive, in its way, as the others), and mine was the privilege of picking up from the carpet the fragments of pastry which she dropped; I wanted to keep them, but Madam told me to throw them in the fireplace. This seemed to me very like sacrilege. The woman sitting near to father spoke; Miss Trentham asked her to repeat the question.

“Anything in view, may I kindly ask?”

“I’m all over offers,” retorted Miss Trentham sharply, “if that’s what you mean.”

“I know, I know. But what I meant was, is there anything special?”

“They’re all special.”

“Of course. But what I was driving at——”

General feeling that the teeth lady, having started without consulting us, having taken charge of the reins, and finding now, so to speak, the leader in the hedge and the wheeler declining to move, it was for her to get out of the difficulty as best she could. Miss Trentham seemed tempted to deal harshly with the distressed gentlewoman, but relented, and said that if we wanted the truth, we had better take it from her that theatrical business had never been quite so slack since Noah got caught in the rain; that youngsters nowadays walked in from the road to the stage without taking the trouble to clean their boots; that touring was no longer what it had been; and that, for herself, two pins would make

her go on the Halls. Madam urged her to think again before doing this, but Miss Trentham said she would most certainly take this step, rather than accept a four-penny bit less than her usual terms. Father mentioned that a labourer was worthy of his hire, and Miss Trentham snapped out a claim that this was *her* argument; it pained me to perceive the likelihood that she would not get on well with my father. On Sarah being requested to find her music, Miss Trentham intervened and said that before my sister obliged, she would give a dramatic song, specially written for her by a personal friend who lived across the water, in Westminster Bridge Road. Noticing that Miss Trentham said "Westminster," I smiled as the thought occurred to me that one of the pleasing tasks of our married life would be for me to adjust, very gently and with tact, the occasional peculiarities of her pronunciation.

"This is supposed to be," said Miss Trentham, with one hand on the top of the pianoforte, "a scene—if you begin before I'm ready, Miss Nodes, I shall say something you'll be sorry for—a scene on the Thames Embankment. By night. Back cloth with the new Cleopatra's Needle."

One of the young men, feeling apparently it was time he said something, asked whether we were to understand that it took place before Waterloo was freed of toll, or since. It was pleasing to observe that Miss Trentham took no notice of the question; the youth muttered, excusingly, that he knew a man acquainted with a chap whose brother-in-law had been the last one to pay. The very last one.

"I come on in evening dress cut square; features made up with Number Two; looking round anxiously to see if I am followed. It's called 'False to Me!' Now Miss Nodes, if *you* please. Think you can play the accompaniment?"

“I’ll try,” said Miss Nodes deferentially.

It proved to me I was keeping my head in regard to Miss Trentham, that whilst watching every movement with sincere admiration, observing her dramatic gestures with wonder, I recognised that some who did not love her might say of her voice that it was gusty. Her best notes came out with a volume that in Madam Marsh’s small sitting-room seemed terrifying; the notes of lesser excellence were almost inaudible. The music changed for the last verse, and she went down on one knee.

“But no, I cannot take my life, for after all I am his wife;
I swore to honour and obey, no matter what the people say.
The voice of slander I’ll not hear; he is my husband, fond and dear.
I know he is not false to me, for evermore he true will be.”

I gave her my hand at her request, and she rose with an exhausted air and allowed me to lead her back to the sofa. She told us it was a song that took it all out of one, leaving the singer a perfect wreck, fit for nothing. She asked what we thought of it, and we ventured to hint that the lady appeared to be judging on insufficient evidence both in her complaint against her husband and in her subsequent retraction. Miss Trentham said the words never mattered; the delivery of them was the important thing. She remarked to Madam that she must really see about going, and on Madam urging, “Oh, nonsense, the night’s young yet,” said very properly, “Well then, where’s my glass?”

Father sang his lugubrious song about absent friends, breaking down in the last verse, the verse which explained that the reason they were absent was that they had all departed from this life, and Miss Trentham declared she did not care what anybody said; she, for one, proposed to take her departure. She, however, sat on for some time after making this announcement, the rest of us bringing up chairs and listening interestedly. Once, it

appeared, she had lived in rooms, furnished rooms, in Bagnigge Wells Road before, as she said, before Miss Trentham was Miss Trentham. Landlady, a terror; nothing more nor less. She had a friend at that period (not Mr. Kite) who lived in Liquorpond Street, continuation of Tibbald's Road and King's Road. He, with a landlady who made his life a perfect misery to him. Finally, Miss Trentham and gentleman friend decided that their trials could be endured no longer; nothing short of the extreme course of putting up the banns could brighten existence. (I turned white at this, fearing the anecdote might prove to have a grisly ending; I examined her rings curiously.) Here came the extraordinary part of the whole affair. No sooner had she given notice at Bagnigge Wells Road, and no sooner had gentleman friend given notice in Liquorpond Street, than each landlady instantly changed her methods, her character, her behaviour, comporting herself so sweetly and so reasonably that it might be said of both that butter would not melt in their mouths.

"But don't it just show," argued Miss Trentham, flattered by our attention, "don't it just prove that in this world you've got to assert yourself? And doesn't it tell you, too, how much accidents have to do with life? If they hadn't both turned round I might have been a married woman with half a dozen young brats pulling at my skirts. There's another good story I can tell you; this one's absolutely true. In the latter part of seventy-four——"

I could have listened to Miss Trentham for uncountable hours, but in one of her anecdotes she became fogged and called upon Miss Nodes to give her the cue; and Miss Nodes, awaking from slumber, and giving, I feel sure, the best that was in her mind, found herself called by a string of names mainly selected from the

farm. Annoyance with the companion increasing her friendliness towards us, she kissed all the ladies on saying good-bye, and to oblige Madam Marsh took what she described as a mere toothful, not so much for personal gratification as to keep out the cold night air.

"Josephus," she said frivolously to me in going, "don't forget you're the only man I ever really loved."

"Shan't forget!" I answered, blushing.

We all went to the front door to see them go. Miss Nodds ran back for the roll of music, and told Madam, in a hurried whisper, that there had been frightful rows all the week, and that Miss Trentham and Mr. Kite— Oh yes, they were on speaking terms; that was the pity of it.

We returned to the sitting-room, but for me it was as though the gas burners had been extinguished. My sisters discussed Miss Trentham's hair; Mary said she thought it dyed, and Sarah believed it natural; Madam announced mysteriously that neither was correct. The lady with the teeth gave us, with detail, a description of Miss Trentham's costume, and expressing the opinion that it might be called one of Madam's triumphs, asked whether it would be rude to inquire how much it ran into. Madam answered that it would be rude, and that she could give more accurate information when payment had been effected.

"But don't let the party get slack just because she's gone," urged Madam Marsh anxiously. "Mr. Wickhams, tell us what to be up to next."

As they sang a catch, into which I could not enter with anything like enthusiasm—

"A boat, a boat haste to the ferry,
And we'll go over and be merry,
And drink good wine and quaff brown sherry!"

I thought out the question of domestic expenses, con-

sidered also the difficulty of finding rhymes to Trentham (Madam told my sisters that the lady's real name was Myers, but this made the second part of the task no easier.) Seemed to me I had dawdled; necessary now to overcome difficulties and start myself at once on a road that would take me straight and direct to affluence. I did not see how one could possibly make an offer of marriage until it could be said, truthfully, that one was earning at least twenty-two and six a week. To some I might have submitted myself with less; not Miss Trentham. One of the youths repeated his ventriloquial entertainment, introducing local allusions this time, by making the man on the roof ask the way to the Angel, and Henrietta sang; but it was a relief to me when my sister Sarah remarked, "Joe's getting tired!" an accusation generally denied with great warmth. I tried to tell Madam how greatly I had enjoyed the evening, but could find no words appropriate to the occasion. Henrietta came out with us, and as the others went in and the two young men started, escorting the lady with the teeth to Lyndal Place in Upper Street, mentioned with a sigh that she wished to goodness she could find someone with a loving heart. I told her she could but keep her eyes open, and make inquiries.

Father had gone to bed, and the girls, in the freedom of our own sitting-room, were not troubling to hide their yawns. I went upstairs, saying to myself, "bent 'em, dent 'em, lent 'em, meant 'em, sent 'em." Someone had remarked that evening that the dynamite people would not rest until they had blown up all London. I hoped they would at least spare Miss Trentham, and me.

"Joe!"

"Yes, father." From the edge of my bedstead.

"Taking rather a long time over your prayers, ain't you? Don't forget to blow out the candle."



CHAPTER V

MR. BLENKINSOP took a week or more to think it over. Eventually, on a Sunday morning when my sister Mary was wearing a hat which looked new, but had only been dexterously altered by Sarah, he turned to me and said I might come to his office at six o'clock each week-day evening, for three hours, and he would see if he could scrape sufficient money together to pay me three shillings a week. This worked out at the rate of twopence an hour, which he considered a generous rate of payment. I thanked him, and made up my mind to deserve it. He made one provision, that I should tell my eldest sister before giving information to the others. You will believe that my affection for Miss Trentham was real and lasting, when I say that before we reached the Passage, where hot dinners sent out on this day, at the hour of half past twelve or one, appetising scents from every house but ours, I had determined to save every penny. There were many things I wanted to do; I desired to buy presents from the Bazaar for little Ruth (people turned when we went out together, saying, "How sweet!" and there was trouble enough to persuade her the compliments were intended for me); I had a vague scheme of offering to pay one-half of Sarah's expenses at the Art School in City Road; sometimes I thought of taking father into a smart hatter's in Upper Street. Above all, I greatly desired to be a blade, one of a sharper edge than Robert Spencer, and able to excel

him in discovery and knowledge of London. Robert had been starving himself lately, and as compensation had spent two ecstatic nights in the Gaiety gallery. He repeated to me many of the jokes, and when I expressed a disparaging opinion, he pointed out that everything depended on the way these things were done. Recollecting Miss Trentham, and comparing my own performance of "Say good-bye and kiss me" with hers, I agreed that art was everything.

"What one wants," argued Robert, "is practice."

"What one wants," I said, "is genius."

"If I had the cash," he went on wistfully, "I'd buy her photograph."

"Don't you dare!" warmly. "If anybody has a photograph of her, it will be me."

"You haven't seen Kate Vaughan."

"Pardon," I said. "Thought you were referring to another lady."

"There isn't another lady," he declared rapturously.

I felt sorry for Robert, and pointed out to him that probably thousands of lads shared the affection he gave; he retorted that he did not care if he shared it with millions, it made no difference. He did purchase a photograph one evening, and showed it to me, remarking, with a proud air, that it meant no suppers for a week.

With Miss Trentham ever in my mind, it was easy enough to show briskness and enterprise at Blenkinsop's. Father hummed and haw'd about it at first, saying he felt sure the work in the Passage would suffer, but I soon proved to him that his fears were ungrounded. We had moved the shop parlour upstairs (Mary having given up her idea of a lodger), and we shifted the two machines into the back room; Sarah admitted now she had space within which she could move about, and it

certainly had the advantage of making a free corner near the window for her drawing-board. The girls showed keen anxiety to know about other clerks at Blenkinsop's, but the only two who stayed overtime, and the only two I ever saw, were a married man with seven children, who always talked to me about the price of boots, and a wilted youth whose sweetheart's people objected to the hire system as applied to furniture. The old charwoman came in at Blenkinsop's at about half-past eight, and chatted to us all during the last thirty minutes, mainly on the unfairness that existed in apportioning the pain and trouble of child-birth to women alone. I helped to keep some of the accounts, and occasionally composed descriptions, ringing the changes on a stock phrase and searching out new adjectives. Mr. Blenkinsop, I found, did some money-lending, acted as secretary to a Building Society, was an Insurance Agent, bought up old and new furniture, and had an interest in many concerns of the neighbourhood. Once, returning home to my bed, I dreamed that, by a curious trick of fate, I had become Blenkinsop, and as Blenkinsop I called on Miss Trentham, first consulting Miss Nodes on questions of etiquette, and then made a formal proposal of marriage to Miss Trentham. She could leave the boards or remain upon them; she should never be compelled to go touring or descend to the Halls; for any luxuries she had but to ask and them I would readily give. Miss Trentham answered that this was all very well, but she loved young Joe Wickhams. I was endeavouring to persuade her that we were to all intents and purposes one and the same, and becoming agonised at failing, when my father pulled the bedclothes from me and ordered me to tumble out.

I worked of an evening at a desk in front of a

window which had a brown gauze blind, feeling sincere regret when, as the days drew out and gaslight proved unnecessary, it became no longer possible for the passers-by to see me. I wore a pen over each ear, one for black ink, the other for red, and when other work did not furnish itself (as a rule my two colleagues arranged that there should be enough of it left to fill out, with economy, the evening hours) I wrote conspicuous cards, the important words in German text with flourishes, to be tacked near the doorway, announcing the freedom of commodious villas at Barnsbury, family residences at Highgate. One discovered at Blenkinsop's that stock of general knowledge was small compared with the general knowledge one did not possess; I foresaw that it would be necessary to introduce myself to the French language in order that the wilted clerk should not impose upon me so easily in regard to the meaning of the words *bijouterie* and *vertu*; to polish up my geography, that I should not again excite derision even on the part of the charwoman by asking whether Felixstowe was in Germany or in Austria. Compensations arrived. Whether in consequence of the evening work, or as a result of worry concerning Miss Trentham, it appeared a fact that I was losing something of the painfully healthy complexion I had brought with me; Henrietta mentioned to Sarah (Sarah repeating to me) that I certainly looked less of the country bumpkin.

"I do like people with refined features," said Henrietta. "What I mean to say is well-shaped noses. Friend of mine once, she was very pronounced, she bought something in a shop down near Lamb's Conduit Street to fix on, and if it had only treated her as it had treated the girl whose portraits were on the box, she wouldn't have had any cause for complaint. But, as I told her, she'd evidently left it too long."

My evening occupation ruled me out of much of the society of Robert Spencer, but I passed on to him *Tricotrin* and *Chandos*; when the red-covered books came back, I found pages turned down which included any reference to eating. Blenkinsop's also prevented me from being present on a certain great occasion, but Sarah's description of the event concealed no details. Mary said the two visitors came in like a thousand of hot bricks; this simile left something to be desired in the direction of accuracy. What happened, according to Sarah, was this.

A high voice, which could belong to no one but Mrs. David, heard out in the Passage, demanding the whereabouts of Mr. Wickhams's establishment. Mr. Wickhams the printer. Willing neighbours giving directions and Mrs. David entering the shop, talking vivaciously.

"Be very careful, my dear," to her companion. "Do take care of your dress; it will have to do again, you know. Sarah, how do you do? What a pokey little place to be sure. And what a distance from everywhere: you remember my cousin?"

The two girls kissed across the counter, and Mrs. David, blowing away imagined dust, placed her parasol there.

"Don't laugh at my costume," begged the younger visitor.

"Laugh?" echoed Mrs. David, in window-shaking tones. "I have never given David's family credit for much tact, but I hope they know better than that. How's your poor father, Sarah?"

"I've only one," answered Sarah, "and he's fairly well off." She gave a knock with her heel at the half glass door, and taking a ruler, stood on a chair and thumped at the ceiling. "Where's the baby?"

"Babs," said Mrs. David importantly, "is with his nurse. Besides, I couldn't dream of bringing him all the way up here. Think of what he might catch. I shouldn't have come myself, to tell you the truth, only that this silly girl here insisted."

Father appeared, wiping his hands on his apron.

"Wah!" cried Mrs. David, seizing her parasol to guard herself. "Don't come near me, or I shall smell printer's ink for weeks. Stay where you are. Whatever have you been doing to yourself?"

"Keep your voice down," said her young cousin. "You're getting into the habit of assuming that all your friends are deaf. And they will be, if you shout at them in this manner."

Sarah waited for an earthquake, or at the very least a dynamite explosion. Mary came downstairs, and asked the visitors to walk up, and if it were not too late for them, take tea. Father, glad to be relieved from terrifying society, promised to keep an eye on the shop.

"Don't let me have to remind you of it again," said the girl Eleanor calmly, when they were up on the first floor. "It's painful to those who are with you, and it ought to be painful to you."

"I was only keeping the conversation going," pleaded Mrs. David.

"That responsibility is not entirely yours."

"Very well," said Mrs. David, vanquished. "*You* talk for a little while now, and I'll try to listen."

"I think we might both listen. Tell me," pleasantly to Sarah, "how goes the Art School?"

Sarah declared it good as a play (although she had seen nothing better than the ghost illusion in Essex Road) to observe Mrs. David's humility, once she had been cowed by somebody possessing decision of manner. Sarah told the girl she was drawing from the cast, and

learning anatomy; drawing from nature, too; and on Mary's suggestion, whilst the kettle was taking its time to boil, Sarah found one of her outline sketches. Sarah hoped to go on to drawing from the antique, if father would permit this daring step; the other girls in the class had told her of a place in Fitzroy Street near Tottenham Court Road where life classes were held.

"Capital!" declared Eleanor emphatically. "I *am* glad you're getting on so well. Make up your mind not to be put back by failure."

"I shall be disappointed," declared Sarah, "if I find there are no disappointments. And you? How's the singing?"

"You must know——" began Mrs. David.

"Drink your tea whilst it's hot," ordered Eleanor. "Is this the baby sister coming in?"

Little Ruth, it appeared, took to her at once. Smoothed out the crimson sash which the girl wore from right shoulder to left of waist across her white dress; took off a ring, and was permitted to place it on her own thumb. Sang her one song, and would have sung it again only that Mrs. David asked her not to do so. Admitted that her present ambition was to learn how to dance as other children did in the playground of the Board School. The girl Eleanor, lifting her muslin skirt slightly, showed her a few steps, which little Ruth picked up immediately.

"Another piece of cake," suggested Mary.

"Thank you," replied Mrs. David, "I'm afraid of spoiling my dinner. Cook gets terribly upset if we don't do justice to every dish. She mentioned only yesterday to the upper housemaid——"

"No!" interrupted Eleanor. "Let us brag by all means, but do let us be accurate."

"What have I said that's wrong now?" asked Mrs. David.

"It's quite true," said the girl, "that your husband is successful, and in consequence of that you are able to keep three servants. A good number; you have a right to be proud of the circumstance. When I marry I expect to have to go out charing. But when you speak of your upper housemaid, you intimate that you also keep an under housemaid, and to imply that, if you will allow me to say so, is to stray beyond the confines of actual and literal truth."

"You complain about my talking!"

"The difference between us is," said the girl calmly, "that I talk well."

Little Ruth, desiring something with which she could play, begged for the morocco case the girl carried in her hand, and opening it found a bronze medal. Eleanor admitted to my sisters that this had been presented to her that afternoon at the public distribution in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square; confessed, too, that she felt greatly excited by this success, and hoped in due course to gain one of gold.

"But why ever," demanded my sister Sarah, "why in the world didn't you tell us the moment you came in?"

"Doesn't do to make too much fuss about oneself."

"You *are* a dear," declared my sisters, impressed "If only you could meet Joe!"

I had trouble to affect an interest in the girl, but Mary and Sarah and little Ruth could talk of no one else, and she had gained father's commendation by giving an order for two hundred cards. I remarked that it appeared a conceited arrangement for the girl to be learning at the Royal Academy and teaching in the suburbs at the same time; but they would not hear a word against her, proclaiming the view that there was no reason why this should not be done, and reminding

me of the schoolmaster down at home, whose teaching had enabled me to get a first-class elementary in sound, light, and heat, and who one evening at our place, after supper, told us that when he began the classes he was only a week of knowledge in advance of that possessed by his students. I dismissed the subject from conversation, and the girl from my thoughts, and went out to my friend at the second-hand book shop to borrow a *Bell's Elocutionist* before he took in his stock for the night. Madam Marsh had received a cabinet photograph from my Miss Trentham, and informed me of the fact, adding that she would show it to me with pleasure, only that it happened to be one taken in the Leicester pantomime dress. It occurred to me that if Connie (I called her Connie now in my thoughts) if Connie made any objection to the proposal that she should, on marriage, leave the stage, the wise plan would be for me to learn a few pieces such as "The Leper," and, for the sake of variety, one of Artemus Ward's sketches, that I could present to her another alternative, by myself going on the boards and allowing her to look after the home.

I had not met her since the night of the party, but felt sure Heaven was guarding her in accordance with my earnest night and morning request. The two overtime clerks at Blenkinsop's had seen her in plays; their moderate words of approval concerning her dramatic power irritated me; it proved how easily conspicuous cleverness could be overlooked in a great city like London. When one mixed, as one now dared to do, with the evening crowd near the Angel, and listened with astonishment to the conversation of handsome women, one felt inclined to go up to them with a reminder that they belonged to a sex which Miss Trentham adorned. I could not bear to read in the newspapers any words of approval concerning the acting of any other lady. When

sandwich men went up and down the gutters, urging the public to see Miss Eastlake, or Miss Fanny Leslie, or some other star, I wanted to break their boards and give them a few straight words of warning. I found myself growing sulky and ill-tempered with the world, and rather proud of being sulky and ill-tempered. My sister Mary declared her intention of taking me to the chemist's.

The statue of Sir Hugh Myddleton looked harmless enough, but it had an effect on my love affair for which it could not, for the space of weeks, be forgiven. I was returning from Blenkinsop's one evening, tired with my three hours there, following ten hours in the back room with father, and I rested near the statue to get the better of a word which pretended it had no rhyme. A boy of about my own size sitting there, jacketless, looked up at me resentfully; he had the aggrieved manner of one who has been punished, and punished justly, by a parent, and he growled to himself in an undertone.

“‘Yes, you touch me,’ I says, ‘that’s all. If you dare box my ears again,’ I says, ‘I shall set to and——’ What are you listening to?” he demanded, addressing me.

I answered that I had been paying no attention to his remarks.

“And who are you,” he demanded, rising, “that you should be so ‘igh and mighty in your style? I’ll make you listen to me if you’re not careful. Yes! Yes! Make you.”

I said that it would take about three of his build and strength to do that, and, not anxious for a public affray, went on to say a good word for the statue.

“You don’t know what he did!” said the aggressive lad. “Invented water, he did. Now tell me I don’t know nothing.”

It happened I had better information at my disposal, and I gave it. He said that he did not believe in Genesis, and waiving this, added that, Genesis or no Genesis, I was a jolly sight too clever, and that if my game was to go about showing off and contradicting, his would be the gratifying task of putting an effective stop to such proceedings; this action to be taken ere I was older by five minutes. I asked his name, and he asked mine. I said I would give him the information concerning myself if he would first give me the information concerning himself, but he declared it was for me to take the initiative. We were thus at what appeared to be a satisfactory stop, when he suddenly accused me of mimicking him. I had to say that if one could not find a better model, one would never think of exercising the art of imitation.

"That settles it!" he remarked, undoing the buttons of his waistcoat. "Come down 'ere at the back. I've had about enough of your lip to last me for the rest of my life. If you're not a coward, follow me and come down 'ere at the back."

I had to follow him. I knew at the time it was a foolish dispute, but his imputation on my courage forced me to see that here was one of those nice questions of honour which can only be decided by exchange of blows. He seemed to be looking around, on the way, for friends, but he found none, and we faced each other alone near the railings in Colebrooke Row. I did not care for the task of pummelling him, for his face was only clean where the tears had run; I felt, however, that Connie would be the first to say that in doing so I was behaving as an Englishman.

"Let's 'ave it all fair and square," said the lad, holding up fists. "No advantage to be took on either

Agreed.

"Neither side starts until I say the word three. You know what I mean; one to be ready, two to be steady, three to go. And no getting in a hit," argued the lad earnestly, "before the word three. Promise!"

Solemn assurance given that I would regard the rules.

"Now then!" he cried.

He practised a few blows, and watching them I could see the easy nature of the contest before me. We had done a good deal of fighting round at the back of the National Schools at home.

"One to be ready." He waited. Then skipping the second warning, cried, "And three to be off," and struck me violently on the nose.

My handkerchief was scarlet when I came out into City Road, and no doubt, in my distress, I had dabbed it over my features. I was making for a water-trough on the other side when a voice arrested my attention: I stopped and looked around eagerly.

"And her name may be, as you say," Miss Trentham was remarking, "at the top of the programme now, Kite, but I knew her when it was down amongst the lemonades and—— Oh dear, oh lor', do look at what I've found!"

Her companion, glad to find a turn given to the conversation, slapped his knee, joining in her amusement. Miss Nodes followed, with features screwed ready to go either way.

"This," she cried, exhausted with amusement, "this is that extraordinary little clown I was telling you about the other afternoon. You remember, Kite!"

"Never roared so much in all my life," said Mr. Kite. "My lad, do run home and wash your face."

"No!" interposed Miss Trentham, fanning herself



THE WICKHAMSES

93

with her hand. "Don't tell him to do that. Let other people enjoy themselves as well as us. My goodness," with another burst, "if he could only go straight on at Deaconses and take the ten o'clock turn! Ah," wiping her eyes, and going on, "that laugh's done me more good than half a dozen drinks."

CHAPTER VI

I HAD more opportunities now for observing the concerns of other people, and it seemed to me that, saving myself, the Wickhams family was making good progress. The exception mattered little, for youth has no consoling philosophy, and I felt I for my part no longer could look forward. Ruth brought home verbal commendations which we affected to discredit until one day a schoolmistress, so much unlike the teachers of one's imagination as to be herself incredible, called, and speaking to father in the shop, said that if she were father, and she could afford it, she would take Ruth away from the Board School and place her where her quickness and aptitude would be properly encouraged; in a large class made up, as the schoolmistress said, of all sorts, this was not possible.

"If she goes on as she's going now," said the schoolmistress confidentially, "there's no reason why some day she shouldn't——"

"Go into the millinery?"

"Better than that," assured the lady. "There's no reason why she shouldn't become," here she gasped at the importance of the prophecy, "a teacher herself. Think it over, will you? Good-evening." She went to the door and returned. "Of course I mean, providing she lives long enough."

"My mother," said father, closing the discussion, "my mother lived till she was eighty-four. Good-

evening, ma'am, and thank you for calling. Joe door!"

This gave a twist to our household. Hitherto Ruth, being the baby, had always been commanded and instructed by the rest of us; we had felt safe in contradicting any assertion made by her, and the general principle guiding us had been that whatever the child wanted to do could not be allowed. When she endeavoured to take her share in domestic jokes (which were not extravagant jokes, but just good enough for home consumption) we stopped her at once; if any difficulty in this was experienced, Mary's stern remark, "Don't forget poor mother's looking down and watching you!" arrested her, causing her to take elbows from the table, keep feet still, and comport herself with careful precision. Now, we had to look upon the youngster as one who might in course of time bring credit to the family. Ruth, to her surprise, found her opinions receiving the compliment of attention; rumours of an exalted nature concerning boarding-schools began to circulate, and Sarah lengthened the girl's skirts, so that to grip them in crossing a road became more excusable.

"Be very careful," we all begged of her. "Don't go getting conceited."

"But I am!" she replied frankly.

We allowed her, without reproof, to become, so to speak, wicket keeper in regard to grammar, and her delight when she stumped us over a misplaced aspirate or an error in phrasing was so obvious, that we decided to use more care, such triumph at the expense of her elders being bad for a child. For me, life—then a weariness—received added drawbacks when I found that to say "We was" brought down adverse criticism, the justice of which one had to admit. In regard to "if I was" I had something of a dispute, appealing to

umpires, and the rest of the family supported my view ; but young Ruth produced books, and proved that I, from ignorance and not from intention, had broken the rules. With father she had to go cautiously, but he too spoke in her presence with deliberation, sometimes giving a sigh of relief on going in for some venturesome stroke to find that the bails had not been removed.

“Teacher says,” announced Ruth, “that there are only two ways of talking. One is right ; the other is wrong. And whilst you’re about it, teacher says, you may as well choose the right way.”

Over Sarah’s work in the window corner of the shop, father, coming in during intervals from the back room, often shook his square paper cap disparagingly, saying the great day would come when we should all have to account for time wasted, and implying that, at the moment referred to, Sarah’s explanation would prove the lengthiest of all, and perhaps the least satisfactory. In his young day, girls had been content with useful occupations : crochet work, the making of embroidery, or some great heroic scheme, such as manufacture of a crazy counterpane. Sarah, more than any of the rest of us, gave father excuse for repeating the threat to shut up the shop and cart us all back home again. There had been occasions when we had received this with equanimity, but the girls shrieked an appeal now ; for myself, town or country belonged equally to a bitter, ungracious world. A letter came one day addressed “S. Wickhams, Esquire,” and father, after careful examination of the envelope, said it appeared to be a business communication, and announced that he proposed to take the step of opening it ; Sarah intervened, remarking nervously that she thought there existed a slight probability, but still a probability, that the letter was for

her. Father and I watched suspiciously. Stooping down, he picked up a cheque for a guinea. Sarah danced out of the shop, called something to Henrietta next door, and waltzed back again.

"Who have you been borrowing off?" demanded father. He glanced round, fearing Ruth might be near.

"Send it back," I ordered, following father's lead. "Whoever it come from, let it go back at once."

"Any time you want money, my girl, you come to me. Don't say that I shall let you have it, but I won't have you——"

"It's a prize," cried Sarah rapturously, taking the cheque and kissing it. "A prize, and I've won it. A guinea prize. One pound one. Whatever shall I do with such a lot? Mary! Come down. Bring Ruth with you."

The apprentices came in from Madam's, and Henrietta, with the importance of one who had succeeded in keeping a secret, declared she had felt sure all along that Sarah would win; if she had refrained from saying this in so many words, it had been from an anxiety not to discount the joys of triumph. The news flew up and down the Passage, and a dairyman from the other end looked in later, putting down his lead cans with a clatter, and growling mysteriously, "Harkaway for the Gran' National," winked, tapped a forefinger against the side of his nose, and went on giving an increased note of importance to his public cry. We were all slightly insane that evening, and Sarah broke off repeatedly to cry—

"Oh, if I should wake up and find it isn't true!"

Father inspected the letter accompanying the cheque and I inspected it, holding the note up to the light, and we said eventually that whilst it might be a take-in, or something done for the sake of advertisement, or an essay in practical joking, or an error committed by the

clerk who addressed the envelope, still, having heard the evidence and perused the documents, we felt bound to say that everything seemed genuine and in order. Sarah had given us all the information she possessed. Madam Marsh, it appeared, took in a lady's journal of some importance at the expense of sixpence weekly, in order that she might keep herself acquainted with the very latest vagaries of fashion, and to exacting customers give particulars of styles which in Paris and in the West End, as she put it, were all the go. Henrietta, having read the journal through, exhausting the fiction, searching for treasures of knowledge in the columns headed "Beauty," had suddenly come across the offer of a prize for an original costume sketch "appropriate to our pages and lending itself to reproduction therein." Competitors to be under seventeen; six coupons, scissored from successive numbers of the journal, to accompany the drawings.

"Well," we said, disappointed at finding no flaw, "now what we've got to decide——"

"What we have to decide," corrected young Ruth.

"Is how the money is to be spent."

"I have settled that," remarked Sarah.

"Look here," interposed father, "this is where I must speak. We are told in Timothy——"

"You don't really want anything new to wear," declared Mary. "If we dress too smartly, we shall begin to find ourselves talked about."

"That old chair bedstead of mine," I remarked, "has seen its best days."

"It's good enough for nights," said Mary. "Now the savings bank——"

"It's going towards her first quarter's schooling," announced Sarah, with a nod in the direction of Ruth. "What I want to see is, how it comes out in the paper, and whether they print my signature plainly."

"If you do as this letter asks you," I remarked, "you'd better let me go with you to the office. Women are no good where business is concerned."

"It's a woman who writes the letter."

"That's no argument," I said.

"Let Sarah decide," ordered father unexpectedly.

Mrs. David had mentioned to the girls, on the occasion of her call some months before, that she noticed an immense alteration in father, but I considered this only a specimen of Mrs. David's extravagant way of talking, and took small notice of the reported comment. All the same, some details could not be overlooked. We sat one Sunday evening after chapel, and after supper, and the talk had been of Mr. Redwell; the delicate question whether the family ought to give two shillings or half a crown towards his wedding present occupied a good forty minutes of our attention. We pretended Mary ought to forbid the banns, and Mary said, good-temperedly, that if the sea contained but one fish, it would make a great difference to anglers. She opened the harmonium, adjusted the Moody and Sankey book on the rest, placed Barclay's Dictionary on the chair, and drawing it up, sat and asked what it was to be. We made eager claim for a first place to be given to our respective favourites.

"Beg pardon, father?"

"What's that that Madam was humming when she was in here last? 'Seated one day at the organ,' it begins."

"But, father!" protested the girls, shocked, "it's a week-day piece."

"Well," he remarked casually, "what about it? Don't you know what John Wesley said?"

We looked apprehensively at the ceiling as Mary began.

In regard to my eldest sister I encountered the most perturbing incident. A busy girl, always on the move and discovering something to be done in the house, Mary was in the mind as ever in a print dress and sweeping up the fireplace, or preparing or clearing away a meal. The illusion was cancelled in this way. Robert Spencer had met me as I came away from Blenkinsop's; he was obviously gorged with news, but first asked me what made me so grumpy, and I partly confided in him. He said there were worse lives than that of a bachelor; he himself had made up his mind to remain a free-lance all his life, which was not to be taken to mean that his life would be without agreeable incident. What he had to tell me consisted in the fact that his sisters were coming up in a few weeks' time to stay with friends. To meals at the house of these friends in Pembridge Square, Bayswater, he hoped with good luck to be during the time occasionally invited, and he promised to give me later a full and particular account of the dishes consumed. The great point was this. If his sisters on leaving should, affected by his recital of penury, present him with a coin of some value, with an urgent appeal that their father should never know—

"Then," said Robert, his hand on my shoulder, "Joseph, my son, me and you will have an evening together. An evening together."

"Doing what?"

"Do you happen to know the name of the river Berlin is situated on? Very well," said Robert acutely, "Mum's the word!"

Enjoying anticipations of this promised spree I came near the narrow part of our Passage. It had just begun to rain, and I turned up the collar of my jacket. Near the square iron railings a young couple stood under one umbrella, saying good-night. "You're

the very sweetest and the very dearest" (I heard the young man say) "in the whole wide world." And it was my eldest sister Mary (I recognised her voice) who made the usual reply: "What makes you think that?"

Robert's people came up and went back, giving him half a sovereign. Robert said that now or never was my chance of seeing the world. I consulted my eldest sister, who seemed desirous of keeping on good terms with everybody; she said that if I could promise to be home by eleven o'clock sharp, she would see it was managed somehow. The great difficulty, she foresaw, was that my clothes would be strongly scented with tobacco smoke; I had better take them off downstairs, place the garments in the scullery, and creep upstairs without awaking father. She would arrange that he went to bed early. I said, gratefully and pointedly, that if ever I could be of assistance to her, she could command me, and Mary remarked that one never knew what might be in store.

I called at Blenkinsop's and told the married clerk I was suffering from a kind of rash, and could not be sure whether it was catching; he said a doctor's bill would just about finish him, and imploring me to keep away for, at any rate, one evening, lighted his pipe and smoked furiously. Robert waited for me. He wore a new green necktie, and held between his fingers a cigar, of which he said that it ought, with care and by the device of allowing it to go out at intervals, as though from oversight, to last the entire evening.

"Not by any means the swellest place," he remarked, as we entered the dining-rooms, "but everything's solid. Come right through."

The windows exhibited uncooked joints, plates of lettuces, specimen bottles of sauce, a calf's head holding half a lemon in its mouth. Inside, on the mahogany

backs of the high pews, newspapers pretended to be antimacassars; round marks showed where the backs of heads had rubbed. Male customers wore their hats. A waitress came to us and moved the imperfect cruet, that it should hide a circular blemish on the tablecloth; the glass knob dropped from the vinegar bottle, and the girl, stooping, said, "Oh, dash it all!" thus giving the key to a free and untrammelled evening.

"What, no fish, Joe? Oh, come," urged Robert Spencer. "Don't talk like that. Two portions fried smelts, miss."

"One portion will be as much as you two can get through." She yawned.

"You're tired," said Robert gallantly.

"So would you be if you had to keep on——"

"Come and sit down near us."

I became alternately hot and cold at the daring of my companion, but determined not to lag; and when he helped himself from the toothpick tumbler, I did the same, to show that one had come prepared to go to almost any lengths.

"Anything to follow?" asked the girl, returning.

"Two point steaks," said Robert brusquely. "Well done, both of them. Chipped potatoes. And fetch us some newer bread. This is like paving stones."

Robert told me, as he passed across the anchovy sauce, that I might not be aware of the fact, but this was the right and proper way to treat women. If you were always pleasant, they began to think they need not trouble about you; if you were always harsh, they became dispirited; use a fair and about equal mixture of the two methods, and they were your bonded serfs. Robert sent the steaks back with a message to the cook, insisted also on hot plates. The proprietress of the dining-rooms came down from her high chair-backed

stool, and, watching us anxiously, expressed a hope that everything was to our liking.

"My appetite's on the mend," admitted Robert, wrinkling his forehead over the bill of fare. "I'm just beginning to feel peckish now. Joe, what do you say to veal and ham pie?"

I replied that my only answer could be in the negative, but I gave him permission to eat on without regard to me. The interested proprietress brought an enormous wedge with jelly shivering around the plate, and feeling that the situation had been saved by wise diplomacy, said she thought Robert would be kept busy now for a few minutes, and with an apology for leaving us, went back to climb to her chair-backed stool, distributing on either side as she went stimulating smiles. The waitress later took another order from Robert: "The same again, miss!" and, impressed by his wonderful powers, sat on the corner of the table, and swinging one foot watched with interest the eating of this second plateful, supplying bread when required and ever at hand with the mustard. She said some gentlemen customers were so very nice and particular over their food; a pleasure to find one who could eat anything placed before him and enjoy it. Robert seemed to remember my presence after a while, and pushing back his empty plate, said his mother had always impressed upon him the lesson that enough was as good as a feast; more than enough could only be looked upon as waste. He pressed me to take a sip from the tankard, but I felt I had a great night before me, and that it would be unwise to make experiments; a cool head was required to appreciate everything to the full. Besides, I did not like it. Robert said he feared he should never make a town man of me, and sighing at the imminence of the end of the meal, gave orders that the bread and butter pudding

should now be brought. Of this he said that a second go could harm no man, woman, or child.

"Plenty of time," said Robert, answering my eager inquiry and lighting the cigar. "Sit back and make yourself comfortable. Pull that newspaper down near to you and read out what there is going on at the present moment."

The waitress brought the cook from the kitchen at the back to see Robert; the cook said, "But he looks 'appy enough!" in tones of wonder.

"Well," said Robert, "what do you say to the Westminster Aquarium? Perhaps it is rather too far off. To tell you the truth, I don't exactly know where it is. How about a couple of half-crown seats at the Trocadero? Or would you care to see Irving in *Much Ado*? It would be something to say afterwards. Or how about—— By the bye, what is the exact time?" He started up alarmedly.

"I'd no idea it was going at such a pace," he declared. "We're late. That's what we are; late. Miss!"

"Together or separate?" asked the waitress.

He answered regally.

The girl did the sum in mental arithmetic by staring hard at vacancy; when she announced the total Robert did not question it, but threw down silver and told her to keep the change. Outside he confided to me that the amount seemed a bit stiff, and I went through the items for him. He said that if it were correct, why, it was correct, and nothing more need be said about it; the displeasing circumstance to be faced was, that he had but one and twopence left. I was about to upbraid my host for not having controlled his appetite at table, when we came across a local music-hall, and Robert took me by the arm, and paying a man concealed inside a wooden

box, and receiving two well-thumbed cards marked incongruously "TICHBORNE," we went up flights of stone stairs, our footsteps muffled by sawdust. We could hear the last notes of a chorus roared by the house; when they finished the house applauded itself.

"Plenty of room," said the attendant. "Room for another twenty your size. Come on in, don't be shy!"

I ventured to remark to my host that it seemed a pity we had not contrived to reach the gallery at an earlier hour; he said that some of the people would be going out presently for drinks, and we could take the opportunity to nab their seats. This hopeful view did not find itself justified by events, for during the whole of the evening we sat at the side of the gallery, where, so far as any chance of seeing the stage was concerned, we might as well have remained in the dining-rooms. By standing up I could see through the fog of smoke the chairman's table down on the floor of the house with a portly, rubicund man at the head, facing the house; a small round mirror before him reflecting, I suppose, the performers, and enabling him to tell when some agile turn in a dance or some special effort in humour gave the cue to stimulate applause by rapping insistently with his ebony hammer.

"Ladies *and* gentlemen," said the chairman, rising, "by your kind permission ——"—name emphasised with a shout up to us which made it unintelligible—"will 'pear next," and sat back, proud but modest, to take his lighted cigar from its resting-place on the top of a wine-glass.

The chairman's table was lined closely by young blades who wore hats at back of heads, thumbs in arm-holes of waistcoats, and were—so the word was passed

along to us—sometimes honoured by a special salutation from the footlights which caused them to smile contentedly and mysteriously at the glass lustre chandelier dependent from the ceiling. At our side of the gallery fluctuating disputes went on because, whilst we could see no reasonable objection to standing up ourselves, we protested loudly and forcibly when anyone in front of us did so.

“Paid my money,” protested the standing up person, “same like the rest of you. I’m entitled to have the benefit of the performance.”

“Not at our expense,” we argued hotly. “Sed down and give the others a chance. Do as you would be done unto. Fair’s fair all the world over. When you come to a place of public amusement, you’ve got to behave yourself. Not carry on like you do when you’re at home.”

“Keep order there,” cried the attendant up at the back. “Less of it, if you please, or else——”

We were quieter after the attendant, for the sake of example, had ejected an inoffensive boy; the attendant returning, said to the gallery, that this was the method he would adopt, if sufficiently exasperated, towards the whole blooming lot. It is certain that Robert and I, listening eagerly with a hand to the right ear, gave a pattern of behaviour to the rest; for my own part, I begrudged the loss of a single note. A man’s voice, husky but penetrating, gave us, in a melody so simple that at the second chorus I could sing it, an account of what appeared to have been a singularly eventful evening with his friend Jones; one from the effect of which he pretended not to have entirely recovered.

I could see clearly that such excess was to be deplored, but the gallery treated the singer as though he were Wolseley home from Egypt, and after he had given

two encores, he had to come forward and claim our kind indulgence, explaining that he was due at the Falstaff in Clerkenwell in five minutes' time, but that to-morrow night he hoped to give us the pleasure of singing to us again. We agreed to this compromise, and allowed him to go. A woman said to her companion that she had been given to understand by those who knew the singer that he could, if he liked, be quite the gentleman off the stage.

“ — will appear next ! ”

The sound of shrill female voices induced our side of the gallery to agree to an armistice ; we all stood up on the wooden seats, where, however, Robert and I found ourselves as unfortunately placed as ever. Robert declared he could just see the tops of the duettists' hats, but I did not want to believe him, and I did not believe him. They had been away to Paris, with a girl called Jessie Harris ; such funny ways the French had got, they seemed to know an awful lot, and so on and so on. It was all very brisk, and determined, and exciting ; I could have wept when descriptions came along the row of their agility in dancing. Later came a young woman in, we were told male evening dress, who sang an exultant song called “ The Crutch and Toothpick Boys,” and the chairman, leaving the table, where his place was taken by a weedy-looking lad, grim with new importance, went on the stage and sang “ Our Noble Fire Brigade,” surrounded, according to information conveyed to us, by nervous members from the local fire station, to whom he referred with an inclusive wave of the hand.

“ Time we were off,” I said. “ You can stay on.”

Robert Spencer, jingling two pennies in his pocket, said desolately that if I went he supposed he had better go too, and we forced our way out of the crowded gallery. Outside, in the fresh summer evening air, I

had to clutch at Robert's arm. A constable looked at me suspiciously. I recovered at once, but, walking along with Robert, purposely stumbled more than once in order to acquaint passers-by with the fact that we had spent a rollicking evening.

"Better than Oddfellows' Fête day down at home, isn't it?" remarked Robert. "What shall I do with this twopence? Bit uncomfortable in there, wasn't it? Another time we must eat at these foreign places where they have a fixed price. Now a shilling seat—— You'd enjoy a proper theatre, I expect. Wonder whether, if I pretended to have been ill and said the doctor was pressing for his money, wonder whether the governor would send me a post-office order? What do you think yourself, Joe?"

"Robert," I said, "don't mind me not talking. Fact of it is, London's giving me a bit more than I can take in all at once. It's making my head ache."

"You'll get used to it," he replied.

Mary told father that someone had been in the shop at an early hour smoking an extremely pungent cigar; she agreed with his views concerning the habit, but it never did to offend customers. I gave a full account of the previous evening, and she decided the entertainment could only be described as vulgar; I declared the fault must be in my powers of description, for it had appeared to me to sound the top note of refinement. Mary said she was certain that better joys of the kind existed, and put a hypothetical case to me. Supposing a gentleman, a young gentleman, should chance to call about tea-time one Sunday afternoon, and in the course of conversation ask me to go with him one evening to a real proper theatre, would I say yes? I told Mary I should have no hesitation in doing so. But supposing, went on my eldest sister, pleating the hem of her apron and flushing

slightly, supposing the gentleman suggested that father be asked to permit her to accompany us, what would my course of action be then? I answered that I hoped father could be talked into giving his consent. Mary kissed me and said I was a good boy, that she was a very happy girl, and that if I should happen to take in a letter from the postman addressed to her in her own hand-writing, I need say nothing about it to the others. Not a word, even to Henrietta. Henrietta was no doubt a sensible girl, but no girl was sensible enough to be entrusted with this secret.

Indebted to Henrietta for a suggestion which was at first derided, I told Mr. Blenkinsop that an offer had been made to me, an offer in the City; one possessing such advantages that, much as I should regret depriving him of my services, I did not see how I could, in justice to myself and my future, decline it. I felt nervous lest he should ask for particulars; instead he wiped the gilded frame of a mirror marked in whitening, "Look at Yourself and Be Happy" (we were in the passage leading to the stores at the back), and shook his head.

"No, Wickhams," he said, "you mustn't do that."
// Think it over."

I had taken the precaution of doing so.

"Don't want to persuade you," he said diffidently, "but would an increase of two shillings a week make any difference to your decision, Wickhams?"

One could not say it would; one could only go so far as to say it might.

"Five and six," he conceded, "and you either come half an hour earlier or you stay half an hour later."

Question asked whether he could see his way to making it six.

"Can't see so far off as that," he said, blowing the dust from a what-not. "Got my living to make as

well as other people. Besides, I'm saving up. I'm saving up. Call it five and six, Wickhams, and let's say no more about it. We don't want to part, you and me."

I had a mind to tell him it was obvious he did not wish to do so, but I gave in. Mary said Mr. Blenkinsop evidently possessed a good heart; she could not understand why he had never married. Father remarked it was good for a lad to feel he was getting on in the world, and that if I could give him a solemn assurance not to waste or to indulge in sinful expenditure, he would allow me to retain eightpence of the sum weekly. Sarah thereupon produced important information. Robert had called at the shop and had spent the evening there; he wanted to see me because he had met a man who was chief clerk in a forwarding office of some importance, a business carried on in Moorgate Street, City. The people had no vacancy at present but my name had been recorded, and I was to hold myself ready to go there at, perhaps, less than a week's notice. Robert did not mention the hours, but in Mary's opinion I ought to be very thankful to him for the trouble taken.

The Moorgate Street firm showed no frantic anxiety to engage my services, but my father wrote home to Daniel Haddaway, who had sometimes assisted us there, and Daniel replied that he felt willing to come up if Mr. Wickhams should require his services; his sweetheart having, after a brief engagement of but nine years, taken up with a new railway porter. Upbraided for not showing more excitement, I could not give the reason without mentioning the name of Miss Trentham. Ruth said my attitude of detachment was but a signal that I was becoming a man. Ruth (always my friend, and never allowing a word to be said against me) liked to pretend that I helped her with home lessons, and we

gave annoyance to the rest of the family when at table we conversed in French, French which I had picked up from her, and consisting mainly on my side of conversational phrases used on entering a foreign hotel. "Bon jour! Avez vous une chambre à louer? Combien le prix, s'il vous plait?" Ruth declared my accent purer than hers; I knew this was not so, but did not care to contradict her.

To myself I sometimes said, in the same language, a sentence from the phrase book for those who climbed Swiss mountains. "Je fais du progrès, mais c'est un peu difficile!"

CHAPTER VII

DANIEL, the new assistant, came up to town without first receiving definite instructions, and threw himself, with his deal box, on our mercy. Since the termination of his engagement of the heart, the village had behaved intolerably; he could not put his nose outside the door without being asked for information; the village sharpened wits upon him.

“‘Hullo, Dan’l!’ says they. ‘When be going to find another one, Dan’l? Take our advice, Dan’l, and get one this time that’s lost her eyesight. Cheer up, Dan’l,’ says they; ‘she en’t the only one. Put an advertisement in the newspapers, Dan’l,’ says they.”

We sympathised.

“Stood it so long as ever I could,” said Daniel Haddaway. “Stood it till I couldn’t stand it no longer. Then I ups and says to myself, ‘I’ve had enough! and I packs up my box, and,’ he concluded recklessly, ‘here I are, and now you know as much about it as what I do. But, by gum, ain’t you all improved in a most wonnerful way! There can’t be no two opinions about that. Young Joseph here——” Daniel roared as he inspected me again.

I found Daniel of great use in making my first important sortie down the long City Road in order to reconnoitre the office in Moorgate Street. At the bridge over the canal he showed nervousness, and said he reckoned we had better return ere we lost ourselves; but

I would not hear of this. We went twice round Finsbury Circus to get away for a while from the impetuous traffic and escape the amazing sweep of foot passengers making their way northwards. I told Daniel the rush would not last more than a few minutes, that half-past five happened to be the worst time.

"Where do they all come from?" demanded Daniel, "and where be they all going to? That's what I want to know."

The stampede was equally great ten minutes later, and as time went on the difference we could detect was not in numbers, but only in regard to costume. Silk hats became rarer, and bowlers took their place; the black crowd filling each pavement and surging over. I explained to Daniel that in all probability something special and exceptional had happened, and at his request made inquiry of a large City constable, who, to our surprise, answered, in the dialect of our own county, that there seemed to him less about than usual. He came, he informed us, from the next village but one to ours; his name was Edward Dibley, and in giving the directions to Moorgate Street, said, that if ever we found ourselves in a bit of trouble, to remember the number 1249. A postcard to Cloak Lane would always find him. We went on into the heart of the traffic, greatly encouraged.

"That's the place," I said.

"Plenty carts about," remarked Daniel. "Decent cattle, too, drawing some of 'em."

"Let's cross over!"

"How'd it be to keep on the safe side?"

"They don't dare run you down," I said.

Back in a doorway of an outfitter's close by, we watched the business of the office, impressed by the packages which came out concealing the men who carried

them. These cried, "By y'r leave!" and "Mind your back!" turning when they had stepped off the kerb and allowing the temporarily arrested river of people to flow on; they jerked their load to the tail of the van, denouncing with violence the clumsiness of the lad within. The cases, and the canvas bundles, and the crates bore addresses finishing with "France" and "Suisse" and "Italie" and "Belgique," the meaning of which I felt proud to be able to guess. Everybody scarlet of face and wild of hair and damp of feature; occasionally, from the turmoil inside the office would come a youth, paper cuffed, carrying invoices, to wrangle with the cartmen and make imputation on their sanity, their sobriety, or both; speech given and taken like thrusts in a brisk fencing match.

I ventured to go in to the busy office, and addressing a uniformed man, asked, referring to some words painted on the window, what difference existed between Grande Vitesse and Petite Vitesse. He explained that one was Grande Vitesse and the other Petite Vitesse. I thanked him, and coming out found my shins barked by an insurgent trolley.

It was all so turbulent and strenuous and hurried and violent, that I agreed to Daniel's suggestion that we should see about making for home. I felt glad there was likely to be a respite; if the letter should come that evening ordering me to take up duties at the office, it would mean an almost sleepless night with occasional nightmares. Police Constable Dibley nodded to us near South Place, and asked, with the manner of a proprietor, what we made of it all; Daniel replied that it was wonderful, wonderful; I answered that it had proved to be just about what one expected. We went up East Road by mistake, after crossing opposite the Lying-in Hospital; and discovering the error, I said nothing to Daniel, being

ashamed, and went on; finding presently New North Road and my own district again.

"We've come a long way round, surely," remarked Daniel, with respect.

"Thought you'd like a different route coming back."

"That was kind of you, Joseph. Same time," he added, "I'm jiggering well not sorry to find myself again in sight of Wickhamses, the well-known Printers and Stationers, etcetera. I 'aven't got the 'ang of London yet, like what you have."

"I can read it all," I said, "just like an open book!"

I had wonderful times just then with Dickens and Thackeray; Lytton gave some content; in certain moods one wanted nothing but Scott. My friend at the second-hand bookshop ventured to suggest that I read too swiftly; I had only to point to the rows of volumes on his stall and in his window, and the hills and mountains of volumes inside, to give him the answer; and he admitted that, when one came to think of the large task which lay in front of every youngster, there was something to be said for celerity. Robert Spencer drew my attention to the work of American humorists, encountered by him in the search for pieces suitable for public recitation; I complained that they were lacking in heart. Anyone, I said, could write stuff of that nature, if so inclined, but I challenged Robert to find a living man who could write a book like *Night and Morning*. Robert having glanced through this book, flatly declined to attempt to do so, expressing the hope that anyone who did take up the search would be unsuccessful.

Mrs. David's cousin called again, and on this occasion had the good fortune to meet me. She needed some bill heads on which to make out the quarterly accounts for

pupils. I felt prejudiced against her, partly because of the unbounded admiration expressed by my sisters, mainly because I had been at the machine all the afternoon, and knew I was not looking my best. When I showed a specimen of the notepaper, and remarked on the quality, a thumb mark impressed itself in the corner. I managed to slip into the scullery to have a wash, and Sarah thoughtfully smuggled in to me a clean collar and my Sunday necktie. The girl said she had no fear whatever in going about London, but my sisters told her she must at least allow me to see her to the omnibus. When they had finished kissing, I conducted her through the Passage, Henrietta rushing out only in time to see our backs, and Eleanor adapted her step to mine very easily. I took her for eighteen, and told her so; but it appeared she was only two months older than myself. I could not remember afterwards the subjects we discussed, beyond a general impression that she talked sensibly, from which I assume that she agreed with me. I found myself attacked by one of the worries which give youth a torment and an agony, going far to counteract any advantages that come to early years. Ought one, or ought one not, to pay her omnibus fare to London Bridge? Would a gentleman of breeding and education slip the fourpence quietly into the conductor's hand, saying, "I pay for the lady!" and chance whether the conductor kept the amount and on the journey demanded it also from her? Or would he, to make sure, give the coppers to her? Or would he ask of her, "Have you enough to pay your fare? If not, will you permit me to lend you the sum? Pray do not hurry to return it."

A Holloway and London Bridge omnibus had just started from the corner; to my great relief, she announced she was going to have a run for it, and left me. Few ladies of my acquaintance could hurry gracefully,

but, in watching her, I decided that here I had found an exception. She jumped on easily, and turning, waved her hand before disappearing to the interior of the omnibus. My sisters reassured me on my return, declaring that when a girl earned her own livelihood there existed no necessity whatever to pay for her transport; Sarah, who now possessed a savings bank book, asserted that, in her own case, she would never dream of allowing a gentleman to take a ticket for her. Comforted, I said that Mrs. David's cousin had gained my approbation, and I hoped that if ever I went to Forest Hill, I might chance to see her again.

"We knew you'd fall head over heels, Joseph," remarked Mary.

"Beg your pardon," indignantly. "Nothing of the kind. I'm a great deal more difficult to please than you think."

"Then Henrietta's nose is not going to be put out of joint?"

I snapped my finger and thumb, for a veteran who had been wounded in severe engagements could not discuss these matters with mere recruits. Eleanor had told them Mrs. David was arranging, not a dinner this time, but an evening; my sisters wondered what it meant. An evening for young people, and she particularly wanted Joseph to come early that he might see baby before nurse took it upstairs. I said I might go, might not; in any case, one could not pretend to take much stock in babies.

My lofty attitude in regard to extreme youth found itself encouraged by introduction to Robert Spencer's adult friends. I met them all one evening as they came down the wooden staircase and out into Pentonville Hill; I had begun to feel impatient for news from Moorgate Street, and wanted to see Robert. (Father

had grown less particular about the hour of retiring to rest, and it had been extended cautiously ten minutes at a time.) They started from the landing at just about nine-fifteen; I ask you to believe that ere the first youth reached the pavement, the clock had struck the half-hour. I wondered what they could find to talk about until I discovered myself amongst them, and then ascertained they talked of everything. No subject came amiss to them. They talked loudly, and they talked volubly; two broke off from saying things about Mr. Gladstone that struck me as being almost impious, in order to accept the introduction by Robert.

"Any friend of Mr. Spencer's," remarked one, lifting his hat, "is a friend of ours. We have been considering upstairs Byron's claims to be called a great poet."

A member of the party diverted the conversation by suggesting that they should all go over the way, but at the entrance of the saloon bar I stopped. One thing to fetch supper beer for father from the Camden Arms, another to stroll in thus in a lordly way on my own account. Robert took my elbow, and whispered that when in for a penny you might as well be in for a pound.

"Mr. Blades, you seemed to be in very good form this evening. I can't remember—and I know you don't mind my saying so—I can't remember ever hearing 'Barbara Frietchie' so well rendered."

"Thanks," said Blades modestly. "After you with that match."

"Not by you, at any rate," went on Mr. Collins.

"Some evenings I'm in form," explained Blades, "great form. Nothing seems to come amiss to me. Nothing can stop me. I feel as though I could go on reciting all the night. Then again at other times—whether it's something I've eaten, or whether it is that there's a sus-

picion of thunder in the air, or whether it is that there's been an upset at Moorgate Street—I go on the platform, and feel as though the room's going round. The lines simply will not come.”

“Genius,” said one of the others, “is never twice alike.”

“Talent,” corrected Blades. “Let's call it talent. Genius is a word I reserve for very, very few cases.”

“Is there,” asked my friend Robert, “is there in your opinion one man or one woman on the stage who is entitled to be called a genius?”

“Not at present,” replied Blades.

Someone asked where holidays had been spent. The replies varied from Pegwell Bay to Boulogne; Mr. Collins, who had selected the French watering-place, on being asked to describe some of his impressions there, shook his head knowingly, and declined to go beyond the statement that the French were a peculiar nation. Blades, it appeared, had spent his fortnight in August at a wonderful little village hidden away in a county which he declined to name; probably there were but half a dozen people in England who knew of it.

“And I'll tell you why I chose it,” said Blades. “I found it necessary to give my brain a thorough good rest. I went down there determined not to worry about any of the great questions of the day, to treat the outside world as though it did not exist.”

“Did you succeed?”

Blades looked at the burning end of his cigarette. “I seldom fail,” he answered, “once my mind is made up.”

My neighbour whispered to me, under cover of his hand, that Blades was a chap worth cultivating, for, apart from the pleasure of listening to his conversation, one sometimes received from him orders for the play. Blades

himself, said my neighbour, never thought of planking money down on entering a theatre, but always went in on his face. True, the orders generally arrived at the last moment; beggars could not be choosers. One never knew for what theatre they would be available, but Blades could always manage to get one into the Aquarium on Friday evenings, and into the Imperial next door on any night; the drawback in regard to the Imperial was, that they charged you so much in the way of fees for programmes, for the compulsory leaving of overcoats and sticks, for transfers, that you found, supposing you took a sister or a lady friend, that you had to disburse altogether rather more than you would have done at a place of entertainment where you paid at the box office. The conversation had gone in the direction of books, and I listened. It seemed possible that here would come an opportunity for justifying Robert Spencer's introduction.

"I contend, yes," argued one of the group. "Undoubtedly, yes. Unmistakably, yes. I perceive a tendency running throughout his works—— Has anybody here read them all?"

I held up my right arm, and, ashamed of this school-boy trick, lowered it at once.

"Well," said the critical young man, rather disappointed, "you're one of the few. The first twenty pages of the story I picked up bowled me over."

"Then you're not in possession of all the evidence." I felt warmly, but endeavoured to imitate the sententious methods adopted by the party. "You ought not to express an opinion. You only know the covers."

"Know quite enough."

"Read them through," I said emphatically, "and then let us know what you think. Your opinion may not be of value even then, but at any rate——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Blades, raising his hand.

"Our young friend is new. He doesn't know that one of our rules is, 'No personal imputations.'"

"You keep quiet for a bit," advised Robert Spencer in an undertone.

"I made no personal imputations," I protested doggedly. "But when it is said that Thackeray was a cynic, I deny it."

"You're a liar!" shouted the critical youth across the corner of the table.

They pulled us back into our respective seats, declaring the misunderstanding a slight one, that it could not justify anything like combative action. The critical youth (named Radham) said gloomily that this was what came of bringing in outsiders. Robert Spencer, taking my part, asked whether this was intended as an imputation against him. Mr. Radham, shocked to find the opposition thus doubled in number, said that if a man called him a liar, he considered himself perfectly justified—

We all hastened to point out that it was he who had applied this term to me, and, convinced by overpowering evidence, Mr. Radham said he could only suppose he must have misconstrued my remarks. I said, stubbornly, that this was his fault, not mine. The entire efforts of the party on the corner cushions were now devoted to the task of bringing my spirit down to the level to which Mr. Radham had been abased; they said that the very circumstance of having right on my side ought to induce me to hold forth the hand of good-fellowship, the branch of peace. Radham and I shook hands, and he gave me a faithful promise to have another go at *The Virginians*.

We touched lightly upon art, we referred to music, we alluded once more to the political situation. I talked a great deal more than I had any right to do, and my neighbour complained that Robert Spencer was kicking

at him underneath the table. Finally we bade the barmaid good-night, begging her to take care of her cold.

I had assumed that, once outside, the chill autumn evening would induce the party to break up with expedition; but apparently there remained much to be said concerning important subjects, and Robert Spencer urged me to cease tugging at the sleeve of his jacket. They went back to the elocution of the earlier part of the evening, and Mr. Collins gave a short excerpt from *As You Like It*, reciting the Rosalind lines in a high falsetto voice, and falling back to another spot on the edge of the pavement when he gave those allotted to Orlando, assuming here deep tones; the performance reminded me of the ventriloquist at Madam Marsh's first party.

"A great writer," said Mr. Collins, taking me aside on finding that I was the only person giving attention. "You may argue that there are things in Shakespeare which might well have been left out. Granted! I admit all that. But what you ought to do is to take up his plays and ask yourself the question, 'Could I have written 'em?' The mind the chap must have had!" exclaimed Mr. Collins, staggered. "The intelligence! The powers of observation! I don't care what anybody says; I always stand up for him."

Robert Spencer said, as we walked home, that making every allowance for one finding himself for the first time in the company of brains, conceding something for youth, and recognising how much inexperience handicapped, he felt bound to say that I had erred on the side of self-assertion; I should have to learn to keep silent when in the presence of greater minds. Was I aware that Blades, for instance, apart from his position in Moorgate Street, was on friendly terms with Lubimoff, the great foreign tragedian, now, at this moment, giving recitals at the smaller St. James's Hall? Did I know

that Lloyd was a man who rarely if ever missed first nights, and could claim to have groaned at more authors than any man of his age? Would I try to realise that Radham in his green youth, but a year previously, had so conducted himself on a Saturday evening at the Pavilion that he had as nearly as made no difference been marched across to Vine Street Police Station? Was Collins to be treated as one who had no claim to distinction? Collins, who had written and recited a dramatic poem, describing the emotions of a newly appointed hangman on discovering his first client to be no less a person than his wife, who had left him, in a fit of the tantrums, a few years previously?

"More careful another time," I promised.

I found my sisters excited about what appeared an insignificant matter; merely a call from Mr. Redwell and his new wife, who had been induced to stay on and take pot-luck at supper. I congratulated myself on my absence, for I knew it would have meant, had one been there, a brisk succession of swift and secret errands. Mr. Redwell had mentioned that he thought he had something in view which would suit me, but I could not affect much interest in the news; my mind was occupied with larger subjects.

"Thought you were very nice and amiable to her," remarked Sarah.

"Tried to be," said my eldest sister. "In one's own house one has got to be pleasant."

"One has to be pleasant," corrected Ruth. "Joe where are your thoughts?"

"You must remember," said Mary sedately, "that it's no great catch to be a minister's wife. Very trying position. You have to smile on one and all; if you wear a new hat, or even do up the old one, people begin to say directly that you're not looking after the poor."

"Let me rest my head on your knee, Joe," begged Ruth. "That's good."

"She'd better go to bed," said Sarah, sharpening a pencil.

"She's comfortable where she is," remarked Ruth.

"For my part," said Mary, turning to me, "I feel very thankful that Mr. Redwell never asked me. I shouldn't have liked to say 'No,' and I should be feeling sorry now if I had said 'Yes.' It's a warning not to be in a hurry. I wish I knew what advice poor mother—Joe," she went on impetuously, "it's a pity you're not older."

"Just exactly what I was thinking," I declared. "The very thought that was passing through my mind at the particular moment when you spoke."

We were careful not to talk of marriage in a cheerful strain when Daniel Haddaway was within hearing; indeed, my sisters sometimes, for his encouragement, invented acquaintances, and spoke of Mr. and Mrs. Wheelbarrow and their marital disputes, of Mrs. Ledlake's dreadful temper and her inexcusable habit of striking her husband with the copper stick. But sometimes a railway man came along the Passage, delivering parcels from a van; and if Daniel caught sight through the shop of the uniform, he would leave the machine, go out and groan silently near the door. Madam and her girls were greatly impressed by this spectacle, and Henrietta said that this was what she called love. Daniel was standing there one afternoon with his red handkerchief at his eyes when a man crossed over and asked what was the matter. Daniel told him to mind his own business. The man inquired how much he was paid a week, and what sort of hours he worked per day. Daniel made the same reply. The

man asked whether he belonged to the Trades Union, and if so, where was his card. Daniel, exasperated by the world's worries, said in reply, with emphasis, that if the man did not clear out, make himself scarce, sling his hook—in brief, take his departure, he (Daniel) would jiggering well force him to do so.

Daniel had a great admiration for my three sisters. Of Ruth he declared a belief that she never would stop growing, and that the time was quickly approaching when her governesses would have to throw up their hands and confess they could teach her no more. In regard to Sarah, he said her drawings were just about as near like life as anything he had ever seen excepting life; he, for one, would express no surprise if some day she drew something with her pen that could talk. Of Mary he said that none knew better than she how to make a cake, and that merely to scent the dinners she prepared would make a vegetarian's mouth run water. Daniel lodged in Charles Street, off City Road, and in his spare hours wheeled out his landlady's two babies in a perambulator; he said they were a sort of a protection, so to speak, to a single man in the perilous roads of London. He had an afternoon cup of tea with us, but no other meal, and sometimes in leaving on Saturday night he said to the girls, "How about giving me an invite for to-morrow afternoon? I shan't be doing nothing."

He came at four o'clock one Sunday when my sister Mary had, to my surprise, changed immediately after the midday meal, and whilst father dozed had set the table with the best cloth and the six special teacups, which were usually preserved in a corner cabinet.

"Joseph," she said at the landing, speaking rapidly as she did when she wanted to give reproof or to make a serious announcement, "do I look all right?"

Qualified approbation.

"Joe," she went on, "remember what you promised. I've often done little things for you. More than once I've saved you from getting into rather a serious scrape."

I said that if it was anything downstairs in the shop, she might take it from me that I did not propose to fetch it.

"It's much more important," she whispered hurriedly, "and there isn't a moment to lose. In less than half a minute there'll come a knock at the door. You'll answer it, and you'll find there—you'll find there a young gentleman. A young gentleman. He'll probably ask for me. And I want you, dear Joe, to please me very much by bringing him upstairs and introducing him all round as a friend you've met once or twice with Bob Spencer, and I want you to go and wake up father very carefully and say you wish to know if you can ask him to tea." A rat-tat came. "Run!" she cried appealingly. "There isn't anything I won't do for you if you'll help me."

She pushed me downstairs in her anxiety. I fear that I complied with her request more from a desire to break the monotony of Sunday afternoon than from any other cause. There was no one near the front door; and I had to call "Hi!"

"Doesn't matter very much," said the tall youth nervously. "I—I only called to see whether Miss Wickhams happened to be in. I'll call again some other time. Good-afternoon! Sorry to have troubled you."

"Come back," I said. "If you want to see her, follow me upstairs. Don't knock over anything."

"Happened to be passing by——"

"Mind the stairs. They twist a bit just here."

My sister Mary was at the grate with the toast-fork

in her hand. She looked over her shoulder with no sign of recognition.

"Friend of mine, Mary," I said loudly. The other two girls were coming down. "Friend of mine, Daniel."

"How do you do?" said my eldest sister calmly. "What name, may I ask?"

"Yardley," he answered, dropping his silk hat. "Charles Yardley."

"And you're a friend of Joe's?"

"Joe does pick 'em up," remarked Daniel.

"Well," he said, glancing at me, "as a matter of fact——"

Sarah and Ruth came in. Mr. Yardley said he was pleased to meet them, and presented each with a glove.

"Joe," Mary said, "step into the other room and see if father's nearly awake. Don't disturb him if he's fast asleep. Do sit down, Mr. Yardley. If we had only known you were coming——"

"I won't stop," said the awkward young man hastily, "I only just looked in. Besides, I'm interrupting."

"You set down," counselled Daniel, "if you know when you're well off."

Father yawned and gave his consent, but commanded there should be no hint thrown out of staying on to supper. My friend could walk with us to evening chapel and there say good-night. Another time, he expected me to ask beforehand, and not leave it until the party had called at the house; father added that he was not going to have the place turned into an hotel to please me or to please anybody like me. He supposed he would have to put on his coat.

It seemed an unfortunate conjunction of circumstances that as father entered the sitting-room his collar should give way, and that, at the same moment, Mr. Yardley should be asking Sarah, with as much feeling in his

voice as though life depended on the answer, whether she took one lump or two. The innovation of handing cups round instead of calling on everyone to sit at table annoyed father, and he nodded curtly to the young man without speaking, ordered Sarah to get out of his chair, and told Mary to buy for him no more paper collars. Mr. Yardley gave his chair to Sarah, a polite act which seemed to arouse my father's deep suspicion; he eyed the young man distrustfully. When Mary provided father with his cup of tea, he demanded sharply where he was supposed to stand it when it was not in active use; the thinness of the bread and butter gave him opportunity for satire.

"Your friend's not eating anything, Joe," remarked Mary. "Can't you persuade him to try my cake?"

"As a matter of fact——"

"You can't do better, sir," said Daniel. "Take my word for it. No one yet ever got pain——"

"Are you engaged in the City?" asked Mary. "Joe tells us nothing."

"I'm studying," he explained, "at the Veterinary College. The Veterinary College in Camden Town."

"Never knew but one vet'rinary," remarked Daniel, with a desire to put everybody at ease. "And he drank hisself to death. Took his time over it, mind you. Didn't hurry. Six of us were called in at the last."

"What for?"

"To hold him down," said Daniel, pouring his tea into the saucer and eyeing it in order to get the correct angle. "He learnt us some language, he did."

"Taught you," corrected Ruth.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Yardley, "I don't think I'm going to drink myself to death."

"One never knows," argued Daniel. "What say you, Mr. Wickhams?"

"You've never touched anything yet of an intoxicating nature, Mr. Yardley?" suggested Mary.

Mr. Yardley looked at her lips and answered doubtfully. She gave a meaning glance in Sarah's direction and he went across the room.

"Can't people keep still," demanded my father caustically, "when I'm trying to enjoy my tea, or won't they? Behaving, some of you, as though you were in for a walking match."

The unfortunate youth, attending to Sarah, caught only the last word; turning, he felt in his waistcoat pocket, and said, politely enough, that he had a wax vesta. My father groaned, and with a wave of the arm intimated a desire to wipe Mr. Yardley from the face of the earth.

No. Sarah had not been to South Kensington, but she would very much like to go. She had heard of the pictures there. Did Mr. Yardley care for Leighton? Sarah had been to the National Gallery. Not the British Museum, that was a treat in store. She had read some of the criticisms concerning the year's exhibition at Burlington House. Sarah said she found it discouraging to see really first-class work; it put one out of heart.

"Bah!" ejaculated my father. And setting down his cup with a bang, strode from the room.

Daniel Haddaway followed him, and we heard their bass voices mingling outside. "You've got to look at all this, Mr. Wickhams," contended Daniel, "in a reasonable sort of way."

The young man gradually regained confidence; the influence of little Ruth made him throw off some of his surface manner. It occurred to me that evening in chapel, where, during prayers, I was accustomed to review past events with judicial calm, that Mr. Yardley was the

first perfectly behaved man I had met, and that his courteous attention to other people was not so ludicrous as one had at first assumed. Watching him through my fingers, I decided some of the traits might be imitated by myself with advantage, but that of course was no reason why he should not be chaffed.

Mr. Blenkinsop walked back with me, full of the serious trouble in Egypt, and explaining to me the method he would adopt if the Government should ask him to deal with Osman Digna. He seemed more agitated over public affairs than usual, thumping the fist of one hand into the palm of another with great determination. At the entrance to the Passage, instead of handing to me the task of giving his farewells to the others, he called to father and said he had been having an argument with his housekeeper concerning the Red Sea; an opinionated woman, his housekeeper; the sooner he saw for the last time a back-view of her, the more contented he would find himself. Father, as an authority, gave a decision, and mentioned that indoors he had a map which would confirm all that he had said. Mr. Blenkinsop had better come in and have a look at it, and thus finally settle the question.

"Has he been here ever since?" demanded my father indoors, with a jerk of the head at young Yardley. I answered he had been to chapel with us, and expressed surprise that father had not observed the circumstance. "Tell your sister Mary I want to speak to her."

"Asking for me?" inquired Mary.

"Look here, my girl," said father, only slightly lowering his voice, "I want to talk to you. Want a few words with you, and it's better I should say them now than allow them to rankle."

In the dim light of the shop, Mary took my hand and held it tightly. Overhead the others talked.

"That young man! Friend of Joe's! What's his name again? Yardley. Foolish sort of a name."

"Sounds all right to me," she remarked.

"Never you mind how it sounds to you. That's got nothing to do with the matter. What I want you to do is to tell him as plainly as you can not to show his face here again."

"Shall I tell him why?"

"He's no business to ask," retorted my father. "But if he does, you can answer him that—— My goodness," he cried exasperatedly, "you're all blind except me. I don't believe any of the rest of you can see further than your noses. Why don't you cultivate your powers of observation like I do? Things go on all around you, and you take no more notice of 'em than as though they were not there."

"Shall I tell him why he's not to come here again?"

"You can tell him, from me, that Sarah——"

Mary released her hold of my hand.

"That Sarah's too young to know her own mind, and that I won't have young chaps gallivanting round here in their thousands making love to her."

"Mr. Yardley!" Mary called up the staircase.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked father, with anxiety. "I want you to explain all this to him privately, and in a tactful way."

"My father has an idea," said Mary, as the well-mannered youth came down, "that you are paying attentions to my sister Sarah. That you are falling——"

"I didn't say that," protested father. "Don't twist my words."

"I'm sorry," he said, addressing my father, "exceedingly sorry. You're quite wrong, sir. As a—the truth is, I'm extremely fond of someone else."

"Almost engaged, perhaps," suggested Mary.

"Almost engaged," he agreed.

"Now just see, Joe," said my father triumphantly, "how wise it is to have out what's in your mind and clear the air! If I hadn't had the sense and the forethought— Come on upstairs, Mr. Yardley. Mary, let's see if we can't give him a bite of supper. Pay some attention to Joe's friend. Don't let him go away and say to people that we don't know how to be polite to Joe's guests. Did Mr. Blenkinsop go upstairs? Let's get him to stay too. We'll have a nice comfortable half-hour after supper at the harmonium. Do anything yourself in the singing line, sir? Oh, well, you can manage to take seconds, I daresay."

I have seldom seen a stout man eat less than Mr. Blenkinsop did that evening; nor did he command the conversation in his usual style. On Yardley asking whether he took much interest in public affairs, Mr. Blenkinsop replied that he began to think he had exceeded in this direction; seemed to him about time he paid some attention to his own concerns.

Father, free of the suspicions which had oppressed, came out with a whole truss of chaff, to be distributed at the expense of Yardley. Yardley was engaged; engaged, father declared, to a lady of title whose people looked down on Yardley because they dated back to the Conqueror, and Yardley's folk could only trace to William Rufus. Father thought her name was probably Muriel, and that she possessed the aristocratic defect of a squint. Lumbering fun, but it proved quite good enough for us, and the young man took it in fairly good part, accepting the charge and inventing excuses for his infatuation; everyone but Mary became so much amused that we continued the sport after supper, and the top of the harmonium found itself, for once, untouched. Daniel being absent, we could

joke about affairs of love without restraint. Little Ruth before going off to bed said to Yardley that unless he came to see us every Sunday evening in future, she would never, never forgive him.

"Joe," said Mary, "you look as though a walk after supper would do you good. You can stroll along with Mr. Blenkinsop—when he leaves," she added.

Mr. Blenkinsop, on this hint, rose, and assuring us he had no idea the time had been travelling at such a rate, threw doubts on the accuracy of his watch. We had to inform him that it was, if anything, a trifle slow. Summoning the arts of diplomacy, he, after shaking hands all round, said first, that I could take my hat and wait for him at the end of the Passage; second, that Miss Wickhams might see him down to the shop door because she knew the stairs, and his acquaintance with them was something short of perfect. Sarah offered to act as guide, and father tendered his services; but Mr. Blenkinsop said he did not feel inclined to trust anyone but my sister Mary.

"Nice treatment," presently as he blustered up after keeping me waiting for a quarter of an hour. "Upon my word, after all I've done for the family too."

"What's the matter, Mr. Blenkinsop?"

"Supposing I'd given my housekeeper notice?" he argued tempestuously. "Supposing I'd sent her about her business? Why, I should have had to go down on my bended knees and——"

I urged him to explain lucidly.

"Never been so much insulted in all my life before. Here am I, forty-three, and in a position of life that enables me to offer, in addition to myself, a commodious house with a garden front and back, situate in one of the most desirable private roads of Canonbury, and I'm

treated as though I'd offered a third floor in Packington Street with the use of the wash-house."

"Think I'll turn back here, Mr. Blenkinsop. I shall be at the office in good time to-morrow evening."

"You dare," he cried, "you so much as show yourself at my place of business again, and I'll kick you out! Or get someone to do it."

"Am I to consider I've got the sack, Mr. Blenkinsop?"

"You've got the sack," he declared violently, "and, if you like, you can put your young head in it and stifle yourself."

Mary showed great perturbation when I gave her the news the next morning; she cried, declaring the fault to be hers; somehow, clouds always came when one had remarked on the clearness of the sky. I assured her it did not matter, but I knew it did matter greatly; the reduction of my own importance was not the least detail. Father said that this was the way in London; directly a hand ceased to be useful it was cut off. Daniel Haddaway offered to bet me three to one that something of a compensating nature would occur soon.

Well for me I did not take the wager. Sarah entered the machine room at about two o'clock one afternoon with a note bearing, on the envelope, the picture of a steamship and the words "Wait answer." The letter addressed to Dash Wickhams, Esq., was signed by the firm, per pro. E. C. Blades, and requested that I should present myself at the Moorgate Street Office at nine sharp on the next Monday morning. A vacancy had occurred, and the situation could be offered at twelve shillings a week.

Madam came in to congratulate me, and Henrietta suggested I should take the roundabout route of going by way of Highgate Hill and resting there for a few

minutes near a milestone: she offered to lend me a cat. I could scarce hold my pen steadily, and the messenger, when I had torn up the third copy, asked whether he should send home for his night attire. After he had gone Sarah worked out figures on a sheet of paper, and we decided to refer to the income as thirty pounds a year. Robert Spencer had told me the rule of the office, according to information received from Blades, was a half-crown increase yearly, providing of course that nothing detrimental to reputation occurred, and Sarah was able to tell me that at the age of thirty-five (when I might reasonably be contemplating marriage), I should be in receipt of something like a hundred and fifty golden sovereigns per annum. Thought of it deprived us of breath. The difficulty would come in deciding how to get rid of so much money. I sent a postcard to Ruth at her school marked "Important."

Daniel Haddaway took the air of a triumphant prophet when, in quick succession on that very day, came, in addition to the Moorgate Street letter, a communication from Mr. Redwell, saying that the nine shillings a week job he had had in view for some time, was now at my disposal; a letter from my brother David in Southwark Street, asking me to take a berth in his office; also a private note from Mr. Blenkinsop, apologising for any words he might have uttered under temporary influences, and asking me to accept a permanent situation in his office at the rate of eight shillings a week. I wrote replies to these, and upstairs Mary kissed me and danced with Sarah a few steps of the Varsoviana. The dance had been taught to them privately and under the seal of dread secrecy by my mother.

I wished she could have been here to know of my triumph.

CHAPTER VIII

THERE were lads in the Passage, sons of shopkeepers, junior assistants and so forth, with whom I had been on nodding terms; more than one of these complained that I was beginning to think no small beer of myself, and (changing the metaphor) advised me to take seven and a quarter in hats. If they had known all they would have been aware that a difficult task challenged me. One had to convey by deportment the fact that one was to throw off the life of a printer's boy with apron, blackened hands, and smudged face, and become a spruce, white-cuffed, bowler-hatted youth, paying special and particular attention to the state of finger nails. Few men of my age would have failed to take the opportunity for revising the list of his acquaintances. The lads sought recompense, as I strolled out with a new gait and my chin well up, by calling in a variety of affected voices the word—

“Ma—sher!”

They would not have kept the game going if they had guessed that my frown was but given to cloak extreme satisfaction at being thus designated.

Upstairs, the girls obliged me by holding rehearsals wherein Mary was a stern, brisk member of the firm; Sarah took the part of Blades; Ruth added herself to the company, impersonating a cheeky and free-spoken fellow-clerk. I went out of the room, and re-entering, hat in hand, with a cheery “Good-morning, gentlemen;

fine morning this morning," sat at once at an imaginary desk and busied myself with official papers. My eldest sister, as a member of the firm, began to bully in a way that surely erred on the side of extravagance. What did I mean by coming two minutes late? Where and how had I been brought up, that I entered a respectable City office without paying any regard whatever to the door-mat? Was I aware that there existed such a thing as discipline? If I did not mean to observe the rules, I had better at once say so. Supposing everybody behaved as I behaved, where would Moorgate Street, the City, the commercial world be? Let me answer that. When I did attempt to reply, Mary thundered at me a command to attend to my work and not to waste time which, properly speaking, belonged, not to me, but to the firm which paid me an adequate, if not an excessive, salary. Then Sarah.

Sarah, as Blades, desired to know what I made of thirteen times thirteen; how and by what route I proposed to send a case of silk to Adrianople; the name of the third wife of Henry the Eighth, and an immediate repetition of the avoirdupois tables. Sarah, in the spirit of her lower station, showed less of emphatic condemnation of my every act than Mary did; indeed, on discovering some blunder, she crossed from her table and spoke to me privately, appealingly, kindly. Did I realise, asked Sarah (as Blades), did I fully realise what must inevitably be the end if I persisted in making these careless and inexcusable errors? Did I wish to stay with the firm, or had I made up my mind to go back to a grey and inky existence? If I declined to consider my own reputation or the character of the firm, would I at any rate imagine the feelings of my family when I reached home and announced my contemptuous dismissal? Would nothing that Blades could say prevent

me from making my father curse the hour I was born? Sarah harped on this so pathetically, that sometimes gloom settled upon us all, and she herself broke down in tears. Then Ruth.

Oh my, what a face! What features! What an expression! (Thus Ruth as the impertinent fellow-junior.) Dear, dear, what funny things did come up, to be sure, after the rain. Why had not Barnum been told about me? Such a mug would make a fortune, deserved a side show all to itself. And my handwriting! The cheeky junior had once seen a spider crawl out of an ink-stand and stroll across a sheet of letter paper; since that moment he had come across nothing to equal my penmanship. All these dynamite explosions on the underground railway and elsewhere; why did I not make a clean breast of it, and save Scotland Yard the trouble of searching me out? The junior had long suspected the small black bag in which I carried sandwiches: he wondered whether the safer plan would not be to send round to the Old Jewry and tell the authorities there. He consoled himself with the reflection that, sooner or later, a chap with a face like mine——

We had to stop young Ruth because we considered she adopted a tone unnecessarily personal; we said it was a bad thing for her to accustom herself to that manner of speech. Whatever the drawbacks of the rehearsals, they did have the result of making me feel, in walking down City Road on the Monday morning, that I was fully prepared for the worst. Daniel Haddaway went with me so far as Shepherdess Walk.

“Have a good opinion of yourself, Joe,” said Daniel, shaking hands. “That’s half the battle in this life.”

Easy to say this. Easy to start from the Passage buoyed up with the sensation of beginning an important enterprise, and by no means difficult to join in the quick

flow of men going in the same direction. But after leaving Daniel, and as I crossed Old Street, I found myself, as on the previous occasion, in a perfect whirlpool. Here were tall men; quick, alert-looking men; men with the look of 'I mean to get on' in the eyes; men who took small notice of me or indeed of any but themselves. When I stopped, two girls walking briskly together pushed me aside, remarking, "Out of the way, if *you* please."

What I feared at the start was that on reaching home at half-past seven, I should have to tell my people it had been a quiet day; that it had proved disappointing. Not until ten in the morning, after waiting an hour outside the counter, seated on a wooden chair, watching the clerks shyly, apprehensive of their criticisms, hurt to find that they took no notice of me, did anything happen. At half-past nine Mr. Blades arrived, and with a manner differing from that which he had exhibited on the occasion of our first meeting, said, casually—

"Oh, that's you, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stay where you are for a while."

"Right, sir."

A man came in to make a spirited endeavour to sell an atlas, asking confidently for the member of the firm whose name appeared first on the brass plate, and saying that he had an appointment with him. One of the clerks replied that he was not in. Then when would he be in? The clerk could not say. Where was he to be found, demanded the atlas canvasser, where was he to be found at this present moment? The clerk said the question was difficult to answer; the gentleman in question had been dead this ten years. When the living member of the firm came in, scarlet-faced and carrying morning newspapers under his arm, Mr. Blades

met him at the door of the inner office, and begging pardon, pointed with a red ink quill pen to the corner where I waited, scarlet with impatience. The firm said—

“Oh, he’s in no hurry. Let him wait.”

Later, Mr. Blades called me in, and I had to stand at the end of the table whilst the firm dictated two letters to Mr. Blades, Mr. Blades taking down in shorthand with an air of great exactitude and faithfulness. I found afterwards, and suspected at the time, that he made some alterations in the phrasing. “Just say,” commanded the firm, looking at a letter through pince-nez adjusted on the extreme end of his nose, ““In reply to your so-and-so of such a date, we beg to say we cannot agree to your proposals, and if you are unable to amend them in order to meet the views we have already expressed—views which we have adopted after the fullest and most careful consideration—you can blank well go to blazes. Believe us, with compliments——” And then this one, Mr. Blades. Answer this one sharply. Tell him that the claim has been submitted to the Continental agencies concerned, and we are extremely sorry to say that they regard it as ungrounded. Tell him he’s a blank swindler. Tell him he’ll finish up at the Old Bailey. Tell him that if he doesn’t like to give us any more traffic, he can blank well do the other thing. Give it him hot, but not too hot. Now then,” turning violently to me. “What the—— Oh, you’re the new boy, are you?”

“I’m the new lad, sir.”

“Protégé of yours, isn’t he, Mr. Blades?”

“I don’t know much about him, sir, but he looks a capable sort. His name’s Wickhams.”

“That’s nothing to go by,” said the firm acutely. “A rose by any other title would look just about as agreeable.”

Difficult to understand how Mr. Blades could permit

the flagrant misquotation to pass; he only said, "That's true, sir!"

"Well," remarked the firm resignedly, "I suppose we shall have to make the best of it, Wickhams. There's just one thing about it; if you don't suit we can get rid of you. We'll try you for three months on appro. Eh, Mr. Blades?"

"That's what I was going to suggest, sir."

"Three months, and at the end of that we'll see whether you have given satisfaction. To us I mean. From what I can make of you, you're fairly well satisfied with yourself."

"His one fault," murmured Mr. Blades.

"Just occupy yourself by looking round to-day. Watch the others, and see what they're doing."

"Very good, sir."

The firm dismissed me with a jerk of the head. "I wish you'd tell this infernal scoundrel, Mr. Blades——" I stopped.

"Not you," whispered Mr. Blades to me, "not you."

The three clerks, I found, were Mr. Pattison, Mr. Ferris, and Lane. The two Misters did not hesitate to say that they declined to have a youngster breathing over their shoulder; Mr. Pattison declared he had only just recovered from the effects of a stiff neck. Lane appeared more reasonable in his deportment to a learner, and proved to be unlike the lad impersonated by Ruth; he initiated me into the secrets of filing correspondence and the use of the copying press. Lane asked me how much I proposed to give to my people out of my screw, and opened his eyes when I told him I had decided to give Mary eleven out of the twelve; he himself only gave his mother twelve out of fourteen. On finding that for clothes I should continue to be indebted to the general income, he agreed that this made a difference. In his

own case, his mother expected him to see to the expenses of rigging out, and Lane found great mental turmoil at the moment in considering whether he could possibly induce his old overcoat to perform its duties for just one more season. When he did make the plunge, he should take good care to go up West and see what was being worn by the most fashionable, and, returning to Rotherhithe, select at a ready-made tailor's in Jamaica Road something in ulsters as close as possible to the very latest fashion. Lane told me he lived very near to the old St. Helena Gardens, and that celery grew close by in great profusion.

"This place is all right," he told me, when the two seniors went out for five minutes at eleven o'clock. "You only have to keep a civil tongue in your head. Great thing is, if you make a blunder, admit it."

"Why?"

"Because," said Lane, "simply because that cuts the ground from under their feet. They've got nothing to stand on. Just say, 'I'm very sorry, sir; my mistake, sir; can't think how it happened, sir; I'll take good care it don't occur again, sir,' and that leaves them without a single weapon, so to speak. Whereas——"

"Can't I start on writing out some invoices or something?"

"Don't you be too eager," counselled Lane.

Turns had to be taken in going out to lunch, and it was two o'clock ere Lane and I were permitted to go. I felt surprised on turning into the busy street to find myself extremely hungry, and wanted to open my bag at once; but Lane implored me, as a personal favour, to do nothing of the kind. He could imagine no worse display of bad form than for a City man to go along the street munching. Near the Royal Exchange I pointed out silk-hatted men standing at fruit stalls; Lane said

that was different, and that one found oneself talked about in the City soon as anywhere. Even with the newest juniors there were rules to be observed, and he strongly counselled the rapid acquisition of these. I assured him of my anxiety to learn, and ventured to complain that at Moorgate Street the inclination to teach had not, so far as one had been able to perceive, appeared too marked. I found I should have to be content for some time with the elementary stage instead of making the attempt to secure honours, for the reason that (as little Lane told me) there were but few clerks within the City boundaries not possessed of some fears of his high stool, at any moment, being snatched from under him. There were men, Lane told me, who did not dare to take a holiday lest others should thereby be enabled to learn details of the work, and prove that the first men were not indispensable. So that at Moorgate Street I should find myself jealously restricted to the duties apportioned to me, and anything like trespassing on other people's ground could only result, Lane said, in finding my head bitten clean off.

On Custom House Quay I was introduced to three or four lads of about my own age; some younger, but all serious and solid, and endeavouring to appear old and wise.

"I don't mind," said one who wore glasses, "I haven't the least objection to juniors coming down here and eating their lunch as we are doing now. What I resent," pointing with a jam tart, "is the presence of these older men over there by the water. They've no business here."

"I suppose," I said, "they haven't much business anywhere."

"They ought to be kept outside."

"There's room for all," suggested little Lane.

"It only wants agitation," argued the spectacled boy, "and no one over seventeen would so much as dare show their nose here. I've been thinking," licking the last spot of jam from his fingers, "thinking seriously of organising an Office Lads' Society or a Junior Clerks' League, or something of the kind. We ought to hold meetings, you know, and pass resolutions, and so forth and so on."

Lane apologised for having introduced me to this apparently violent reformer. Lane said that ordinarily the lad was quiet, genial, sensible; he could only suppose that someone in the course of business had found occasion to give him a rap over the knuckles, thereby arousing this militant public spirit. Lane pointed out notable men, such as a lad who had won fourteen and six by drawing the winner in a Derby sweepstake; another who wore a clean collar and a clean pair of cuffs every day of his life; yet another who had the reputation of being able to sing a comic song every bit as well as the most conspicuous comedians of the halls. I had already been watching the movement of the wonderful river; the police boats; the large Dutch steamers going up near to the Bridge, the heavy barges out in the Pool; the busy wharves on the opposite side with cranes groaning and giving an occasional scream; the line of heads on the parapet of London Bridge wearing a look of exhaustion consequent on the burdensome task of watching other people work. The river was not very clean, the tide seemed to have carried minor wreckage and newspaper placards to and fro for days without succeeding in ridding itself of them. To my left the river took a bend. Lane told me I ought to save up and some day go so far as Greenwich. On asking him where he went for a holiday, he replied that he usually spent the time at a well-known Spa. I think if I had contradicted the

little chap, he would have refused to give any further information; but I took it with simple faith, and he explained on the way back to office that Spa Road, Bermondsey, was the place to which he referred; up to the present all the holidays he had enjoyed were holidays of the imagination.

"But mind you, Wickhams," he said impressively, as I took the tail of his jacket, and we crossed Gracechurch Street, "this is strictly between ourselves. I come back after my week in May, and if they ask me anything about it, I say it was too cold for bathing, or that the boarding-houses were not full, or that I met scarcely anyone I knew. It don't help in this world to be badly off, but it's a jolly sight worse to let people think you're badly off. Let's run."

Lane could do it, this hastening by sinuous lines along the crowded pavement, but I did not possess the necessary confidence, and my fear of passing vehicles made me turn white. I felt glad to be safely inside the office again.

If Monday morning had shown slackness, much as though the week had scarcely awakened, Monday afternoon partly atoned. A good thing the clerks had hurried on with their regular work in the early hours, for the interruptions came frequently, with now and again an explosion which frightened me. Man bursting into the place, shouting on the pavement before he entered—sane, I suppose, for he was without a keeper—demanding, in a voice hoarse with passion, the whereabouts of the firm, the chief clerk, anyone. Flinging his silk hat top downwards on the counter, almost foaming at the mouth, and showing a distinct tendency to dance, he shouted an inquiry. Did we think him a fool? That, he said, was all he wanted to know; a simple answer to that question; just "Yes" or "No" would, he

assured us, satisfy him. I did not see what doubt there could be, but Mr. Pattison, who attended to the excited customer, temporised and mentioned that a well-known sage—— The excited man flourished a document, and said, swinging himself around to include all, that he would not give three halfpence for the lot of us. I lifted the movable ledge of the counter, but Lane whispered to me to leave it to Mr. Pattison; Mr. Pattison knew how to tackle this sort. The infuriated caller, striving now to keep himself boiling, said that such offices as ours should be swept out of the City by the Commissioners of Sewers; we were a disgrace. Simmering down, he said, pathetically, that it was enough to turn the sweet temper of an archangel, and the wonder to him was that he managed so well to conceal highly excusable irritation; good for us that he was not likely to lose his head even in the most trying crisis. If we had been a firm of foreigners he could have understood it.

“What are you?” asked our Mr. Pattison. I admired the manner in which he had comported himself under the furious attack; making no move until he saw his opponent turning. “What countryman are you, I mean?” The other answered. “Being English may perhaps account for your behaviour, but it doesn’t excuse it. What do you mean by entering a quiet, decent, respectable office in this manner? Are you a roaring lion or what?”

The door of the inner office had been ajar, and Mr. Blades must have overheard all that had been said but he came out saying, “Now then, now then, *now* then! What’s all this row about?”

“Case of gloves,” explained the caller, with humility. “I’m waiting for it. Got buyers at my place in Gutter Lane waiting to see the contents. Sent away

from Grenoble on the 25th. Here's the letter. Sent through your agency. I'm much annoyed. Anybody in my position would be much annoyed. I've a good mind to write out and tell them never——”

“If you could read French,” said Mr. Blades, returning the communication, “you'd see that they say they're trying a fresh agency this time and a new route. Gentlemen,” to us, “see to the other inquirers, please. Don't keep them waiting.”

The abashed man from Gutter Lane could get no one to listen to his apologies; he tried all and came down to me. I took it upon myself to suggest that he had already talked too much; the less said, the sooner mended. He begged me to come out and have a glass of wine with him; on receiving a refusal, he pressed on George, the porter, a very large cigar, which George accepted, placing it carefully inside a waistcoat pocket, and remarking that noses in Tabard Street, Borough, would sniff astonishedly on the following Sunday afternoon.

One could see the office was a place likely to be brightened and enlivened by incident. I wondered whether the time would ever come when I too should be able to quote rates to distant points with alertness; to say, as the others did, how long a case of machinery would take to get to Odessa; give the difficulties with Customs in regard to a crate going to Sicily; quote tariffs; translate monies and weights; beg George the porter to leave what he was doing and run to attack some other task; receive, as though one expected it, George's reply that he was not, never had been, never hoped to be, a centipede. Men came in almost expiring under the weight of their loads, crying, “Where'll you 'ave it?” and tipping the case or package to the floor or counter without waiting for answer and with a fine disregard for toes. Cartmen clamouring

to be off; cartmen explaining tardy arrival; cartmen finding time to give George something good, definite, reliable, and direct, absolutely direct, from the stables; urging him to put his bob on it, but not to distribute the information recklessly, lest the market should be spoiled for those who could not manage to find a bookmaker until the morrow.

The real turmoil began at five and lasted till half-past six. One had watched it from the outside; one now had the opportunity of looking on from another point of view. The clerks scribbled invoices with carbonic paper placed between the sheets; I had never hitherto been able to dispel a suspicion that many towns were mere names invented in order to provide schoolmasters with a chance of earning a living; here they seemed to be written with the confidence given to actuality. I itched to be allowed to answer some of the questions, however incorrectly; but the office kept me back, and it was as a great favour that I found myself permitted to go up the street in the direction of Finsbury Pavement and obtain tea. People jerked against me on the return journey, and Mr. Pattison said that if I could not carry a tray without slopping three parts of the contents of a teapot, he would have to consider whether I ought to be allowed to go on such an errand. A horrible fear possessed me that one might be condemned to stay on at Moorgate Street for the term of a natural life, permitted never to do anything like hard labour.

"You don't know when you're well off," said little Lane, in an undertone. "You'll find yourself wishing you'd got a third hand 'fore you're many days older."

"Let me address some of those envelopes."

Lane shook his head. "Takes more brains than you think," he said.

The firm went off before six, when we were in the

thick of it, mentioning a special and particular engagement, which Lane told me happened every night at this hour, excepting on Saturdays, when the man upon whom he had to call concerning some traffic expected him at one. It appeared to be a superstition that the firm might return before we closed, in order to see that everyone was engaged in diligent attention to duties; he carried his umbrella secretly, and said to Mr. Blades in going, "I may be back and I may not."

"Right you are, sir," said Mr. Blades.

Ten minutes later Mr. Blades said he thought he would be able to manage without him now, and went. The others remarked, when he had gone, that his room was to be preferred to——

"Wickhams," said Mr. Blades, re-appearing.

"Yes, sir."

"Let's have you here in good time in the morning, mind."

"Yes, sir."

"There was something," said Mr. Blades, as though endeavouring to arouse memory, "something else I wanted to say to one of you. If I think of it I'll come back and tell you. Good-night."

—His room, went on the office, taking this threat calmly, was certainly to be preferred to his presence. Late customers arrived, begging and praying that an effort should be made to despatch their consignments that evening, declaring the matter to be one of exceptional urgency; this favour granted, they would never again trouble us at an hour so late, but would distinguish themselves amongst all other customers by early arrival. George accepted bribes with the complacency of an old-time pocket borough, and we were wooed by vague promises to do a kindness on some future date not referred to with great precision.

Mr. Pattison and Mr. Ferris washed their hands and faces at a quarter to seven; took the paper protectors from cuffs, changed jackets and lighted a match, remarking, as they tried the various drawers to make certain they were securely locked, that a nice pipe, well loaded with the best shag, not burning too hot in the mouth, seemed to them just what the doctor ordered.

"Don't you two kiddies go bunking off before your time," warned Mr. Pattison seriously. "Bad habit for youngsters to get into. Mind you stay till the clock strikes in case anyone calls."

Little Lane and I had a rare game of catch with a ball of twine so soon as they had gone, enjoying the relapse after the discipline of the day. We found it difficult to decide whether he or I was responsible for the breaking of a window of the inner room; George advised us, if challenged, to know nothing whatever of the transaction, and kindly promised to explain that it had been done by a strange cartman carrying a bundle of alpenstocks awkwardly. George would endeavour to remember the name of the railway, and would probably fail.

"Good-night, old man," said little Lane outside, offering his hand.

"Good-night, my dear old chap," I said. "Keep smiling."

"Trust me," answered Lane. "By the bye, got a lucifer about you?"

"Sorry."

"Doesn't matter," with his grown-up air. "I find I've run out of cigarettes. Good time in the morning, mind."

This reiterated warning took hold of my thoughts after I had given at home a description of the first day. Despite the small amount of real experience gained,

it seemed to me—and my people agreed—that tardy arrival at office would, especially in early days, count seriously when the time came for decision concerning a permanent engagement.

“Tell you what,” said Daniel Haddaway. “I’m generally out and about before anyone else except the market men. Nothing easier for me than to pop up from Charles Street where I live, before breakfast, and before dressing the babies, and give a jiggering, thundering, walloping knock at the front door. Fit,” said Daniel exultantly, “fit to wake the dead.”

“I can depend on myself,” remarked father, “to turn round at the proper time and say, ‘Now then, out of it, Joe.’ And see he gets out too! That’s the point. See he gets out!”

“I,” said Mary, “could easily thump at the wall and wait for an answer.”

“Hope you don’t mind,” interposed Sarah, “but I’ve bought an alarum for him.”

I thanked Sarah, thanked them all, and said they need not worry. It was really my affair, and I had better train myself to open eyes at a certain fixed hour. All the same, I listened to Sarah’s explanation of the working of the clock, and privately set it a quarter of an hour early; it appeared that later everyone took the same cautionary step with the alarum, individually and secretly. Kept awake three parts of the night from sheer nervousness, and being awakened by the terrific clatter, I jumped out of bed, dressed, and hurried downstairs, presenting to neighbours in the Passage, instead of a dignified departure with black bag and austere manner, a flying rush, boots unlaced, tears at eyes, necktie in pocket, and the entire strength of the family sprinting after me with my sandwiches, as I flew down through the people in City Road.

“I can tell you what you’ve been doing,” said George the porter, as I fell, panting, breathless, and scarlet, into the office to begin my first real working day; “I can see it with ’alf a eye. There’s no ’arm in doing it, but it’s a pity to let everybody know.” I lifted my eyes in the direction of the clock—I had not dared to look at any during my frantic run—there remained nearly an hour to spare. “You,” went on George, with a challenging air, “you’ve been a ’urrying!”

CHAPTER IX

ON reflection, I saw there would be no great harm in allowing Sarah to go in company with Robert Spencer. Since gaining the guinea prize in the ladies' paper, she had secured little but disappointments, and we could never understand why she did not do one of two things—either take up art in what we considered the large and proper way, learning the use of colours and painting a large canvas with some subjects, which I could give her (say a dog and a cat eating out of the same plate and a baby crying for dinner, to be called "Robbed"; or a couple of lovers saying good-bye at a garden gate with a revengeful face peeping over the hedge, picture to be called "Rivals"—these good ideas came to me like nuts on a tree in August), or, as an alternative, to relinquish the effort altogether, and concentrate her thoughts on the shop. Perhaps it will be guessed from this that Sarah's call on the editor of the journal which had promised so well had no satisfactory result. The editor said that at the time of writing the letter, she possessed what she called a free hand in the management of the paper; a niece of one of her directors had since been forcibly added to the staff, despite protests, and in assuring Sarah that she herself was growing very tired of the whole business, the editor strongly advised her, as Sarah valued the prospect of a calm future and a life without the element of worry, to turn thoughts from line or brush work, and

from art in general, and direct them towards something like a Berlin wool shop.

"You have my address?"

"I had your address somewhere," admitted the other, "but I've torn it up."

"Then please take my card," said Sarah. "Good-afternoon. I can find my way out."

We told Sarah at the time that she had shown a want of tact, but Sarah said that some people forgot all about you unless you contrived to give them a dig. Everything tended to prove that we were right, and this to some extent contented us, for at no age is one insensible to the satisfaction of being able to inquire triumphantly, "What did I tell you?" I am afraid this and our own respective interests made us glance but lightly at Sarah's troubles, and I know I said to Robert Spencer more than once that we regarded her attendance at the art classes as a waste of time and a waste of money. I thought it strange he should discuss the question with so much heat, for in most matters we saw eye to eye. It may be added here that I joined the French classes recommended by Robert, and what had previously been a suspicion became a certainty: the Tower of Babel should never have been begun.

"Of course," said my father, rubbing his head with the corner of his paper cap, "of course you're going with them."

I did not want to have to confess to Robert that I had failed in my mission. I nodded.

"Mind you," urged my father, "I'm not changing my opinions in the least. Don't run away with that view, Joe. I never alter. But you're all growing up, and I want you to see these things and decide for yourselves. Youth can't do without experience, and nothing else will ever take the place of experience. I'm much mistaken

in both Sarah and you if you don't come away horrified What say you, Mary?"

My eldest sister gave a non-committal sigh, and this showed discretion, for I knew, and we all knew (excepting father), that she had been to several afternoon performances with Mr. Yardley (they never invited me), returning with an account of the shop windows she had seen and the chapel friends encountered, friends who had expressed a hope that father kept well, and that business improved daily. I had no objections to make against Yardley excepting that as a veterinary student he fell strangely short of all printed records of the class, coupled with the fact that when father happened to be present he directed his small stock of conversation towards me, and I had to pretend an interest in the Irish question. He made, however, a very good target, and we all became quite expert in aiming shafts of ridicule.

Robert Spencer met me outside the office on the Saturday afternoon, white-faced with anxiety.

"Sold out!" he ejaculated. I asked for details. "Every blessed seat sold for this evening."

"Why didn't you go down to the box-office earlier?"

"I did; I mean I went there directly after I got my pay. I wouldn't have had this occur for forty thousand golden sovereigns. She'll never forgive me. It's too much to expect that she ever should."

"Haven't you even got my seat?"

"I keep on telling you the house is sold out. What ought I to do? Had I better pretend I'm ill?"

"That would be no excuse for not sending the tickets." I considered the point. "We shall have to go up in the gallery."

Sarah declared she would prefer the gallery, and I sent a shilling wire to Robert to tell him the difficulty had been cleared. He confided to me later, that on

receipt of this he got out of bed in such a cheerful state of mind that his landlady presently sent up a request that he would cease singing, as she expected company to tea.

We stepped out of the omnibus at the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane, and I found myself in a district which I had not hitherto explored. Robert said he knew it as he knew the back of his hand, and all we had to do was to keep close to him. Sarah had received a post letter with an address on the envelope just before leaving; she was keeping it until we arrived in the theatre because she had an idea that the background would there be suitable for important news. I pointed out that this was silly; Robert thought the expression harsh.

"This turning," commanded Robert importantly.

"I say!" exclaimed Sarah. "What a crowd."

"Always is," he replied.

"We shall never get in."

"It's a good-sized gallery. The great trick," said Robert Spencer, "is, the moment the doors are opened, to push like billy oh!"

We joined the outskirts of the crowd, and in a few minutes there were lines forming behind us; a few minutes more and we were in the thickest part.

"Open your letter now, Sarah."

"Wish I had Mr. Spencer's knowledge of London," remarked Sarah, ignoring my suggestion; "seems wonderful to me that he should know his way about so well."

"There's not many can teach me anything," conceded Robert.

"I believe you could find the street you wanted blindfold."

"Wouldn't say that," protested Robert Spencer, "exactly; but pretty near."

With every desire—or some desire—to abstain from bragging, I am bound to say that I was the first of the

party to discover the error. People had been talking near me of the old days of Terry and Royce and even of David James, and to one of them I put a question. We fought our way out of the crowd, explaining the situation at every yard; only the encouraging fact that we were giving up three places induced the rest to make way. As we turned out of Catherine Street, and left the patrons of the Gaiety, they shouted counsel and words of ironical warning. We found Wellington Street, and I remarked that Robert seemed to find a difficulty in ridding himself of the habit acquired in early days in London, of going to the play in theory only.

"These side streets are very deceiving," declared Sarah. "Anyone might be taken in by them."

"Difficult to tell t'other from which," remarked Robert. "Still, I ought to have known."

The crowd to which we properly belonged moved up towards the doors immediately that we joined, and we said, "Now for it!" and turning my back, I pushed. But the crowd returned, and we found ourselves sent to the opposite pavement, the while everyone assured everybody that there would be loads of room, that there existed no good reason for all this crushing. In again towards the doors, Robert and I protecting Sarah. A woman on the other side shrieked alarmedly, giving a scream which tore the air and called out that she had lost her shilling.

"Are you all right, Sarah?"

"Shan't be sorry when—when we're inside, Joe."

"They'll open directly," said Robert Spencer encouragingly. "Keep your arms well down; you don't want them broken. If your umbrella goes, let it."

"Altogether, boys!" shouted the crowd.

We went towards the open doors like bits of wood on the edge of waves, at times nearly reaching the steps,

and being carried back despite struggles, to start afresh. People asked me whether I was in a hurry; whether I considered it wise to push and shove and press and scramble; whether I could say with certainty that I was thoroughly enjoying myself? I kept all my breath for the fierce task that engaged me. In at last, with Sarah in front of us, and more slowly now up the stone staircase; Robert Spencer making endeavour to reach his waistcoat pocket as we neared the pay-box. Through there, a wild scamper, two steps at a time, an arrest to give up checks and purchase a programme. Seats in the centre, rather a long way back, but with a good view of the stage far below.

"I say," cried Sarah, "this *is* fine!"

The gallery hummed with conversation; an increase of volume came when somebody entered one of the boxes and removed cloaks, or an exceptionally smart woman came into the stalls. Sarah inspected them, closing her eyes for a moment afterwards to print the details on her memory. Two girls below made an offer, and we agreed to lend them our programme on the understanding that we could look through their opera-glasses at odd moments. The orchestra came in and tuned up instruments; Sarah held the seat tightly, and no longer answered Robert Spencer's remarks. The conductor, received with applause by the house, tapped at the music rest with his baton. The strains came up gently. Comparing it with the clash and bang of melody which had hit us between the eyes on entering Deacons's, I began to mention this, speaking in front of Sarah; Robert gave me an imploring look, which meant that if I had any tact I would hold my tongue. The curtain went up; voices came indistinctly to our ears through appeals to ladies to remove their hats. A roar of greeting. We clapped hands because the others clapped hands.

They said later that I did not speak a word from the moment she came on the stage; one could have replied that in her presence the best of men might well remain silent. I know that in the first interval folk around us gabbled; I closed my eyes and prayed the time might fly with swift wings; that I might soon again see Perfection. I know that Sarah told me the news in her letter: the editor had been searching for her card, and had only just discovered it; would Sarah do some decorative headings and bring them down for inspection. The editor was engaged on the production of a new weekly journal where her powers would be less trammelled than before, and she hoped—without, of course, entering into anything like a contract, or even giving a promise—she expected to be able to give Miss Wickhams some commissions during the winter season. She trusted Sarah had been working industriously, fulfilling the promise of earlier months, and she did hope Sarah had not engaged herself to any other paper.

“If you get on in the world,” I heard Robert say, “reckon you’ll forget all your friends.”

“On the contrary,” replied Sarah calmly, “I should need them more than ever.”

“Who do you like best amongst—amongst all the chaps you know? Which one would you pick out as the one you cared for most?”

“Guess!”

“Me,” said Robert.

“Guess again!”

Robert Spencer confessed his inability to make any other speculation likely to be successful.

“Joe!” she announced.

Perfection came again—Perfection with the most wonderful voice, the most beautiful face, the most

attractive figure, everything just as every woman would like to be. The man below asked me twice to refrain from kicking him; it seemed deplorable that such a vulgar person should exist in a world which held Perfection and me. I resented the fact that other people had been allowed to pay their shillings to see her. I might have been wrong, but it seemed that more than once during her soliloquies Perfection looked straight up at me, and I felt myself becoming heated and scarlet at this gratifying sign of special and particular favour. Below us, they talked of her age; as though years mattered. They referred to her make-up; I told myself it was wonderful only because nature in her best and highest forms was wonderful. They compared her with other ladies who, in previous generations, had played the same part, and when they praised her, one felt sure they were telling the truth; when they extolled another, one could have branded them as liars. I waited and listened for the discussion of another detail; it came at last, and I heard that she was not married at present. The principal young man of the piece, on the other hand, had a wife and children; this seemed to leave the way clear for me, saving the trouble of committing murder. They said Perfection meant to leave the stage so soon as she had banked a sufficient amount of money; an admirable arrangement, enabling me to hold my head high and erect in Moorgate Street. One would be able to treat Mr. Blades at office as one did when meeting him outside; if the firm behaved himself, I might take the firm, on notable occasions, home to dinner. When at the end of all, members of the company came in front, two by two, bowed to each other, faced around and bowed to us, crossed, bowed again to each other, and disappeared, I began to fear lest Perfection, from coyness, might refrain from presenting herself to my eyes. The gallery shouted

for her, screamed for her, shrieked for her; Perfection appeared with a slight air of exhaustion and sent two kisses. Neither of these came up to me. They held back the curtain for Perfection; she curtsied, and just before going, blew one more kiss, straight, definitely, and unmistakably, to the very spot where I was waving my hat.

It seemed providential that the next day should be Sunday, although this by some might have been considered inevitable. I went to chapel with the others in the morning. A thought occurred to me, and fear shook me as I wondered whether she might object to the name of Wickhams; on the page of the hymn-book, until my father took it from me, I made an experiment to see how it would look with a y; the best form appeared to be Wycombes. The talk at dinner was of Sarah's prospects. I took her downstairs later to look through her portfolio, and endeavoured, without great success, to get her to talk of Perfection. Sarah admitted she had enjoyed the evening, and promised that when she found herself earning money she would take me, and we would see Perfection again; we could do very well without the company of Robert Spencer.

"Next week," I suggested.

"No," replied Sarah. "Say in about three or four months' time." I groaned at the delay.

I followed the route of a Favourite omnibus that afternoon, and reached the Strand. That thoroughfare had a deserted look; in the turning up by the theatre only a policeman and a dog could be seen. Waited about for over an hour, but Perfection did not come. Called up my reserves of courage and went round to the stage door; the fireman told me that if I really wanted to see her, if my business seemed urgent, and if I found myself unable to take No for an answer, my best plan

would be to go to the gallery doors, sit on the steps there until Monday evening; then go upstairs and plank down my bob.

"But in any case, get out of here," urged the fireman, "and let me finish my tea and s'rimps in peace. Otherwise," added the fireman, setting his cap threateningly, "I shall have to turn the hose on to you."

I found myself going the way of Robert Spencer, and of many before us, and I daresay of many after us, in saving money to buy a photograph. In my case, I did not dare to exhibit it; the position was that of a man who had stolen a well-known picture by Reynolds from the National Gallery. All the same it proved, for a time, a great comfort. Its usefulness would have known a longer period if I had not incautiously touched it one morning when my lips were sticky with home-made marmalade; an effort to remove the damage only increased it by taking away one of Perfection's adorable eyes. Even then, a victim to the ravages of time and accident, she presented an appearance that many a woman might envy, that every man might worship.

Sarah informed us that her first paid work would appear in Number One of the new journal, and we prepared her for disappointment, giving solace to our own feelings by warning her that newspaper people were notorious for words which were fair and deeds which were dark; I expressed wonder that the editor had not borrowed two shillings. Sarah's account of the editor's room puzzled me, for it declined to accord with pre-conceived ideas; apparently it made no attempt to resemble those with which I had acquainted myself in comic journals. Business seemed to be conducted with a celerity worthy of Moorgate Street; the lady editor had looked at Sarah's drawings, saying—

"That I like. That I don't like. That might be

altered to suit. That I don't like at all. But that now—”

Father remarked that just as he had had to obtain the services of Daniel Haddaway and subsequently of another pair of hands to take my place, so now he presumed he would have to find half a dozen young women to do Sarah's shop work. We saw this was said ironically, but Sarah replied that most girls doing black and white work appeared to have either a small studio or a room with a good north light; she hoped father would allow her to stay on at the old work for a few weeks, in order to see whether she could not contrive to manage the two together.

“Well,” cried my father, “upon my word, if girls aren't coming to something! A small studio, or a room with a—— Never heard such an outrageous thing in the whole course of my lifelong existence. No more did anyone else. That I'm prepared to swear.” And went in next door, fuming, to talk it over with Madam.

I was writing out some bordereaux at the hour when George usually remarked that people seemed to eat matches. Mr. Pattison and the other clerk had put down pens, declaring they were not going to ruin their eyesight for anyone; little Lane was weighing up parcels on the counter scales. From the inner office came the voice of the firm dictating letters in tones suggesting that he was attempting to justify obstruction of the police.

“Mr. Wickhams in, please?”

Impossible to identify in the dusk, but I passed my hands rapidly over my head to give to my hair an orderly appearance.

“What name?” asked George. “*You* don't 'appen to have such a thing as a lucifer about you, do you, miss?”

I dodged under the counter, and found myself

shaking hands, for the first time that I could remember, with a sister.

"It's here!" cried Sarah almost hysterically, disregarding the others. "Out this afternoon. I've been to the stall at the back of the Royal Exchange to get a copy. Had to wait. Do light up, Joe. I want to see how they've come out."

I introduced my colleagues, and they all said they were delighted. Their satisfaction was nothing to Sarah's; as she opened the pages and identified her headings with in the corner a tiny signature, which she had decided to use, she laughed outright. I felt rather ashamed of Sarah, to tell you the truth, and told her afterwards that a distinction should be made always between being light-hearted (which one could allow) and light-headed (which one could not permit). At the same time it was gratifying to see Sarah's work reproduced, and I told Mr. Pattison and Mr. Ferris and Lane that the originals were far better. Mr. Blades came out, hearing the unusual sounds of cheerfulness, and added his congratulations; insisted on taking the journal in to show the firm. The firm sent a very gracious message, to the effect that I ought, in the firm's opinion, to be proud of the possession of such a clever sister. Were we all living at home together? Sarah and I gave answer, adding that wild horses would not part the Wickhamses from each other.

"Good-bye, Joe dear." I just managed to fend her off from kissing me. "Good-day, gentlemen. I've taken up a lot of your time."

"Not at all," they declared; "pray don't mention it, Miss Wickhams."

"I couldn't help looking in."

"Look in again," begged Mr. Pattison, speaking on behalf of the others.

I noted, as a singular coincidence, and a coincidence admitting of but one explanation, that from about this date I was treated at the office with greater consideration: Mr. Pattison went so far as to advise me to begin thinking of asking for an increase of salary. Evidently my services to the firm were not, as I had sometimes feared, passing without recognition. I bought two new collars, fourteen and a half in length and, so my people said, nearly that number of inches in height. They rasped me under the chin, they hurt the back of my neck, but I wore them proudly.

It took me away to my youth to meet one evening in City Road, after leaving office, Miss Nodes. Miss Nodes declared she would not have recognised me, showed incredulity until I assured her I really was Joe Wickhams, made me furnish corroborative evidence, and at last gave in. I conferred on Miss Nodes the benefit of my escort so far as her home in Shepherdess Walk, where a framed oblong card in the window said, "Pinking Done Here."

"Mr. Wickhams," cried Miss Nodes frantically, "don't ask me. I knew the question was in your mind, but I did hope you'd spare me. If you only——"

Waiting at the step of her house whilst she found her latch-key, I assured her there was no intention of giving pain.

"If I told you, Mr. Wickhams, all that I had to put up with from that—well, I was going to call her a creature, but I suppose I mustn't—I'll say that woman, you wouldn't believe me, and I should feel doubtful about believing myself."

"Was she trying?"

Miss Nodes, looking up and around distractedly, spoke to a parrot on the ground-floor window-ledge before answering me. "Was she trying?" she echoed helplessly.

"He asks me, 'Was she trying?' Mr. Wickhams," turning on me suddenly, "are you aware that I have a temper of my own?"

I answered that everyone knew this, and an uncommonly good temper it had always seemed to be.

"Ah," said Miss Nodes, "'seemed' is the right word! 'Seemed' just describes it. As a fact, the least thing puts me out. Once roused, I'm a raging terror. I feel as though I want to break things. And when that woman annoyed me and irritated me, all I could do was to smile and pretend I didn't mind. But I made money out of her," Miss Nodes whistled triumphantly into her latch-key, "I made enough out of her to be in a position to say exactly what I thought of her—to other people, I mean—and to set up house here for myself. And, Mr. Wickhams, if you should happen, at any time, to hear of a young man engaged during the day, in want of a bed sitting-room, and only requiring a plain breakfast, why, as the old song says——"

I made record of the address in a cunning-looking notebook which I carried, and promised to remember. Miss Nodes declared, once more, that she would never have recognised me if I had not spoken first, and expressed a hope that we might meet again ere long.

"One makes a lot of new acquaintances," remarked Miss Nodes pathetically, "but there's nothing like the old friends. That's where me and her could never agree."

CHAPTER X

I T was at about this time that father took me aside and asked me to make inquiries amongst the fellows at office, and indeed anywhere, in order to ascertain if any brand of cigarettes existed which resembled cigarettes in appearance and gave the scent of cigarettes, but were exempt from the drawback of tasting like cigarettes. He also intimated that he wished to speak to me on another and an equally important subject.

“That young Yardley. He’s a chum of yours?”

“Don’t know so very much about him, father.”

“Still, you know him fairly well. What’s your opinion of him, Joe?”

“I think he’s about—about up to the average. Dull, perhaps, but—I call him Malmsey. Malmsey, because we make a butt of him.”

“Good!” exclaimed my father. “I’m glad to have my opinion of him confirmed. That’s very satisfactory. Now, Joe, I don’t want this to go any further for the present, but has it ever struck you that he’s rather fond, if one may use such a word, fond of your sister Mary? You haven’t noticed it? Well, I have.”

“Don’t suppose there’s anything in it.”

“But why not, Joe? Why shouldn’t there? I’ve been making inquiries, and I find he comes of quite a good family, and he’s doing well in Great College Street. What’s the objection to them making a marriage of it, eh?”

I mentioned, with respect, the question of youth.

"I married your poor mother when I was twenty and she was eighteen, and we never for a single moment regretted it."

There remained the point of domestic management and cooking.

"Let us try not to be selfish, Joe. We've no right to stand in the way of your sister's happiness. Remember that! You just ask your friend here a bit more often, and don't forget to find out for me about those cigarettes. I tried one that Henrietta's friend gave me, but there was too much tobacco about it."

Henrietta, next door, favoured the company of a black-haired youth engaged in Covent Garden Market, and he and Robert offered to nominate and second me for membership of the Dramatic Society in Pentonville Hill. A few months earlier this would have tempted, but Mr. Blades had announced that Lane and I were to have an additional half-crown a week; I was not actually entitled to this generous treatment, but I had managed to translate a letter from Paris for the firm in the absence of the others, and the phrasing being, by happy chance, easy, I had contrived to do it without disaster apart from giving *ecoulé* as school instead of *ultimo*; this did not greatly matter. I had the sense to perceive that Mr. Blades would not greatly care to show to me his two manners, his official and his civil methods, and I told young Lewis and Robert Spencer that I would come to their entertainment if they presented me with tickets, but that I felt bound to give my spare evenings to languages. French was found easy and interesting; German presented itself as a thick wall, and attacking it only made my head ache. The second-hand shop in the Passage lent me all the class books required, and I do not quite know how one would have managed without this assistance.

The extra half-crown went, by my father's command, to the general purse, and my pocket-money found itself unimproved. I envied Robert Spencer, who, having at last discovered the very cheapest landlady in London, took care to give her no information in regard to increases, but continued to appeal to her motherly and philanthropic feelings. Robert told me he was no longer able to ply a knife and fork as he had done in his braver and younger days. He asked whether I thought love affected the appetite, and I could only tell him that, so far as my experience went, it certainly did, making one eat more than usual. Robert sighed, and as he gave me the tickets remarked that he sometimes wondered whether too much meat was good for one.

Sarah agreed to go, and father, hearing us speak of the affair, complained sportively that it was a shame he should always be left out of these diversions; seemed to him it was high time he began to assert himself. Mr. Yardley had purchased tickets for Mary and himself. Henrietta looked in to say that her friend had presented her with cards of admission on the understanding that she brought Madam, and no one else. Father inquired how much a ticket cost, and being informed, declared that he would certainly make one of the party; we would all go together. Henrietta, on hearing this, made a face, and prophesied that he would put a damper on the evening.

Henrietta admitted as we walked home (young Lewis and Robert Spencer sent out word that it would be unwise to wait; a good half-hour's work lay before them in the task of removing grease paint), Henrietta admitted that she had misjudged my father; she granted that his quips and jokes had more than once caused her to feel half inclined to smile. Sarah, walking with me on the other side, said London made a

difference to all of us; she had enjoyed the performance, but begrudged the time that had been spent away from her drawing-board. Sarah had taken her sketch-book, and in a few lines had recorded Blades as Chief of the Police and Robert Spencer as Pietro, major-domo of the household; Robert to the life.

"He only made one mistake," I pointed out.

"He had no chance to make more than one," remarked Sarah. "Felt very glad he wasn't a brother of mine. Thought I rather liked him, but after to-night——"

Robert's error had been a simple one; true that but for the presence of mind of the leading man (a shop-walker from a draper's large establishment near Highbury Station, and, so his friends agreed, born for the stage) the error would have wrecked the evening. The play rested and hinged and depended on the circumstance that the Count's son had been abducted by a revengeful woman, and accounts were received by him daily of the tortures administered to the lad by the band. The anxiety of the Count in Act One was to know whether or not his only son had been killed, and at the end, when the curtain was being agitated and loosened, preparing for a descent, the Count said to his major-domo, "Pietro, my worthy Pietro, you I can trust when all others fail. I am surrounded by those who are false to me, and their words do not ring true. But you, Pietro, will answer, and I know that you will not deceive me. Tell me, and end this suspense which is breaking me. Is my son—heir to all my estates and possessor of my heart—is he alive or is he dead? Speak, I entreat you." The major-domo drew a long breath. "Signor," he said, "your son is dead." The leading man waved his hand to those in charge of the curtain and whispered to them to hold on for half a moment. "Think again,

worthy Pietro," he said, "for much depends upon your reply. Think!" The major-domo stared; looked around at the prompter, who was hissing a word at him. "Beg pardon," said the major-domo. "My mistake. He's alive. I meant to say he was alive. When I said he was dead, what I intended——" The Count raised his hand. "Heaven be thanked!" he said, snapping finger and thumb privately to the curtain managers. We, in the front rows, could hear some of the conversation that ensued when the curtain had fallen; the leading man pointing out that, but for his alertness, the play must have finished here: Robert arguing that no one would ever have noticed his blunder if the leading man had not called attention to it in such a pointed manner. Something else was said, and Robert announced that unless this were withdrawn and an apology offered, he should definitely decline to come on again in Act Three; on being told that his presence was not necessary, and could in fact be dispensed with easily, he said that this would be the procedure if the remark should be repeated. The leading man said something again, and Robert replied that the leading man had better be careful.

"Mr. Lewis came out of it very well, I thought," suggested Henrietta. "I heard people behind saying, 'Who is he, who is he?' I'd a good mind to turn round and tell them he was a friend of mine, only I thought perhaps they wouldn't believe me. Quite the feature of the evening."

"His nose?" I asked.

"Ah," remarked Henrietta, "you're jealous."

"Joe's not in love with anyone. Are you, Joe?"

"No, Sarah," I answered. "Nor don't mean to be."

"It's a great gift," said Henrietta dreamily, "to be able to act. Our people, you know, are all great at it."

Mr. Lewis's aunt was dresser to one of the Vokes sisters at Drury Lane winter after winter. I have a cousin—distant cousin certainly, but still a cousin—who keeps a cigar shop in Southampton Street, Strand, and him and all the principal actors are more like brothers than anything else." We arrived at our door. "I don't feel much like going in," said Henrietta. "How'd it be——"

"I want a chat with Madam on an affair of business," remarked my father. "You young people can stroll up and down the Passage for a quarter of an hour. Mr. Yardley, you help Mary with the supper—that is, if Mary doesn't object."

"I'm agreeable," said Yardley; "what I mean is——"

"I don't mind," replied my eldest sister contentedly, "if Mr. Yardley doesn't."

Robert Spencer and Lewis joined us, and we discussed the evening from all the available points of view. Robert gave it as his opinion that the audience could not be described as good, excepting in regard to numbers; he, at any rate, had often played to greater intelligence; to-night they had appeared to him to be ever on the edge of a giggle. Perhaps there existed a defect on his side too; he had remarked to Lewis on entering the dressing-room, where a man from Wellington Street made them up with unseemly rapidity, that, somehow or other, he felt but little like acting. Mr. Blades, it appeared, had disagreed with him, saying he found the audience stimulating, and I hoped that Mr. Blades had noted how much of the applause which greeted his entrances he owed to my initiative, even though he might fail to credit me with the equal amount of enthusiasm which followed his exits. Mr. Blades had found a reporter from the *Islington Courier*, and

was now giving to that gentleman the refreshment so necessary to those engaged in a literary life. Young Lewis's conceit and excessive self-satisfaction annoyed me. When he began to select the West End theatre at which he would make his first professional appearance, the sum he would ask for weekly salary, and a variety of stage names which he had for selection, I made a brusque remark, and left them to talk to my friend the second-hand bookseller. Business in the Passage was over, excepting at the Druid's Arms; a few people stood outside their shop doors.

"But, my dear man," I heard the voice of Madam Marsh say, "you're so dull."

"Dull?" repeated my father incredulously. "Dull? Why, I talk as much as most."

"You talk, but you never say anything."

"In your company I always seem to shine."

"You don't dazzle me," laughed Madam.

"I'll give you time to think it over. There's no hurry."

"Not on my side, for certain. I'm one of the very few women who know when they're well off. But thanks, all the same, for asking."

I followed my father upstairs. He asked Yardley why he was hanging about the place; whether he found it impossible to take a broad hint, and how much plainer he desired that speech addressed to him should be. My sister Mary ventured on an expostulation; father said he did not propose to be addressed in that way by one of his own daughters.

"What does it mean?" asked Yardley, as I conducted him down. "Never saw such a quick change. Not twenty minutes ago——"

"It'll blow over," I said. "I'll call round and let you know when peace is declared."

"I'm too fond of your sister to take offence easily, but it's only right to tell you——"

"You're both of you young," I said paternally. "Take my advice, and don't drive too fast. Jog along for a while."

"I should like to call him down and ask what he really means."

"You've got more spirit than I thought."

"Quiet men," said Yardley, "are not necessarily——"

"I know, I know. Leave it to me. Everything dries straight in this world. I know how to manage him; you don't."

Sarah came in, and I whispered a sentence of warning. We went up prepared, but we were not in the least ready for the grim situation we found there. One half of the supper-table had been cleared, and on the shining American cloth rested an open book; father had a forefinger at the beginning of a chapter. He frowned at us.

"Pretty time to come home," he said. "Where've you been all the evening? Joe, get yours. Sarah, get yours. Mary, are you ready? Now then!"

"Aren't we to have supper?" I asked.

"You think too much of eating, my son. About time you paid less attention to your body and more to—— We will take Psalm number eighty-nine. The eighty-ninth Psalm." We checked a groan.

"I always like number a hundred and one," I remarked.

"We will take that after."

The family was out of practice, and more than once I found myself unready when my turn came; Mary gasped through her verses, rolling her handkerchief into a ball. When we came to the fiftieth and last, I closed my book, but father had not forgotten my sugges-

tion. We gave our texts, I fear, in a perfunctory manner, but father rolled out his verses. "Who hath also a proud look and high stomach; I will not suffer him." Mary wept. "I shall soon destroy all the ungodly that are in the land; that I may root out all wicked doers from the City of the Lord."

"I think the funniest thing in the performance to-night——" I began.

"Best plan will be," interrupted my father sternly, "for you to go to bed, straight off to bed, without any supper."

"Can't I have some bread and cheese and celery, father?"

"I shall be sorry to have to speak twice," he said.

We hoped, in the morning, that this return to earlier manners would pass as quickly as it had arrived; a glimpse caught of my father's face before starting to office assured me this hope was not to be justified.

"We must humour him," whispered Mary.

"Or keep out of his way," suggested Sarah.

"Everyone's got his private worries," said Daniel Haddaway.

Talking over the matter with little Lane at office, without telling him all, I argued fiercely that when a man's children arrived at a certain age, he ought to recognise the fact and treat them with appropriate consideration. Lane admitted that he himself had been sorely tried in this respect, but felt glad now that he had never carried out his intention of running away to sea, especially since, on a recent occasion, when the General Steam Navigation Company had granted him a free pass, he had taken his first real holiday, in the shape of a day trip. His remaining parent, he said, still ruled as though he were in knickerbockers, but now and then, when he took his salary home to her and placed it

in columns on the table, she confessed she did not know how she could manage without him: on these occasions she kissed him.

“What’s the matter, Wickhams?”

“You’ve been and upset me,” I complained. “Clumsier chap than you in conversation I never met. You’ve been and reminded me——”

“Old man,” said Lane, “I’m really sorry; I’d forgot for the moment that you’d lost yours. Cheer up. We none of us get everything all our own way.”

The girls decided that the attentions of the Trades Union had perturbed father, and they took a deal of trouble to assure him that, in their opinion, he was justified in the independent action taken in this regard. They urged him not to give in. They declared that, in his place, they would be taking a similar course. All the same, when my eldest sister made a casual remark to Ruth on the Saturday evening, father swirled round sharply.

“What’s that?”

“I was only telling Ruth,” explained Mary, “that no doubt Mr. Yardley——”

“If he dares show his face here, Joe, to-morrow afternoon at tea-time, or any other time,” said father determinedly, “he won’t care to show it again in public for many days to come.”

“What is there against him, father?”

“Me!” he replied shortly. “I don’t want to hear his name mentioned again. Ever. You understand?”

Mary endured the new ruling and the separation from Yardley with more composure than we expected, but she had always been a sensible, serene, even-tempered girl, and we assumed that she had put Yardley out of her mind and capitulated to the inevitable. She wasted no moments; directly a meal was cleared away,

her work-basket came out; socks and stockings always required her attention; I noticed that now there were generally paper patterns about, which I was implored not to bunch up and throw away. Father did not speak to her, or answer her for a week after Yardley's ejection, but he eventually broke the silence by mentioning to her with deference that he thought we were likely to have rain.

"I'd rather be on good terms, Joe," she remarked to me privately. "Don't want to look back and think I've ever said anything that I regret."

"You ought to assert yourself more," I said. "You're quite old enough to do that. If you had a house of your own, I lay you wouldn't let your husband treat you as you're treated here."

"I believe you're right, Joe."

"We couldn't possibly manage without you."

"I wonder," she remarked.

We had dinner late on Saturdays; that is to say, not at Mrs. David's hour, but later than usual. This suited me and it suited father, because the second man insisted on his afternoon off. Ruth was at home on that day, and it suited her too because it gave her a long morning to be devoted to study; it also suited Sarah because the hour meant a lull in a busy day. I had just reached the Passage, and was trying to guess what the dinner would be; endeavouring also to remember a riddle which a cartman had asked me, in order that I might puzzle young Ruth.

"Where are you off?" I asked.

"Something I've got to do," answered Mary, hurrying on with a wave of the hand.

"Can I go for you?"

"I must go myself. Tell them to begin dinner in case I'm not back."

"We'll put some in the oven," I called out. "We'll keep a plate hotted for you. Don't be long!"

With no desire to exaggerate (I may have been influenced by the fact that the day being a Saturday, I had taken no sandwiches; it is true that rabbit pie had always an attraction for me), allowing for everything, I am bound to say that it was the very best dinner Mary had ever given us. The two puddings that came for "after" induced father to say that few provided a meal as Mary could, and a spread like this made him feel that he had acted for the best.

"A contented mind," said my father, taking a small piece of cheese, "may be all very well, but I'm bound to say I like something more solid myself. A meal like this is a thing to be really thankful for. Makes one think of the many that can't afford—— But, of course, it's mainly their own fault, that's one comfort. Never see anything of that chap Yardley, do you, anyone? Just as well. His room's better than—— Joe, it's a rum thing that you're always the first to begin and the last to finish. If you're quite done," with elaborate courtesy, "perhaps you'll have the kindness to say grace."

Young Ruth had opened the oven door more than once to prevent the plateful becoming dried, when Mary returned. In coming through the shop she stopped, went behind the counter, and hugging Sarah, whispered. Sarah dropped a glass inkstand which she was recommending to a customer as unbreakable, giving the customer excuse for a derisive remark.

"It's no use," said Mary, sitting at table and rising at once. "I can't eat. I'm too excited."

"Can I have it for supper?"

"Yes, Joe dear. Certainly."

She ran to the top of the stairs. We followed.

"Now then," said my father's voice protestingly, "what do you mean by walking into my workshop without so much as 'Excuse me' or 'Pardon my intruding'? Thought I told you not to come here till you was asked. What do you want, eh? What do you require?"

"I have called," said Yardley, "for my wife."

"Struck me you wouldn't be long before you made some new friends. Your wife isn't here."

"Yes, father," said my eldest sister, leaning over the banisters, "she's here. Just wait, Charles, whilst I say good-bye."

CHAPTER XI

A PERSON referred to as the Odd Woman, secured after certain essays had been made with those of less experience, came in to help with domestic work. She justified the title. In her early youth she must have been devoted to the sport of paper-chasing, for wherever she went she dropped a brush, or a duster, or a piece of soap, or some article of the kind. When she left at the hour of eight o'clock (after forty-five minutes devoted to a recital of disputes with families in the past, disputes from which it appeared she had always emerged successfully and ever claiming the right to fire the last shot), the entire strength of the household, including Daniel Haddaway, had to engage on the task of clearing up the rooms which had received her attention. This was not the worst. We realised how much had been done for us by Mary when we sat down to meals. Sarah had never learned to cook, and admitted her ignorance; the Odd Woman claimed to have no superior apart from certain houses where a person she called a *manchef* was kept.

"What any female cook can do," said the Odd Woman, "I'm prepared to be called upon for. Order in the stuff from a good butcher's; tell me what you want done with it; and, provided I'm not interrupted or called away from my work, you won't know nothing more until the dish is placed on the table. And then, if you can't set down and enjoy it, why, it only

means your palate's out of order, and I'm sorry for you."

After the first month I submitted a proposal which, after consideration, found itself approved. It was that I should be allowed sevenpence a day for restauration, expecting nothing but bread and cheese for supper when reaching home; this scheme had the advantage of permitting me to go freely after leaving office to my classes, to distant fires, to the West End. My father warned me that no decent people were found out and about in London after ten o'clock, and he would trouble me to bear this fact in mind. ("Do you hear what I say?" demanded my father sharply. "Very well, then; answer me when I speak to you, and answer me in a proper manner!") The new world discovered beyond Charing Cross Station and west of Trafalgar Square atoned for some of the acerbity of temper which—mainly, I do believe, as a result of the Odd Woman's cooking—fluttered in and out of our house in the Passage. Of an evening I saw men and women going to the theatres and into the hotels, all taking pleasure and luxury as though these were the ordinary and the naturally expected; up at the end of Piccadilly I looked in at club windows and, watching the service of long meals, thought of my plate of *à la mode* beef at 1.30 p.m. in Walbrook. Wonder came, but not envy; the folk I envied were men like Mr. Ferris, our second clerk. Mr. Ferris was a bachelor; lived at Lewisham; drew eighty-five solid genuine British sovereigns every year of his life, and pointed the ends of his moustache with soap of an evening before leaving Moorgate Street. Mr. Ferris's life was something within the range of possibility, something which might one day be achieved. Little Lane was informed by a lad in an insurance office, who had overheard the statement, that Mr. Ferris leaving on Saturdays

at five, went home to Lewisham, had high tea, slipped into evening dress, and returned to the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, where at about half-past ten you might see him, hat at back of head, and hear him shouting, "Guys, Guys to the rescue!" thus keeping up the reputation earned in the past by medical students, but of late allowed by them to become faint of outline. Mr. Ferris joined in the choruses sung by youngsters on the stage, winked openly at ladies seated in the Chinese pavilions, and had once, by accident, smashed a wine-glass in the Floral Hall. Having thus contributed to the gaiety of town, Mr. Ferris would catch the quarter-past twelve from Charing Cross, go to sleep in the train, and eventually find himself compelled to walk home from Woolwich. Sunday intervening, he was able to arrive at office on Monday morning, slightly jaded but apparently content, and give to Mr. Pattison, in a proud undertone, particulars of his excursion into wild society.

"Just my mark!" declared Mr. Pattison, "if it wasn't that I'd got a wife and a family. Where did you actually lose your walking-stick?"

Mr. Ferris did me a good turn when Sarah and I received from Forest Hill cards saying that Mrs. David Wickhams requested the pleasure—and so on. A note enclosed told Sarah that it would of course be a full dress affair; she hoped this might not cause serious amount of inconvenience to either of us. She would send a four-wheeler to meet the train if we forwarded particulars. Mrs. David had heard about Mary; someone at Forest Hill had met the newly wedded couple at Mayence, someone who knew Mr. Yardley's people, and Mrs. David felt gratified to discover that Mary had married so much better than might have been expected. (We had had notes from Mary addressed under cover

to Henrietta; she said nothing about Mr. Yardley's family or his prospects. We knew they had returned and were living in Canonbury Square, but both father and Mr. Yardley objected to a visit being paid by any of us.) David asked her to say that pressure of business had prevented him from coming to see us: we would, she felt sure, be pleased to hear that he had been extraordinarily successful in some recent speculations. And we were not to forget the eighteenth.

"I can manage," said Sarah, after a few moments' thought. "It only means turning in a bodice. But I don't know about you, Joe."

"I don't know either," I agreed. "I suppose a white tie with my Sunday suit——"

"Wouldn't meet the case at all. You'd look foolish. Later on you ought to set to and save up and buy a proper rig-out."

"If Robert Spencer had got one it would be an easy matter."

"I believe they hire them out," declared Sarah. "You make inquiries."

"Perhaps I'd better give it up."

"If you don't go, I shan't go. And I want to go if it's only to see the baby again."

Robert Spencer found an advertisement in a Sunday newspaper, and we went together one evening to Newcastle Street, Strand. The window of the establishment held a confused, tumbled collection of uniforms, opera hats, and ladies' slippers; the boy who happened to be in charge asked us plainly at the outset whether we were prepared to plank down half-a-sov. as deposit and guarantee of safe return. Very well, then; that settled it. The boy followed us out and half-way down the street, arguing that the suit he could lend for twenty-four hours was honestly worth ten bob, and he begged

us to put ourselves in his position and imagine what we should say to ourselves if the suit did not return. At the corner of Holywell Street he announced he had determined to trust us; if we failed him, woe betide the next customer who came with a similar application. On leaving the shop for a second time, the boy said he had a great mind to commence an action for libel; he appeared to forget, he remarked, that there was such a thing as the law.

"You couldn't have worn it, Joe," said Robert, as we walked through the narrow part of the Strand towards Chancery Lane. "The mere fact of having to turn back the sleeves——"

"Let's try another. I don't want to give in without a struggle."

We went into Holywell Street. There, a Jewish woman begged us to look after the place in her absence, and we waited in the musty shop for a few minutes until she returned with a lad, a suit hanging over his right shoulder.

"What, you two again?" cried the lad vehemently. "Aunt Rebecca, hold these whilst I go for 'em."

Robert agreed that it did seem as though the fates were against me, and suggested, as compensation, that we should rest and regain our breath and have a look at the photographs in the vestibules of the Globe, the Opera Comique, and across the way at the Strand. The spectacle of men clothed as one desired to be clothed only increased melancholy. I went home and told Sarah that I would escort her on the evening to Forest Hill, and wait outside the house there for three or four hours.

Little Lane, noting my abstracted manner the next morning, gained my confidences and at once whispered a suggestion. Mr. Ferris received my humble appeal with a smile of contempt, and told me to get on with my

work. Later in the day, in a lull of traffic, he came across to me where I was marking with an indiarubber stamp some declaration forms, and asked a question ; I answered that if he could see his way to meeting my request, I would give my word to take the greatest possible care of the suit. That, remarked Mr. Ferris, went without saying ; what he wanted to know was—— In the result I promised to take his late turn for five successive Saturdays ; to carry his silk hat to be renovated whenever it should appear to him to require this treatment ; to bring twelve apples when next we had a hamper from the country ; to clean his boots if they became muddy on the way up from Lewisham for the space of two months from date ; these things without fee, reward, or thanks.

“You’ve got it all your own way,” said Mr. Ferris. “Wish I wasn’t so dashed good-natured. The eighteenth, did you say ? You’ll have to come down to Cannon Street and meet my train. I can’t afford to be seen walking across the City with a brown paper parcel under my arm.”

Mr. Blades gave me leave to go early, and I dressed in the inner office ; George the porter said of me, when the task was completed, that I reminded him very much of a comic singer he had once seen and heard on the pier at Margate. Lane said I would do. Sarah arriving, reminded us of her first visit, and accepted the congratulations of the office on her subsequent success ; Mr. Ferris said he had lady friends who always looked out for Sarah’s work and obtained from her designs many valuable hints.

“Thank you so much for your kindness to my brother,” said Sarah.

“Don’t mention it,” begged Mr. Ferris, colouring. “Hope you’ll both have a pleasant evening.”

"Wife all right, Mr. Pattison?"

"I'll tell her you asked after her, Miss Wickhams."

I told Sarah, as we caught an omnibus near the Bank, that she should not talk to senior clerks in this familiar, easy-going way; they expected, and they had a right to expect, to be called "Sir." Sarah paid the fares and took second-class returns at London Bridge, arguing that she made more money than I gained; she surprised me when she mentioned the sum standing to her credit in the savings bank. Sarah gave me some useful warnings in respect to behaviour at table; it seemed that a column appeared weekly in the journal to which she contributed, furnishing information in regard to the most recently invented refinements. The number of these and their abstruse nature made me recognise that the task before me might not prove easy.

"Miss Wickhams," announced the servant, when we arrived at the landing upstairs. "And Mr. Joseph Wickhams."

"This is sweet of you," said Mrs. David. I had to walk across the room to the place where she stood; an agonising ordeal with eyes looking on. "Quite sweet. How do you do, both of you? Found your way to the wilds of Forest Hill? My cousin Eleanor you know. Mr. Charlton, let me introduce you to my sister-in-law, the well-known black and white artist." Printed words can give no idea of the magnificence with which Mrs. David made this announcement. "And my brother-in-law, who is"—I would have given my head, my boots, Mr. Ferris's dress-suit, everything to have been able to feel in the presence of this company that Mrs. David could say something distinguished and commendatory of me—"who is, at present, something in the City. David will be late, I fear. He works so hard, the dear man. Too bad, I sometimes say, that husbands should

have to—— Dinner served, Perkins? Good! Then we'll go down. Joe, you take my cousin Eleanor."

Mrs. David again struck me as being one of the most energetic conversationalists I had ever encountered. At table I omitted to touch the early courses, partly because of the doubt and confusion raised in my mind by the presence of so many knives on one side of my plate and forks on the other, mainly because of my admiration at her extraordinary gift of speech. She kept discussion going as a boy with a whipping-top. We were about eight or ten in number, and, a watchful eye upon us, she would suddenly give a flick in the direction of silence and arouse movement. I had prepared a sentence to open conversation with the Royal Academy girl—"And how are you getting on with your music?"—but a married lady on the other side began with me and seemed unwilling to relinquish such an excellent listener. The married lady had been to Scarborough in the August previously, and described it proudly as one of the dressiest places she had ever visited. Quite superior people stayed in the boarding-house; really superior, not your shoddy sort; a Colonel's niece and herself had become inseparable. The widow of a Leeds manufacturer still corresponded with her. They had a fancy dress ball one evening at the boarding-house; such a sight she felt sure I had never seen; she wished very much I could have been there. My neighbour, it appeared, could not at first make up her mind regarding the character she should assume; she had thought and thought and thought, and at last had decided to go as Pauline. I did not perhaps know the play.

"Saw it at the Lyceum," with a sigh at the memory of Perfection.

"From what part of the house, I wonder?"

"The gallery!"

“You gentlemen,” said the married lady, amused, “you will have your joke. You remind me of my husband. I believe you think in your heart of hearts that we women can’t see a joke. But you’re wrong. Quite wrong, believe me. I don’t want to brag, but I can see a joke as—— One moment,” she said, as I turned to my other neighbour, “I haven’t finished telling you yet about Scarborough. Supposing this spoon is the old part of the town, why then you walk round the plate, and here, just where my finger is——”

It proved easy after a while to keep on my features a pretence of eager interest, and to say now and again, “Not really?” and “Is that a fact?” and “You surprise me.”

Use of these enabled me to enjoy my dinner. It was certainly a very good meal, and to Sarah and to me, coming as we did from the gruesome dishes provided by the Odd Woman, it seemed fit for royal palaces. I had never been anywhere before where so many courses had been given; I felt tempted to ask the maid for another plate of the roast bird, but no one else did so, and I was doing nothing for which I failed to observe a precedent. When the sweets came, my married friend asked me to leave off talking—which I considered a harsh and unfair suggestion—adding that the doctor told her cream meringues were the last things she should eat, that her husband told her so, that she knew it well herself, but that she could no more resist them than—— She filled her mouth.

“Tell me,” I began to Eleanor.

“If you dare to ask the question,” interrupted the girl, “I’ll joggle your arm when you are eating that jelly.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“Try me!”

“Have you been out much lately?”

"Do you really want to know?" she asked good-humouredly.

"No!"

"Then talk just as you care to talk," counselled the girl. "Don't let's be like the others. They are all pretending. How long have you had your dress-suit?"

"Since ten minutes past six," I answered. "And I shall have to give it back at nine to-morrow morning."

"You dear boy!" she exclaimed.

"Why?"

"I haven't heard the exact truth, the real truth, the undisputable truth, for a long time. Up in Tenterden Street we rarely think of it. The rule is to pretend you're getting on much better than you are getting on. That's the key, and everybody has to sing in that key. Do you know," she said, looking at me, "I'm not getting on in the world at all?"

"I should like to hear the truth too."

"That is the truth. I've just been telling the man on the other side that there is some talk of an appearance of myself at the Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall next season. There is."

"Glad!"

"But I'm the only one who talks of it," she went on. "Do you care for champagne?"

"It's something like home-made wine," I answered, "only that it's nasty and it fizzes."

"I'd much rather have lemonade."

We found so much comfort in this communion of dislike that Mrs. David said from the top of the table, with her head at an angle which intimated she was not speaking seriously, "Not so much noise, you two young people." Sarah, opposite, listened to a lecture with gesticulations on art from Mr. Charlton, a heavy youth with poached-egg eyes. Nothing could be expressed

without colour, said Mr. Charlton. Colour was the very basis of art, just as it formed the foreground, as it were, of nature. Art and nature were one. If art ignored nature, art was nowhere. The nearer you got to nature, the closer you were to art. He himself was in the stained-glass window line with an establishment in Endell Street, Bloomsbury, and Sarah could ask anyone who knew him, knew his work, and they would tell her that some of his productions in country churches, nay, all of his productions in country churches, had about them—not to be detected, perhaps, by the casual eye until the casual eye had dwelt upon them for some time, but obvious to any possessing the artistic temperament—a certain (here the heavy young man gave a movement with his thumb) which showed that he had studied nature.

“Local papers,” he said, looking at the chandelier through his wine-glass, “have said, at various times, kind things about my work. I daresay they are right. But to be quite fair they ought to give some credit to nature. I didn’t invent those colours; I’ve no right to accept praise for them. And if you take my advice, you’ll simply——”

I thought it very sensible and pleasant of Eleanor to say across the table that everyone was speaking of the improvement in Sarah’s black and white work, adding that Sarah must be making money by the shovelful. And was it true that the new style of skirt was to be—— The women at the table gave their ears anxiously, and Sarah held their attention much more securely than any brilliant conversationalist could have done. A key turned in the front door, and Mrs. David, giving a hitch of the forehead to the ladies, said this was her dreadful husband, and they would now leave the gentlemen to enjoy cigars.

"And tell stories," added Mrs. David archly. "Joseph, you must do the honours until your brother has time to change."

I puzzled my brain to think of some anecdote which should at once prove my manliness and be in accord with what I conceived to be the correct after-dinner atmosphere; I could only think of harmless jests. To my great relief, two men at once started to discuss the High Church movement; Mr. Charlton came across to me and asked whether I had ever been able to get much satisfaction out of Ruskin; the other youth drank three glasses of port in swift succession, and curling himself up in the arm-chair, begged me to arouse him so soon as the ladies sent a message, and closed his eyes, smoking the while.

"Don't!" cried my brother David, bouncing into the room. "Strike, but hear me. Quite meant to be home in time for dinner, but business, you know. We're slaves, nothing more or less. Bonded slaves. Fettered serfs. How are you all? Fit? Merry and bright, eh? That's good. What, my long-lost brother; how's the world using you? Oh yes, I'm well, thanks; never better."

"Business good?" someone asked.

"Wonderful!" he replied, keeping up his exuberant manner, and fidgeting with the glasses. "Everything going like fireworks. Have you all got something to smoke? Joe, pass around the cigars. I think they're good; they cost a pretty penny, I know that."

"I've smoked worse," said Mr. Charlton. "We artists, you know, we prefer a pipe. Millais smokes a pipe. But these are all right to go on with. What do they stand you in at? I know a man in the trade——"

We all, it appeared, knew men in the trade, in every trade. The dozing youth aroused on hearing animated conversation, asked me where he was; I told him, and

blinking, he made an effort to get into the stride of the discussion. Taking me away from the fireplace where we were making our backs comfortable, he said that, should I at any time want a silk dress, I was to come to his firm, a wholesale firm in Fore Street, ask for him, and walk right upstairs. I told him if ever he desired to send a parcel to (say) Vienna, he must come to me and I would give him the lowest quotation, reserved for special friends and relatives.

"Tell you what!" said Mr. Charlton, not to be outdone in generosity. "If you want to put up a stained glass window in memory of anybody you know, or if anybody you know wants to put up a stained glass window to you, send a card along to Endell Street, and mention my name in the corner. Or, if it's urgent, a wire. Thirty per cent. off," he whispered. "Thirty per cent. But don't noise it about. We can't do it for everybody."

The two men who had disagreed about the services at St. James's Hatcham were going back to that subject, when my brother David began a story. Story of A., B., and C.; three sharp business chaps thus cautiously designated because it was possible they might be known to one or more present. A story of diamond cut diamond; of the biter bit; of a good cat for a good rat. A. and B., having a grievance against my brother David because he had managed to best them on some previous occasion, and knowing that he knew and was therefore on his guard, called in C. in order to lure David on and obtain revenge. C., a simple, artless man, went to David and asked what it would be worth to him to be forewarned in regard to an urgent matter. David laughed at the suggestion that C. could be of any use to him, and waving business aside, went to the private cupboard in his room and straightway opened a pint bottle. At the

second glass C., unable to keep the secret any longer, blurted it out. Result, slight headache for C., complete dishing of A. and B., magnificent triumph of my brother David.

"Talking of swindles," said the Broad Churchman, "reminds me——"

One gained an impression, from the respective anecdotes, that the cunning of other people was great, but that theirs was cunning of a swift, sharper kind. They became puffed and scarlet with exultation; the High Churchman said that if anyone should ever get upsides with him, he would forgive them; the Fore Street youth looked forward to discomfiture from Satan, and Satan only; the stained glass artist said that someone had been reported to him as saying, "Charlton may look a fool, and people may think he's an idiot; they've only to be in his company five minutes to discover their mistake." My brother David was about to cap all these self-gratulations when one of the maids came in with a message from the drawing-room.

"Suppose we'd better go up."

"There'll be a row if we don't."

"Expect," said Mr. Charlton gallantly, "the fair sex feel lonely without us."

We stopped on the landing because someone was singing. It was the sweetest voice I had ever heard. My memory went back to Miss Trentham and her "Say good-bye, and kiss me"; to a duet by two Sisters at the Music Hall in St. John Street Road; to Henrietta and "Ehren on the Rhine": they appeared coarse and raucous compared with this.

"He spoke to me across the seas
In the summer time, the summer time;
We never met, but well I know
That his love was mine, his heart was mine."

"Thank you so much," said the ladies as we went in. "Oh, here are the gentlemen at last. They seem to have found a lot to talk about."

"I expect," said Mrs. David slyly, "that they've been satirising us."

"A sweet song," remarked my friend who approved of Scarborough. "May I," she coughed pointedly, "may I be allowed to look at the words? I always like to know what a song's about."

It amazed me to find that it was Eleanor who had been singing; the girl did not look sufficiently important to be the possessor of such a voice. The other women looked at her in a reproachful way, nursing the while music of their own, and with one hand at throats sympathetically declaring that why they had brought their rolls, goodness only knew, for with such coughs and colds singing was for them amongst the things impossible. They could no more do justice to their favourite songs than pigs could succeed in flying. Mrs. David's tact and management in this delicate situation struck me as being admirable. She admitted that the song happened to suit her cousin, but nothing, she asserted, nothing would ever efface from her memory the recollection of—looking around—of Mrs. Wheeler's delightful rendering of "Love was once a little boy."

"Oh well," said the lady referred to, rising alertly, "if I must I must. But I know I shall make a dreadful hash of it." We said, encouragingly, that that would not matter in the least. "Who's going to accompany me? Be very careful, my dear," to Eleanor, who had obeyed Mrs. David's signal, "be very careful of the pencil marks at the side. And that note on the last page I generally take an octave lower. I'll decide when I get to it."

The singing of people other than Eleanor did not greatly interest me, and I took opportunity to gaze about

the drawing-room. Some might have thought it crowded, but to my eyes this only added to the air of luxury. Plush had hitherto been my loftiest ideal in regard to photograph frames; here they were of silver; Mrs. David herself reclined on an easel in the corner, and had been taken in a dress which distinctly suggested presentation at Court. The baby appeared to have submitted himself to the camera immediately before entering his bath. Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, looked down from the top of the pianoforte, which stood adventurously crossways. The hearthrug was a wide sea of foam. Sarah told me later that to look at the shining fireirons made her right arm ache.

When the lady had given her last "Heigh-ho!" and someone had asked whether her voice was considered to be soprano or contralto, and she had answered with a snap that the best authorities called it a mezzo, she came across and sat beside me. I asked her whether she went in for it professionally, and, brightening up a good deal, she admitted she had in her time sung at bazaars and so forth, receiving many compliments from people not acquainted with her, who had come up afterwards and had said, "You do so remind me of somebody, and I can't think who it is," and other pleasant remarks of an equally flattering nature. And she would perhaps have been tempted to go on the regular concert platform, but for a horrid fear that her head might be turned.

"Great temptations," shaking her head regretfully. "I've heard stories about public singers that have made me very thankful I stopped myself in time. Besides, my family's growing up, and it's too late to think of it now. Perhaps if I had my life to live over again— How many? Eight. Eight altogether. Oh, my eldest girl's as tall as I am. Not so stout, of course, but every

inch as tall. That's Edith. Then comes Gerald, and then comes——”

Sarah beckoned to me as my companion was nearing the end of her list. We had to leave early, and Mrs. David wailed her regret that she had not thought to order the carriage to return; we assured her the walk to the station would do us good. I said I should very much like to see the baby. My brother David remarked that he would put on his overcoat if the other guests excused him, and Eleanor said that as she had to begin giving lessons at eight the following morning, she would walk along with us. We gave and received farewells.

“Don't forget Scarborough, mind, or else I shall never forgive you.”

“If ever you find yourself Endell Street way——”

“Number Fifty-two, Fore Street. Don't forget. Anyone will direct you.”

“The last one's a boy. And now, as I say, it's time to stop.”

“Charming of you both,” remarked Mrs. David, in her most refined voice, “to come all this way to see us in our simple little nest. My kind remembrances to your father and to little Ruth. She's still at school? Ah, one can't have too much education.”

In the nursery, where an excited baby made efforts to stand up in his cot, inspected us with dark bright eyes, and gurgled a remark which the tall nurse translated, Mrs. David became a different woman. She seemed, for the first time, real; not much unlike an ordinary young mother. I think she was pleased with something I said about the youngster, for she bade him say, “Good-night dear Uncle Joe; God bless you,” and the tall nurse remarked that the boy certainly seemed to take to me in a most wonderful way.

I hoped Eleanor would walk with me, but she went on with my sister Sarah; there were one or two matters I wished to discuss with her, and I had been forming an intention of allowing her, on excuse of coldness of the night, to take my arm. Girls expected a certain amount of attention. Apart from which, I rather liked the sound of her voice.

"Turn up your collar, Joe," said my brother. He wore a fur-lined overcoat, and I felt proud to be walking by the side of such a gorgeous person. He had lighted a fresh cigar; ignoring the last, which remained half-finished in the dining-room. It reminded me greatly of Ouida's books. "We men must take care of ourselves."

"You seem to take very good care of yourself, David," I remarked. "I can remember you down at home when I was a little bit of a chap, and I admired you then, but you were nothing compared with what you are now."

"Notice a change, do you?"

"We Wickhamses seem to have the knack of getting on in the world."

"Brain and bounce," said Daniel complacently. "Intelligence and push. Cheek and chance."

"Must be lots of people who envy you."

"I daresay," he laughed.

"I'd give up a good many years of life to be in your boots."

"No, would you, though?" he said, stopping and placing a hand on my shoulder. "Would you, Joe? I suppose you'd scarcely believe me if I said that I'd give everything, everything, to be in yours."

"Shouldn't believe you, David."

He did not speak again until we reached the station. There we found we had ten minutes to wait, and sending the girls, who still chattered, into the waiting-room, where

there was a fire, we walked briskly up and down the platform. The lights had been lowered in the interests of economy; David pulled his cap over his forehead, and I could not see his features clearly.

"You've got a large house," I said, taking up the conversation where we had dropped it. "You've a rather handsome wife, who knows how to entertain. And there's the jolliest little baby——"

"I wouldn't mind," he interrupted vehemently, "I wouldn't care a hang if it were not for him."

"And think," I argued, "think of your prospects."

"Just what I am doing," he muttered.

"If I only prosper half as well as you've done, David——"

"Joe," he cried, "never try to prosper! There's nothing in it. There's no joy, no satisfaction, no content. What shall it profit—— Does father still fling texts at you?"

"He gave up for a time, but he's gone back to them lately."

"There's truth in them. There's no getting away from the truth that's in them."

The girls looked out of the waiting-room as we passed by the door and asked whether the train would be long. He gave a light-hearted answer and sent them back to the fireplace.

"So you thought it all looked satisfactory to-night, did you, Joe? Showed you what money could buy, did it? Seemed to prove the great advantages that followed success? Made you think your brother David was a lucky man, eh? Joe, my lad, your brother David is shortly about to fall down. He's going to find himself smashed into little pieces. People who know him now will kick him off the pavement just as I'm told they treat the blacks out in Cape Town. England is

going to be either too hot for your brother David, or else too cold ; not sure which."

"You're joking."

"Does it sound like a joke? I was bragging to-night in order to keep level with the rest ; that sounded to you serious and true. And now when I'm telling you, because there's no one else I can tell it to, the real facts, you think I'm joking."

"Hope you're joking, David."

"The world isn't such a lark as you imagine, Joe. The world's not always giggling. The world—— Oh, what's the use of complaining about the world! I knew I was doing risky things. Lots of people have done risky things, and some have succeeded. I haven't. To-morrow I shall have ten minutes with the senior partner ; the other man doesn't count ; if he had counted, I should not have gone so near to the edge. I shall walk out into Borough High Street with the knowledge that by rights I ought to be in a cab on the way to the police-station near Newington Causeway. And then I shall have to start up the ladder again, up the ladder again, Joe, hampered a good deal by the bruises resulting from the fall. Go and call the girls ; here's your train coming in."

He slipped half a sovereign into my overcoat pocket ; I scarcely liked to take it, but he said it was to cover expense of fares. Holding Eleanor's hand for what I considered an impressive space of time, I suggested that I might perhaps write to her ; if I did so, would she answer? She replied that, before guaranteeing this, she would wait and see what my note contained ; and we left it in this way, pleasantly surrounded by a mist of romance.

"Good-bye," cried my brother David, waving his cap cheerfully as the train carried us out. "Come again

soon. Don't forget the address. Always glad to see you. My love to father and Ruth. Good-bye."

"Sarah!" I said presently.

"Yes, Joe."

"Was she—was she kissing her hand to you, do you think, or was she kissing her hand to me?"

"Don't think it matters which," jerked Sarah. "Wake me up when we get to London Bridge."

CHAPTER XII

THE Odd Woman refused to accept any intimation that her services could be dispensed with, saying that her children might some day be motherless (which seemed possible if she continued to eat food prepared by her own hand), hinting also that she had taken a private vow never to leave our service, but to stay on, at whatever inconvenience to herself, and do for us. One Friday evening she made a supreme effort, and having poisoned the entire family, necessitating swift attendance of a doctor from Myddleton Square, she announced that, much she could endure, but she could not and would not stand in gratitude. The household lived for some time on eggs treated in the few available methods and articles purchased from the ham and beef shop opposite the Angel. When we talked regretfully of present meals as compared with meals of the past, father said that anyone who breathed the name of my eldest sister would quit the house at once and for always. Father was not on speaking terms with Madam Marsh, but we were, and her fish, fried in good oil, made us thankful that we had neighbours belonging to the chosen race.

I am afraid that Sarah and I—the fault was mainly mine—formed a defensive alliance which sometimes took an offensive attitude. A good deal of wrangling went on during the week; Henrietta borrowed a card from the laundry in the Passage, and slightly altering the wording, tacked it one contentious night on our shutters. Henrietta

admitted afterwards that the idea was suggested by her Covent Garden friend, and when I next met Lewis, I told him he had better look out. It is not easy to see what would have happened if he had declined to accept this advice, for I was now of the age when anything like a public contest would have been undignified. Mary sent us a hamper, a splendid hamper, from Canonbury Square for the New Year, and my father made no inquiry concerning the origin of the admirable cold pies and birds which suddenly appeared on our table. The hamper enabled me for a week to save my lunch money and to buy a newspaper in the evenings.

The firm took the *Times* at office and another paper; I began to give some of my attention to the arguments contained in these journals, and found it astonishing that there should be people who differed from the views expressed there. On speaking to Robert Spencer about it, he could only say that opinions did differ: for his part he was a Tory; his father was a Tory; his grandfather had been a Tory; and he supposed it ran in the blood. My French and German classes occupied two evenings of a week, but there was such a certainty of turmoil at home that I yearned to fill up another evening; Thursday was one of the bad nights, because by that time young Ruth's intervention and peace compacts were forgotten, and, if other subjects failed, my father upbraided me for the trouble which the Trades Unions were giving, arguing that little I cared, so long as I wasted my time in riotous living, and charging me with responsibility for his increasing signs of greyness. Thursday, I found from a poster, was the evening on which a Parliamentary Debating Society held its meetings. The Member for Woodstock had resigned owing to private circumstances; his young lady, working in the same shop, had given him a choice, saying that if he

liked politics better than he liked her, he had better say so and have done with it. Mr. Blenkinsop, the Speaker, shook hands with me on introduction, and I took my seat.

It was appalling to find the number of questions which lent themselves to discussion; as I sat and listened to the notices of motion, my brain whirled with the thought of the study that lay before me. The Channel Tunnel, the Bradlaugh Case, Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister, Sunday opening of Museums, abolition of House of Lords, re-adjustment of laws of primogeniture and entail (of the existence of these laws I had not been previously aware). After a few weeks I found that close and exact knowledge of any question was dispensable; what one required was fluency and opposition. You took notes, and then rising said—

“The honourable Member opposite says so-and-so. I beg to deny *in toto*. He goes on to say so-and-so. Mr. Speaker, a flimsier statement was never offered to a body of men possessing intelligence. He goes further, and actually has the assurance to say so-and-so. Mr. Speaker, I am not disposed to mince my words; I do not care to beat about the bush. I therefore denounce the honourable Member opposite, and I accuse him, formally and deliberately, of trifling with the House. I may say in conclusion that it is my firm and decided opinion that whereas in the past this Great Britain of ours has always found one strong man to direct the helm of State, so in the future will that one strong man be found. But, Mr. Speaker, I should be deceiving myself and deceiving this House if I pretended for a single moment that there was the slightest possible chance of discovering that one strong man amongst the members of the party over there!”

Or, in lighter mood, you took some chance sentence

out of a ten minutes' speech and played with it. "Mr. Speaker, the honourable gentleman who, to the deep regret of us all, has just resumed his seat, has told us in burning words that will long remain in our memory—I took record of the precious phrase as it fell from his lips; he said, 'Right is right, and wrong is wrong.' Sir, I congratulate the honourable Member on thus removing once for all a popular and a widely spread misapprehension. He has studied the question, he has no doubt given the best years of his life to consideration of the point; he comes before us to-night, and, feeling the heavy weight of responsibility, he makes this statement. I could have wished those golden words had been uttered in another place, whence, by the aid of the press of this country, they would have been distributed to the four quarters of the globe. Sir, this House has debated many questions, bringing to them profound thought, careful deliberation. Action has not always resulted from the votes given here. The great world has turned to our debates a deaf ear. But that great world will, I venture to say, give in future a closer attention to our discussions now that the honourable Member opposite has decided, and given that decision to the world. Mr. Speaker, let us ever try to remember, 'Right is right, and wrong is wrong.'"

Or the elaborate opening, where everything was introductory and one kept carefully away from even the fringe of the subject: "Sir, it has often been my privilege to address this House. By the kindness of its members, and your courteous permission, I have on various occasions expressed my views, and I venture to say I have expressed them in a frank, outspoken, fearless way; in a fashion admitting of no hesitation, in a style that has, I submit, ever leapt to the very heart of the subject. And I am free to confess, Mr. Speaker, that rarely, if

ever, have I risen to address this House with the mingled feelings which possess me at the present moment. I am naturally of a sensitive nature; this may be a fault, it may be a misfortune; the fact remains. At the same time, I make effort to look on everything from a sane standpoint, endeavouring to understand the views advanced by my opponents. Let me premise by saying——”

Another, which gained my admiration, was the iterative method. “Are we to believe, Mr. Speaker, are we to credit, are we to accept, are we to receive, are we to admit, are we for a single minute to concede, are we for the winging space of a moment to acknowledge——”

I watched the proceedings closely; selected a Cabinet Minister whose style could be taken for a model. At Moorgate Street whilst Mr. Pattison and Mr. Ferris were out at lunch, I went over a projected speech to an audience of little Lane and of George the porter. George promised that if ever he should suffer from insomnia, he would send the wife at once for me. At Islington on Friday nights, when Ruth was at home, I exercised the acts of gesture, pointing a finger, whirling an arm, punching a fist into the palm of the other hand. Sarah said she could work better at her squares of mill-board when I raged, it seemed to stimulate her; but father now and again roared up from the workshop an order: “Less of it, please!” and I had to moderate my tones. Daniel Haddaway walked around the neighbouring squares with me in the early hours before light, and listened attentively, generally giving as his opinion that it beat cockfighting; we tried it once on a Sunday afternoon when he was wheeling his landlady’s babies, but they did not appear to care for politics. I made some success—not great—one evening when the clean-shaven Cabinet Minister whose methods pleased me, and whose voice I had begun

to imitate, appeared in the full flow of a peroration to be dammed by an interruption flung from the other side. It had been a turbulent night, mainly because turbulent nights were fashionable just then in Parliamentary circles, and my Minister was saying that the decencies of debate must be regarded, that we must not make ourselves the laughing-stock of the world, that on his side of the House at any rate it would be remembered that manners maketh man.

"That doesn't account for you," a voice shouted across. The Opposition thundered approval. My Minister staggered; gripped at the lapels of his coat.

"But it accounts for you," I threw back.

Our side roared, laughed, and roared again; the Prime Minister turned round and said across members to me, whose scarlet face signalled, "Good, sir, good! Very good indeed."

I could not be sure afterwards whether one had really scored a point, or had only appeared to score a point, but the Home Secretary, my model, walked half-way home with me afterwards, discussing the situation gravely and with an earnestness differing from the explosive methods of Mr. Blenkinsop. Mr. Pye urged, before we parted near the Green, that I should some evening choose a subject which commended itself to me, and speak. He told me he was in a large shipping-office in Leadenhall Street, and, when I reciprocated the confidence, he said that small establishments were less advantageous to one who desired to make his way in the world, because vacancies rarely occurred; one might become old, and still find oneself waiting for a stool with a chair back. I told him I should be quite content if I could earn say a guinea a week; he ridiculed this, declaring that a City man's aim should be two hundred pounds a year.

"Bear it in mind," said Mr. Pye. "Don't be too

modest. I'm well on for twenty-six, and I know something of the world. If you're not getting along, make a change."

I believe I should have taken his advice, requesting Mr. Blades to secure for me an interview with the firm and exhibiting a spirit of bounce, but for knowledge of David's case. We had a letter from Mrs. David, saying that her husband discovered the hop-merchant's business was not being properly conducted; he had decided to take occupation in a wholesale provision merchant's near the Elephant and Castle, and they were moving up to Peckham because his hours would be longer than before. Mrs. David added that it happened she was getting tired of Forest Hill and the trouble of a large establishment with many servants; it would suit her and it would suit the baby to go to a fresh neighbourhood, where society would not be so exacting and where they could feel they had the place to themselves. If we had had much to forgive to Mrs. David, we could have forgiven it all in reading her plucky letter.

I found myself in regard to debate once more indebted to my friend the second-hand bookseller. At a time when my features were showing signs of worry consequent on the study of political subjects and the necessity of enlarging the arguments for my party and belittling those of the other side, he exhibited to me a most admirable volume which gave all the best contentions, ready made, for and against, on the large questions of the day.

"Keep it," said the second-hand bookseller generously. "I shall only pitch it into the twopenny box. Keep it, and absorb it at your leisure."

The book furnished me with everything I desired, excepting a command to take this attitude or that. On some subjects the arguments *pro* and *con* were equal in

number, equal, as it seemed to me, in value; and excepting where my party had made the decision emphatically, it did appear that one could only rely on the toss up of a coin. I decided to take on some matters an eccentric attitude. I wanted to keep on friendly terms with Russia, and when the Foreign Minister moved that this House viewed with great alarm the continued tendency of a power, assumed to be friendly, in the direction of India, I voted with the Opposition. The Whip came to me afterwards and asked me what I meant by it, and my friend Mr. Pye, the Home Secretary, turned round and raised his eyebrows.

"It's a matter I feel somewhat strongly about," I remarked.

"Yes, yes," said the Whip, "that may be, that may be. But play the game. Stick up for your party whatever you do. Nice thing if we'd been thrown out over this."

I did not care.

"He ought to be sitting on the cross benches," remarked one Whip.

"On the hot cross benches," said the other Whip. "How'd it be to get the Prime Minister to have a chat with him?"

"You leave me alone," I said. "A man's got a right to hold his own opinions. Free country, isn't it?"

"A jolly sight too free," declared the Whip threateningly.

One could have wished the girls had chosen a better night, but Eleanor had called unexpectedly, and she and Sarah agreed that entertainment would do them good. They hastened to add that they would guarantee perfect quiet in the Strangers' Gallery, if by good luck I had opportunity for speech. I gave a signed envelope to pass them in, although this was not necessary; we were only

too pleased to observe anyone taking an interest in the debates. I went off first, partly because Eleanor wanted to try on Sarah's new Gainsborough hat, mainly because I wished to commit to memory the last words of my speech. Too often one had seen a member become nervous at this point, and, taking a slip of paper from his inside pocket, read carefully. This had to be avoided.

"And I should be false to myself, sir, false to the traditions of my party, false to the history and reputation of this great country, if I hesitated to express at the present moment my honest, straightforward, outspoken opinions." I appeared to be word-perfect. "And I should be false to myself, sir, false to the traditions of my——"

I was late in arriving; Eleanor had made me forget the hour. A Member of the Opposition, standing up, and flourishing his notes, claimed permission to move a resolution not on the agenda. Mr. Blenkinsop, the Speaker, said the Member could not move it. The Member said he could. The Speaker ordered him to sit down. The Member said that he was not going to submit to the dictation of an auctioneer who only aspirated his aitches as an occasional recreation. The Speaker retorted that he had always paid twenty shillings in the pound, and this was more than some could say of themselves; as to aitches, that was a matter he felt prepared to leave to the judgment of the House. The Member, infuriated, shrieked that one of the rules of the Society prescribed that it should consist of gentlemen only, and demanded an explanation of the Speaker's presence. Mr. Blenkinsop announced that he had been called by many names in his time, but he had never before been called an old woman, and he begged the House to support him in the performance of arduous and responsible duties.

Gordon and Khartoum were swept aside whilst we engaged upon this important controversy. I had followed up my early success as an interrupter, and felt that my party looked to me; I threw some ejaculations across of varying quality, feeling repaid on hearing from the gallery of the chapel a girl's voice saying—

“That sounded like Joe!”

The Prime Minister moved that the House should give its support to Mr. Speaker, and pass to the orders of the day. The Member for Eye, sitting near me, took a stronger line, and moved as an amendment that the gentleman opposite be ejected forthwith. Gentleman opposite cried out that he would like to see the Member for Eye attempt to do this. Member for Eye said the House seemed to be turned into a bear-garden, and as I said “Hear, hear!” someone threw across in our direction a portion of a stale bun. The Speaker looked around distractedly. We were all on our feet. He pointed his finger.

“I call upon,” he said, “upon the Member for Woodstock, and ask for him the attention always given to anyone making his maiden speech.”

I think I should have succeeded fairly well if my mind had not been packed with a carefully prepared address concerning another subject. I found occasion, too, to regret adventures of the past. Stones which one had thrown at opponents came back at delicate moments; when I mentioned Egypt, they roared—

“Dear father, dear father, come home!”

When I spoke of our gallant soldiers eager to be sent out, they screamed—

“Question, question!”

I tried to tell a story, one that I had heard Mr. Redwell give in a lecture with great effect, and the

moment I began, "There was once a little boy," they shouted an urgent request that I should cease talking about myself. The Home Secretary scribbled two words on a slip of paper, which was handed up to me. I read and sat down.

Eleanor said on the way home that nothing could be effected without practice, and she expressed a guarded opinion that I might improve. She liked best of all the clean-shaven Home Secretary; admired his appearance. Later she remarked that, apart from pupils, there was nothing now to keep her at Forest Hill, and pupils, she thought, she could find anywhere; youngsters were always growing up, and hopeful mothers were ever desirous that their children should make the money that Arabella Goddard earned, the fees which Madame Patey gained.

"Why not come and live near to us?" suggested Sarah.

"I might," she replied.

"You'd see more of me," I remarked.

"Oh, well," said Eleanor, "every place has some drawback."

I could not dismiss from my memory her remark concerning the Home Secretary, and for several mornings rose earlier than usual to have a prolonged examination of my features in the mirror. Father caught me at this, and said something which I suppose he considered appropriate from Proverbs. I had intended to consult him, but this determined me to take action on my own account. I waited until pay day.

An eventful pay day it proved to be, and, in one respect, lucky. My first holidays loomed in the far distance, but I had already begun to think about them and to consider the least possible sum on which a week could be undertaken; the very smallest figure made me

groan, and I could see ambitious schemes reduced to the level of young Lane's. Mr. Ferris, the second clerk, having found himself cornered, owing to an act of recklessness in taking a cab home one night to Lewisham, had organised a shilling raffle for his watch as an alternative from handing it over to a pawnbroker's in Newgate Street. I owned a watch, but so many clerks of his acquaintance took a share that I economised lunch for a week and bought a ticket. On the pay night, after seven, an interested crowd of young men looked in. Two silk hats were placed high with cards bearing names in one; in the other blanks and a card marked "WATCH." A lad from the outfitter's, above suspicion because he had no interest, was called in, when Mr. Ferris announced that the thirty-five shillings had been paid, to draw the cards.

"Mr. Goodall," cried the boy. "A blank."

"Bother!" said the unsuccessful one, and went.

"Mr. Winthrop. A blank."

"Dash!" cried Mr. Winthrop.

"Mr. Radham. A blank."

"Cuss!" said Radham.

"Mr. Blades. A blank."

"Properly speaking," remarked the senior clerk, "this is illegal. It's against the law. Hurry up and let me have my topper. I want to be off."

"Mr. Wickhams," cried the outfitter's boy. "Watch!"

Mr. Ferris repurchased the article from me for twenty-two shillings, and I went out with that enormous sum in my pocket, ignoring suggestions of the others to the effect that it was usual on such occasions for the winner to offer libations to fortune and stand drinks round. I had a matter of greater importance to deal with, one requiring courage and coolness.

"You won't know me in the morning," I said to Lane.

It must have been about eight o'clock when I reached the Passage; a March night. I had glanced at my reflection in every shop window on the way up from Finsbury Pavement. Daniel Haddaway was coming away, and with a "There you are then, Joe!" was going on, but I stopped and engaged him in conversation.

"Notice anything about me?"

"No," he said. "Can't say as I do, Joe. Ain't you feeling well?"

Madam Marsh and Henrietta stood at their door, woollen shawls over mouths to keep out the cold. They asked me to step inside, and I agreed willingly, for one felt one could trust to their powers of observation; they did not, in a general way, miss anything of importance.

"I must have a talk to your father," said Madam Marsh, after I had thrown out several hints concerning the subject in my mind.

"About my appearance?"

"Bless the lad, no," she replied. "I mean about his temper. He's sent one daughter off; he'll send off the other if he isn't careful."

I placed myself in a good light.

"Can't make it out," went on Madam. "We used to be great friends; now he looks at me as if he didn't want to look at me. Going to stay and have some supper, Joe?"

"I want to see my people," I answered curtly.

My father nodded to me, and went out with a parcel under his arm. I offered to deliver it for him if the distance was not too far: he said, in more gracious tones than usual, that the walk would do him good; I could go upstairs and have a long talk with the girls. Then I found in tears; it seemed that Ruth's weekly task of making peace had not been successful, and

Sarah was declaring that the time would certainly come when she would have to announce that she could stand it no longer.

"All very well for you, Joe," she remarked, borrowing my handkerchief. "You're away all day. I wish Mary——"

I told them of my triumph in regard to the raffle, and they cheered at once. Young Ruth said there was such a thing as luck, and she did not doubt for a moment that this meant luck had decided to take my side. Recommending that the oil-lamp should be turned up, and sitting at the table, I passed my hand over my face and coughed.

"You ought to wear a scarf these cold nights," said Ruth.

"I must buy him one for his birthday," remarked Sarah. "Let's see, what is your date, Joe? When people ask me I always forget whether you're sixteen or seventeen."

"Make it seventeen," I answered. "I feel quite seventeen. To-night especially. Who was asking?"

"Guess!"

I blushed. I blushed, but there was nothing extraordinary in that, for at the period I reddened at mention of the name of any lady, sometimes at the mere thought of one. More than once the name of the Princess of Wales had sent all the blood to my cheeks; I should have exhibited equal signs if Boadicea had been referred to. The perturbation and agony of mind that came with this confusing exhibition of colour made me always pray for a swift and sudden death.

"Heard from her this evening," remarked Sarah. "She sent her love to you."

"Who did?"

"Oh, don't pretend."

"Do you mean Eleanor?"

I had a mind to go out to discover other friends better gifted in attention to detail, but I had taken off my boots. I said good-night in rather a sharp way, and pecked at my sisters ungraciously. Young Ruth put her arms around my neck and begged me to give her a Surrey shave; an operation which consisted in rubbing my chin into her face.

"Sarah!" she cried.

"What now?"

"Joe," she proclaimed amusedly, "Joe has been to the barber's."

I took my candle and went to the door.

"Began to think," I said, "that nobody was going to notice it."

"He's quite the politician now," I heard little Ruth say.

The Parliamentary Debating Society finished its meetings at the end of March, and affairs of the world during the summer months were left in other hands. Public questions were very well, possessing a certain importance, but they could not hope to compete in the long and fine evenings with a sport like cricket, Highbury way, especially when one had gained a reputation for left-handed slows. All the same it seemed necessary to keep up one's interest in current events in order to avoid tripping in debate during another session. I (careless of my figure) kept a stout notebook wherein I recorded facts, arguments, and gibes which occurred to me, gratified to feel that I was creating a perfect arsenal, a complete armoury, dexterous selection from which would perhaps take me to the front benches if only as Under-Secretary. Thus, the dynamite explosions of June at Scotland Yard and at the Junior Carlton Club

engaged my attention, and Robert Spencer, not generally a youth who gave concern to imperial events, agreed that the matter was becoming serious; he said if a theatre were touched he should have to begin to take action. Suspicion became directed on anyone carrying a black bag, and a tramcar one night cleared at the corner of East Road because a mild, blameless youth stepped in, carrying a ticking American clock under his dust coat. I went down several times to look at the Houses of Parliament, so that one might be able to say one remembered them as they existed before they were blown into the air. Constables patrolled around the important public buildings; merchandise traffic for our clients was delayed because of the close and searching Customs examination at the port of entry. I think I enjoyed it; one had the sensation of being near to the making of history.

"Well," said Robert, "I've told you. I've told you, and now it's for you to say what you're going to do about it."

"Don't set much particular count on dreams."

"They have come true before now," asserted Robert. "One night I dreamt I was going to meet someone I knew, and a week or so afterwards I ran up against a chap from home, a chap I hadn't seen since I was a lad."

"How about consulting Dibley?"

"Leave it to you," he said.

Dibley of the City police agreed with me that we were living in stirring times, and said his fears were mainly for the Bank of England. Dibley, on his beat one quiet evening when the City had emptied itself, saw a man with the appearance of speaking with an Irish accent suddenly stop, place a tin canister near to the London Institution, and walk sharply on towards Liver-

pool Street Station. With two separate duties before him—one to run and arrest the miscreant, the other to take up the canister and hurl it into the gardens, where it might explode harmlessly—my friend Dibley hesitated; when he had decided to secure his man, that person had disappeared. With a message of farewell to a lady whose mother looked after a set of offices in Dowgate Hill, Dibley advanced to the steps of the Institution. He told me that the picture of the scene in the illustrated papers of the following week came plainly before his eyes.

“As it turned out,” mentioned Dibley, “no lives were actually lost over the affair. But why in the world, when a man finds himself in possession of a tin of lobster that’s gone a bit wrong, he shouldn’t simply fling it into the dust hole, is more than I can imagine. Unless it’s done to upset those whose duty it is to carry out the law.”

Dibley, coming to the question submitted to him, told me, as friend to friend and not as official to private individual, that his opinion of Scotland Yard was not considerable, and that, undoubtedly, if Robert and I went there and stated our case, the authorities would simply laugh at us. On the other hand, there was nothing to prevent us from giving an eye on our own account; and certainly, if we were to succeed in nabbing our man, public esteem would be ours—providing, of course, that we could stop Scotland Yard from taking all the credit. Dibley had observed, and we might have observed, that a cloakroom man at Charing Cross—

“Very well,” said Dibley, with a manner borrowed from Aldermen in the Justices’ Room at the Mansion House, “you do as you think fit. If it comes off, mention my name; if it doesn’t, don’t!”

Robert felt sure the man in the dream told him it

was to happen on a Thursday night; of the theatre he had no doubt whatever. Robert carried with him a portrait, and declared that if anything happened to her, he could never, never forgive himself. There seemed to have been no indication concerning the hour, a grievous omission; but Robert said, truly enough, that we could but go there straight from office, and wait until the men came up with the dynamite. Then we were to throw ourselves upon them with a cry of "You villains, how dare you!" and shout an appeal for help.

At ten o'clock I proposed we should go home. Robert answered that the worst might happen at any moment, that he had his latch-key, and that if I cared to miss the opportunity of a lifetime I could do so; he sympathised with the fear I had for my parent, and regretted he had not chosen for companion a fully-grown man. This decided; I said that I certainly should not be the first to leave. We walked up and down from end to end of Wych Street; resting sometimes in doorways of the old houses, gazing now and again through the dusty shop windows and inspecting the amazing contents. The boy at the clothier's in Newcastle Street recognised us, and informing us that he closed his establishment at eleven, advised us to pinch what we wanted before that hour, thus escaping the charge of burglariously entering. People came out of the theatre doors, and the lights were extinguished. Robert pointed to a man in the shadow of a deep doorway, and asked me triumphantly whether I was now prepared to express a disbelief in omens.

"He's watching us," said Robert excitedly. "Don't let him see that we're watching him. Keep your nerve, Joe. Something's going to happen. Look at me; I'm as cool as a cucumber."

Two policemen came down the narrow street; we stepped out in order to beg of them to stand by. The suspicious man, however, reached them first, and the three came to meet us, talking in undertones. The suspicious man introduced himself, and remarking that we had been loitering there, to his knowledge, for some time, gave us, as a plain clothes detective, a formal guarantee to take us along to Bow Street unless we bunked off in something less than no time.

"Joseph," said my father the following morning. I was not in the best of tempers, for I had incautiously told Lane of the projected expedition; Lane had told Mr. Ferris, and I could not think of a good and satisfactory account to be given at office of the night's proceedings. One could enjoy a laugh at the expense of others; it did not follow that one relished a joke to one's own debit. "I went to bed early last night. What time did you come in?"

"About the usual time, father."

We had had breakfast at a good hour; Sarah was seated at the easel in her room, doing an hour's work before the shop opened.

"About the usual time, eh?"

"Or a little earlier," I said. "Can't be quite sure. I wound my watch, but I—I didn't look at it."

"Sarah waited up for you?"

"Yes, father. I'm just going down now to clean your boots for you."

"Never mind about my boots for the moment. Call your sister. Wait a bit; I'll call her myself."

Sarah came, a pencil in her hand and smoothing the print over-all which she wore. My father ordered her into the room with a jerk of the head.

"How much past ten was it that Joseph here came in last night?"

Sarah glanced at me, and, remembering previous trouble, said that it was something past that hour.

"You thought I was asleep, my lad," he said, keeping his voice steady, and turning to me. "I can tell you what you've probably forgotten, and that is that you went to bed without saying your prayers."

"It was so late."

"Ah! So you didn't come in quite at your usual hour. May I ask what you were doing?"

"You can ask," answering sulkily, "but I shan't answer."

"Shan't," he said, "is a nice expression for a boy of your age to use towards his only remaining parent. What do you imagine your poor mother would think if she were here?"

"She wouldn't tell you."

He walked twice around the room before he spoke again. I knew I had said a thing which would hurt; I meant it to hurt; knew that in less than a minute, whether he retorted or not, I should be feeling deeply ashamed of myself for having said it.

"Let's look at this," he said, "fairly and squarely in the face. Let's try to consider it without losing our tempers. You and Sarah are rowing in the same boat, and I'm trying to steer, and you both won't let me."

Sarah came to my side, and, fixing her pencil over her ear, took my arm.

"Are you going to go on always ignoring me," he demanded, raising his voice, "or are you going to realise that I'm in charge? Do I find you in bread and butter or do I not? Answer me that."

"I've reckoned it out," I retorted, with equal warmth, "and, so far as I can see, me and Sarah just about keep ourselves. We pay in very nearly everything we earn,

and we don't get anything like so much as others do for luxuries and enjoyment."

He repeated these two words. "All you think about," he declared emphatically. "You haven't a thought for anything else but them two things. When I was your age I was very different from you."

I was about to make the obvious reply when Sarah interposed. Sarah said here was a matter which need not be decided in a hurry; would father agree to an armistice of twenty-four hours? The following morning, perhaps, everything would seem different.

"You may be right," answered my father, gripping his hands, "but I don't think you are. Understand, both of you, that it doesn't finish here. You've been playing up for it for some time, and a change has got to be made."

Small events govern our lives, and I am sure one would have made that night a penitent apology if one had not during the day become the target for all the ridicule the office could command. Hitherto, in light moments, George the porter had been the object; the harsh treatment supposed to be administered to him by a diminutive wife had just sufficient foundation for the building up a series of gaily invented stories; it appeared likely I was to take his place. Mr. Blades had met Robert on the way to office, and Robert had insanely told the truth. Even Mr. Pattison condescended to join in the sport, and blowing out a paper bag which had contained his eleven o'clock snack, exploded it, and all, affecting great fear, ran out to the door with an appeal to me to capture the villain. Young Lane disbursed money that he could ill afford to waste on some small gunpowder caps which, flung on the floor, snapped a report. Mr. Ferris slipped a ledger from a shelf, and declared that, but for the presence of Wickhams, he should have feared his end had come. George the porter never tired of the sport

of dropping the twenty-eight pound weight belonging to the scales and shouting, "Ketch him. 'Old him!"

The firm, before leaving at his hour, came to me with serious countenance, and apologising for interrupting my work of entering on cart-bills, thanked me for services rendered to the country, and said that he should now know what it was to experience a good sound night's rest. The office laughed in what I thought a sycophantic manner.

I left office without a word, and on the way up City Road talked the matter over to myself heatedly. In the dark part, just before reaching the blaze of light at High Street, I met Mr. Redwell. Mr. Redwell always wore a look of content, and this I had considered good and sensible and encouraging: to-night it seemed to irritate me.

"The very man," he cried. "Nothing could have happened better."

"I'm in a hurry."

"So am I," he said cheerfully. "Always am. We are the people who do things in this world. What have you been up to lately?"

I looked at him apprehensively.

"Let's walk along Duncan Terrace," he said.

What was it I was hearing about you? Six wickets for thirty-two runs? Capital, capital. Keep up that average in other matters, and you'll do well."

"If I find myself on a ground that suits me——"

"Knew there was something else I wanted to speak about. Your father called on me this evening. I don't know quite how far one is entitled to interfere," he went on, in a puzzled way. "Wish I did. Still one ought to do something when asked. What I want you to remember is, that you'll go through life and you'll make plenty of acquaintances and you'll make many friends.

You're just the sort of lad to do so. But you'll never, my boy, never have more than one father. Forgive me. I'll turn back here."

I was not altogether blinded with annoyance, for I could see that his counsel was well meant; could perceive it was good. But for some reason, more conspicuously stood the fact that, in one way and another, people were showing an attention to my affairs at a time when I felt perfectly capable of managing them myself. I deeply resented their interference. Consequently, when I reached the Passage and perceived my father talking to Daniel at the doorway, and Daniel stopped and went in directly, and my father waved his hand to welcome me, I determined to take up an injured, haughty, slightly supercilious attitude.

"What in the world——" began Madam Marsh, coming out five minutes later as we were in warm dispute with each other. "Upon my word, Mr. Wickhams, I can understand most men, but bothered if I can understand you."

"Only asked you to do so once."

"Well, then," begged the stout lady impatiently, "do for goodness sake ask me again. If I'd thought——"

"Too late now," replied my father. "Go inside, please, and mind your own business."

"You want someone to mind yours. If I was your son and daughter," she declared wrathfully, "I'd pack up and leave you."

"They're quite at liberty so to do."

In ordinary circumstances, the interposition of Madam, or of any third person, would have reconciled my father and myself; the circumstances were not ordinary.

"If Joe was a man——" said Henrietta, over her aunt's shoulders. I flared round.

"Do I understand, father," (I would have given much to be able to control my voice), "that I'm at liberty to live away from home?"

"You can go now," he said.

We were perfectly calm after this. Father came upstairs with me and helped me to fold my clothes; gave me a carpet-bag which had been in the family since he himself had left home; urged me to accept the more complete of the two combs; offered me choice of his razors. He said that one of my pairs of boots wanted soleing and heeling; he would have this seen to, and I could either call for them or he would send them on to me when I settled down. The two volumes of the *Bible Christian Miscellany* went into the bag. He pulled at the mahogany chest of drawers, and, considering for a moment, said there was one of my mother at the age of twelve, another at nineteen, a third taken by Glanville of Dorking not long before she left us, and I could take either the first or the last. Sarah cried, and told me that she too would be going soon; Eleanor had found some rooms in Markham Square, Chelsea, one of which, with an effort of imagination, might be called a studio.

"What about Ruth?" I asked.

"She's the difficulty," admitted Sarah. "I'll go along to her school to-morrow if I can find time. And I'll call on Mary in Canonbury Square, and tell her all the dreadful things that have happened."

"Ruth could come to me for the ends of weeks," I said importantly. "She could have my room, and I could sleep downstairs somewhere."

"How would it be," suggested Sarah, after a pause, "to go to father and say——"

"No," I interrupted. "No prodigal son business for me. Besides, I'm in the right."

I went at about nine o'clock. I had found the

address of Miss Nodes, and Daniel Haddaway said it would be all on his way (which was but partially true), and that he would carry my bag for me. To the remark that it was heavy, Daniel, lifting said, on the contrary, it had but the weight of a feather. I looked in at next door and said my farewells as though about to seek fortune in a distant land; Madam denounced herself as a clumsy woman, and one always to be relied upon for putting her foot into trouble.

"I'll move along," said Daniel, shouldering the bag. "I'll go on. I'll cut through Gerrard Street at the back. You follow when you've said 'ta ta' to the gov'nor. Your brother at Peckham," he went on, "your sister Mary at Canonbury, your sister Sarah going to live down near the river, the baby at school, you off, and me and the gov'nor 'ere; we are a-distributing of ourselves."

I could have gone in a fierce blaze of temper, in a fury of reproaches, and have felt I was playing a magnificent part. To have been able to say that I was shaking the dust from my shoes, leaving the old homestead never to return, breaking away from my people and the friends of my youth for all time—these would have proved fine, heroic sentences calculated to keep head back and chin out. But when father, wiping his hands carefully on the green-baize apron, came with me to the door of the shop, where Sarah was putting up the shutters, and spoke with a gentleness that had not always been in his voice, one could say nothing.

"Let's hope 'tis all for the best, Joe," he said. "I daresay—I daresay it's been mainly my fault."

I wanted to contradict, but the words would not come.

"Don't let's keep far apart from each other," he went on. "You'll be just as much my son in the future as

you have been in the past. Be a good lad, won't you? Remember to say your prayers every night and every morning." He paused. "Don't fancy there's anything else," he said, "excepting that—— Joe," he cried, "you're not so much of a man that you're ashamed to give your father a kiss, are you?"

CHAPTER XIII

THE change in the situation furnished advantages. I had money in my pocket. I possessed a latch-key. Excepting that Agnes, the maid, her hair screwed up in bits of linen, and wearing a disproportionate bustle, would cry swiftly, when I went out in the morning, "Mind my clean steps 'ome at ten past 'leven last night I'm surprised you dirty them that's all," I had the gay and spacious feeling that I was my own master. If the reflection of a fire showed in the sky, no matter the quarter, I could go in search of it (my estimate of the distance in such a case always proved too modest). I could show a certain amount of gallantry without having to regard the hour. A very tall, precise young woman one night asked me, as I was turning into Shepherdess Walk, the way to Finsbury Park, and, eager for company, I offered to conduct her some of the distance. She said she could not think of giving me so much trouble, and this decided the matter. I walked by her side up City Road, assuring myself that I was on the edge of agreeable romance, and taking about three strides to two of hers, skipping now and again to get into unison. At the Angel corner I had some foolhardy idea of asking her to take refreshment; the fear of being seen by certain of my acquaintances, and of not being seen by others of my acquaintances, supported by the general spirit of economy, induced me to postpone the suggestion, and when I glanced at her in the light of Upper Street,

I found she wore a blue ribbon. I also noticed that whereas I had been correct in judging her tall, my assumption that she must therefore be beautiful, proved inexact. I think I never met a lady who restricted herself so carefully to inconsequent platitudes. Liking walking (at Highbury Station she rejected my proposal that she should take an omnibus, and told me I need come no further; I said that, having made up my mind to see her to her home, I would see her to her home), she gave it as a daring expression of opinion that exercise did one good. On the other hand, she could not speak in favour of gallivanting about; from her point of view there was no place like home. She went on to say that marriage without love was a mockery, and that the scarcity of accidents with tram-cars was, to her, a constant source of surprise. She had not been to the Health Exhibition, and would not go, even though forty thousand people sent to her urgent invitations; Moody and Sankey had, she thought, done more good than harm. Trotting beside her up the long, long Holloway Road, I introduced the subject of Spofforth's bowling and she replied that she had no sympathy with girls who expended all their money on clothes. We went the whole length of Seven Sisters Road. She asked to what denomination or sect I belonged, and when I told her, she informed me she had once nearly gained a prize at a Spelling Bee; she considered a good schooling of great assistance in after life, and said she always took two lumps to one cup of tea. At the corner of a new road, a mile and a half beyond, she announced that I could now turn back; she hoped I had not far to go; congratulated herself on the fact that she would just reach her mother's house before the rain began to pour down.

"If it comes on," said the tall young woman, leaving

me, "take my advice, and turn up the collar of your jacket. Thanks for coming part the way."

News from home I received through Mary. Mary drove up one Sunday afternoon, to the astonishment of Shepherdess Walk and the proud delight of Miss Nodes, in a smart trap, with her husband watching closely the management of the reins and giving instructions. Mary jumped down, and the front door being opened by the maid, ran up to me in a manner suggesting about one-half of the age with which I had hitherto credited her. She made my bed, and, seated upon it, blamed herself for being the first to leave home, for not having discovered my address earlier, for assuming that everybody was as happy as she herself had been. I asked why she wore black, and Mary explained. Mr. Yardley possessed a large number of relatives all comfortably off, not to say cosily situated, and these had developed a habit of going out of life quietly in their sleep, leaving to Mary's husband sensible amounts resembling for the most part the extent of five hundred pounds.

"So of course," remarked my eldest sister, smoothing her panier, "one has to show a certain—— What have you had to eat to-day, Joe? Oh, my dear boy, this won't do. You're moping. Give your hair a brush, or bring the comb and let me do it, and we'll give you a drive round before we fill you up with a nice dinner. I'd take you home, only—am I tugging?—only my husband made me promise we shouldn't invite relations on either side. How would Hampstead suit you? Or say Greenwich? Or Richmond?"

Young Ruth, it appeared, had decided to give her spare days to father. We both paused and looked hard at the wall for a few moments; I admitted I ought to have remained with father and helped him to meet his troubles. Sarah had already left, and Mary remarked

that the arrangement to share rooms with Eleanor would perhaps serve until one or both found good opportunity for marriage. Sarah, said Mary, brushing my bowler hat for me, was the clever one of the family; no getting away from that.

"I've been lucky," she declared. "Ruth, if she lives long enough, will do very well for herself. David's broken his wings. But Sarah's the one who's going to make a name."

"What about me?"

"Oh," said Mary, "you're a jogger. You'll go on all right, and—one never knows—you may some day get helped, and then very likely you'll begin to gallop. You'll never run away with yourself as David did. Let me look at your finger-nails. You'll do," she announced, quite in her old way. "Come along."

I decided on Richmond because it sounded more regal and luxurious than the others, and Mr. Yardley ("Pleased to see you, Joe. You've grown") commanded me to sit at the back and hold tight. Agnes came down the steps, and under the pretence of adjusting the rug in front, fingered the material of my sister's skirt, and was, I suppose, able to furnish information to Miss Nodes, and to give estimate in regard to the cost per yard. Miss Nodes herself, having fixed on a bonnet, came out and assured Mary she remembered her as well as anything, bowed to Mr. Yardley, and, looking at the impatient chestnut, expressed a hope that he knew how to manage horses. Mary, bending down, asked her whether I caused much trouble, and Miss Nodes assured her that no one ever knew for certain whether I was in the house or not.

"Bless his heart," added Miss Nodes, with an affectionate nod in my direction, "I wouldn't be without him for worlds." And this amazed me, for in the weeks I

had been in her house the only animated conversation Miss Nodes and I had had concerned the quality and real value of a four-shilling piece.

Yardley might be eccentric in regard to restricting the number of visitors at Canonbury Square, but I could make no complaint of his treatment of me that evening. I had sipped at domestic luxury down at Forest Hill; here was luxury of another kind, in a large hotel looking down on the river, and a round table near the window in a room full of people without a care or a worry; if there existed a wrinkle on the foreheads of some vivacious ladies of middle age, they had taken pains to conceal it. Mary decided I was a young Prince visiting the place and anxious that my position should not be made known, and I think she carried the joke to its limit, for at the dessert waiters consulted in a corner, and when one found an illustrated journal, we heard our waiter contending that pictures in the newspapers were not to be trusted. We went out afterwards and walked along the side of the river, watching the boats and enjoying the singing of happy girls. Yardley's powers of conversation had not greatly increased, but he listened to Mary, and if occasionally he missed some casual remark of hers, it had to be repeated. The day for me would have been perfect if, in a desire to brag, I had not declared my preference for a fairly full cigar.

I wrote out an application for an increase of wages the following morning, and gave the office a but slightly exaggerated account of the diversion. Mr. Ferris, as a man about town, knew the hotel and had once taken a plain and simple tea there. He told us the cost, and added emphatically, "Never again!"

Ambition thus re-aroused by the knowledge of what money could buy, I spoke to Lane in a luncheon hour. He told me he doubted whether anything short of a fatal

accident would remove the seniors, and even in that case there was the chance that someone might be imported into the office. He himself could not afford to take any risks, but one more securely placed might well have a dash for it and try his luck in some larger and more generous firm. Lane urged me to cheer up and think of my holidays.

"I'm always thinking of them," I said.

"Make your plans," he recommended. "Find out the trains and look up the guide books. Take an interest in yourself."

My imagination went for so many trips that I began to fear whether the reality would give me any satisfaction. I was to have a week in the later part of September, and my collection of railway and steamboat hand-bills soon became unrivalled. Looking them through in my room, I found myself outside the Gare du Nord in Paris, hailing a carriage and directing the driver to convey me to an hotel in the rue Croix des petits Champs. Arriving there, "Pardon," I said, in the French language, "I rest here two weeks. Are the streets damp? Are these terms inclusive? Good, bring me some sugared water."

Imagination, still taking me by the hand, led me up the avenue from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe; together we went through the wood and found the boat at Suresnes; on the way back to the Concorde bridge I jumped overboard near Auteuil. The lady proved to be a countess who, dried, was able to introduce me into the best Parisian society. It was at once an advantage and a drawback in trusting to an active imagination, that something of this unlikely and exceedingly romantic nature always happened. Once in Switzerland, being with a party of six ladies, mostly Americans, I, by cutting the rope or not cutting the

rope (not sure which) saved the entire party, and this gave rise to a confusing and delicate state of affairs, for the enormously wealthy father of each lady called at my hotel, insisting that I should marry his daughter, providing only that I visited Minneapolis once in every three years. On another occasion, after gleaning some hand-bills from Ludgate Circus, I encountered an adventure in Norway with a princess which came near to producing the biggest European war since eighteen seventy. I found it difficult to make choice of places, and had to call in the assistance of Robert Spencer.

Robert also had to be summoned on another occasion. He was generally burdened with the task of committing recitations to memory, and he had some grisly scheme of learning the whole of *As You Like It*, so that when I invited his counsel, I had to repay him by listening to the latest consignment warehoused in his brain. Agnes, the maid, liked this, and on showing him up to my room, would beg him to give her a call when he started, that she might come and sit on the stairs. Robert's taste for the drama came in usefully when my friend Mr. Pye, in winter months Home Secretary of the Ministry in charge of affairs in our Local Parliament, called round at Moorgate Street, silk hat at back of head, short jacket flying.

"If you can help me," Mr. Pye announced breathlessly, "I'll do anything I can for you. It's only a Cinderella, and it's to be kept highly select. People are coming from Blackheath, Streatham, Chelsea, everywhere. Carriage folk some of them."

"What do you want me to do?"

"All the tickets have been sold. It's a fancy-dress affair. My young lady and her four sisters are coming, and I wouldn't have it be a failure for untold gold. If it's a fiasco, I shall never hear the last of it."

"But what——"

"I'm telling you," he cried, "only you won't listen. Come yourself, bring one friend, two friends, three friends; only mind! They must be gentlemen. I'll pay for your tickets, but they must be gentlemen."

"I can't waltz."

"I suppose you can learn," he remarked, with acidity. "Fail me, and you need never ask me to do you a favour."

Robert informed me that he could just dance, and that was about all, but his friend Radham might fairly be termed a dabster at the game. The prospect allured Robert, partly because of its cheapness, partly because he thought there was certain to be food of sorts, partly because he considered it likely it might lead to larks. Radham, being consulted, showed like enthusiasm, and decided on the costumes we should borrow from the Wellington Street firm which supplied the wants at dramatic performances; he reserved the room in Pentonville Hill for our rehearsals. I wrote to Sarah, mentioning that my society engagements were becoming rather a nuisance, and quoted a case in point. It annoyed me, momentarily, to receive a card saying that, oddly enough, she and Eleanor had taken tickets for the same affair, at the request of one of Eleanor's mature pupils. Robert did not mind, but I foresaw that the presence of a sister would interfere with anything like rollicking enjoyment.

Radham's dexterity was such that he could dance as a lady, and we had evenings of strenuous practice with counting; the issuing of orders at the beginning of each figure of the quadrille and the lancers; the equally difficult appreciation of the two-step waltz and the three-step waltz; the whole enlivened by Radham's unladylike comments on our want of grace and excess of clumsiness. On the night preceding the affair at

Thornhill Hall, he remarked with approval on the comparative agility and skill exhibited by elephants. At office on the day, owing to excitement, I made one or two errors, and Mr. Blades said, severely, that if I could not bring myself to realise that twenty-five francs went to the pound, he would have to look about and find someone possessing intelligence. To a question concerning my application for an increase, Mr. Blades answered that no harm would be done if it were allowed to stand over for a while. I hung up business cares with my office jacket and ran home. Agnes said of me, in helping me into my overcoat, that I reminded her of Barnet Fair, and begged me to avoid trouble with the police.

Hopes entertained by Radham and Robert that the evening would be something coming under the designation of a razzle-dazzle, or a jamboree, were dashed when we emerged from the cloak-room and stepped into the hall. We had seen pictures of fancy-dress dances, we had read of them, we had through various channels heard of them. Looking around, I saw several monks wearing an appropriate air of gloom and a costume obviously made from elderly ulsters; the circumstance that so many had selected the character had apparently persuaded them already of their unwisdom in giving patronage, and they adopted the sulky attitude of men who could dance but were not disposed on this occasion to do so. The selectness of the party could not be doubted. Ladies seated on the rout seats against the wall inspected us with a slightly surprised gaze, then turned away, giving a curt sniff, and made a new endeavour to hide ankles.

"At last!" cried my Leadenhall Street friend, bouncing forward in the character of a harlequin. "Began to think you were never coming. What do

you think of my get up? My young lady seems disposed to think that—— These your friends? Take one of these cards, will you? Wickhams," he added, privately and earnestly, "it's going slow. I rely on you and your chums to brighten us."

Sarah and Eleanor had not arrived, and, looking at the cold hall and its chilly occupants, I shivered.

"My fiancée." The harlequin introduced me. "And her sisters. Now get your programme filled."

I selected the least melancholy of the sisters, and in walking around she asked me what I was supposed to represent; and expressing surprise, said she would never have guessed. I mentioned that there appeared to be but few revellers present; she answered that, as one of the Committee, she could say that the best had been done to keep out the tag, rag, and bobtail. The dance for which the three violins were tuning up was number four; the others had been played, but no one had danced them, "And I, for my part," said the lady, with firmness, "am most certainly not going to be the one to begin." I mentioned that someone would have to make a start; conceding this, she nevertheless repeated the decision already given. Robert had chosen a large-eyed lady, representing Autumn, and the two daringly took up position for the coming quadrilles; but finding that no one offered to face them, Autumn announced that she refused to make herself a laughing-stock, and impetuously left Robert. Autumn proved to be Eleanor's pupil (being, it appeared, anxious to discover the truth or inexactitude of a lady friend's statement; the lady friend had declared that Autumn never had been able to sing, could not sing, and never would be able to sing), and she went forward when Sarah and Eleanor appeared.

"My young brother is here somewhere."

"Joe!" cried Eleanor.

If anything had been needed to increase the grimness of the other lady guests, the appearance of Eleanor and my sister would have sufficed. I suppose Sarah knew all about that sort of thing; one cannot describe their dresses; they appeared simple, and one knew they were not really simple. I had missed seeing Eleanor for a few months, and had given few thoughts to her; now, as I took her hand, I gasped.

"You look," with deliberation, "simply beautiful."

"Best notice I've had for a long time," she remarked cheerfully. "The first dance with you, Joe."

Mr. Pye looked shocked when we laughed; as we started, the ladies fluttered their fans and exchanged a raising of eyebrows. Half-way through the evening he came to me, and, putting his wand down, offered me a cigarette to smoke just outside the doorway, and said exultantly that he knew from the first it would be all right; what an affair of the kind required was a kick-off, and that apparently we had managed to give.

"Don't you care for that one?" he asked anxiously. "Try another."

"Thanks," I said; "I'd rather get back, if you don't mind."

"She looks like a very charming girl."

"She is a charming girl," I declared.

I considered it an error of taste on the part of Radham to sing in the square dances after the interval, and his display of affection towards Eleanor—placing his hand over his heart, sending eyes to the ceiling, and so forth—betrayed the fact that he lacked refinement. I admit he created amusement among the injudicious, but there are certain rules which govern behaviour, and my contention was that they ought to be observed. If one did not feel prepared to abide by them, one could stay away. I mentioned this to Eleanor, and asked permission

to substitute my initials for Radham's against Number Nineteen on her card. She said I was foolish (which, for some reason, gratified me); that she could not act on my suggestion; but, as compromise, she and Sarah would take their leave before that dance was reached. I offered to see them to their home; Eleanor answered that a four-wheeler had been ordered. I asked eagerly and earnestly what she was doing on the following evening, and when for reply she tapped my knuckles with her fan, I went up near to heaven, from which altitude I could forgive everybody—even Radham.

The ladies who had been icebergs in the early part of the evening declared, with shining, flushed countenances, as we said good-night, that this must be considered the first of a series. The large-eyed pupil of Eleanor's told me that I did so bring to mind someone she knew once who had emigrated to New Zealand; not perhaps so much in features as in expression; she could tell me no more now, but one day I should be permitted to know all. She gave me in parting a scarlet gladiolus, and advised me to sleep with it under my pillow for the better chance of dreaming of her.

"We're both of us busy," said my sister Sarah. "But never too busy, Joe, to see you. We expected to have seen you before this."

"Waiting for an invitation," I said.

"Been to see father?"

"I haven't."

"His father," said Eleanor, "has perhaps omitted to send him a card."

"Don't *you* turn on me."

"I shall," she declared, "if you don't do what you ought to do. You're shy and you're awkward, but that's no excuse for neglecting your own people." Sarah stepped into the cab.

"You wouldn't call me shy," in a whisper, looking straight at her lips, "if I did what I want to do now."

"I might call you awkward."

I ought to have returned to see Robert and his friend, but I managed to get my overcoat and hat and slip away without re-entering the noisy, cheerful hall. My overcoat nearly covered my costume, and I did not think I should attract observation. I went through Copenhagen Street, and, knowing the way quite well, lost the way; pulling myself up when some women standing at their doorways pointed out to each other that I was dancing. I found Upper Street, crossed it, and in the quieter roads composed lines that seemed to me to have the true ring of poetry—Eleanor, Eleanor, star of my life; Eleanor, shall I e'er call thee—I had to stop and hold a railing. Going on, I found myself still dizzy and confused; people lurching home unsteadily complained that I did not keep out of their way, and urged me to get the Vestry Authorities to lay down a special pavement for my exclusive use.

"I know what it is," I cried joyfully, "I'm in love! In love at last."

The servant came up as I entered, demanding in a whisper how I had enjoyed myself; the number of dances; what the floor had been like. I answered so absently that she jumped to a conclusion and insisted on lighting my way up the stairs with a candle, urging me to take a good tight grip of the banisters, and entreating me not to start singing.

"Gently," she said, following. "One more step and you're at the first landing; that's right. You'll get up to your room safe enough in course of time."

"Agnes——"

"Yes, yes. I know," interrupted the girl soothingly. "I've had to deal with your sort in my time. The

one before you—— Can you see? Don't go reckoning the stairs twice, mind; that's where he used to come to grief. I know quite well how it is. You get out with a merry party of friends and you lose count. That's what you do, you lose count. You know your limit right enough—now turn careful; soon be there—but you overstep it, and it isn't until you find yourself out in the fresh air that you discover how much you've had.”

“Agnes,” I said, “nothing stronger than claret-cup and half a glass of lemonade——”

“You'd find,” said the little person maternally, “that if you'd only choose one sort, and stick to it, you'd be able to mop up quite a lot without feeling any great ill-effects after. Good-night! Be sure to take your boots off. I'll bring you up a cup of strong tea first thing in the morning.”

My friend Mr. Pye from Leadenhall Street called at office to express his indebtedness, adding that there happened to be a vacancy at his place worth fifty pounds a year. I wrote out my resignation, thanking the Moorgate Street firm for its kindness, and expressing my regret at the serious inconvenience which would ensue consequent on my departure.

CHAPTER XIV

"YOU 'ave been a time tittivating yourself," remarked Agnes. I had come downstairs one evening after devoting an hour or so to brushing my clothes and selecting the best out of a stock of four neckties. "'Ere's a letter for you, come by post. Who's that new photo supposed to represent up in your room?"

"That, Agnes," I said, "is an eminent lady singer."

"Needn't get so red over it," remarked the girl. "She was round the corner when good looks was being served out."

"She has a beautiful, a most beautiful face, Agnes."

"It's all right," said the girl comfortingly. "Keep your hair on. I was only getting at you. You've got a pimple coming the side of your nose."

"Does it show?" I asked alarmedly.

The letter was from young Ruth. Dated from her school, it said, "Dear brother Joe. If you can manage it, do call and see father. I want to see you too. Love and kisses." It seemed to me that the request was a superfluity, for I had made up my mind to go to the Passage that evening; knowing the visit should have been made earlier, I assured myself good and sufficient reasons existed for the delay. I would not admit for a moment any sort of nervousness in seeing my father again after a long interval, or that I shirked the risk of finding myself even for a few minutes again under parental command. It had been several times

decided that I would call there on the night before taking my holidays, in order that one might appear as a young gentleman on the edge of perfect liberty; in going over the scene mentally, it appeared flawless; my exit was particularly effective.

I walked Islington way with Eleanor flitting in and out of my thoughts; interposed the knowledge that one was going, not as one had intended, in a blaze of self-importance, but oppressed with greyness and craving sympathy. True, Leadenhall Street had proved magnificent and lordly with a large, spacious method, differing considerably from that of Moorgate Street. Something like a hundred and fifty clerks were engaged at the long, busy, mahogany brass-railed desks; we lunched on the premises, most of us wore silk hats, and all had a right to be called "Mister." In Leadenhall Street conversation never concerned itself with comparison of pawnbrokers; we did not lend and borrow ninepences; we paid small attention to the result of two thirty races. Some of us resided in aristocratic neighbourhoods such as Surbiton, and when I left at six of an evening, I took care to glance at the clock and say, "Shall just catch my train, and that's about all."

But Leadenhall Street had in one respect bitterly disappointed me. I left the old office just before the time came for taking my holidays; we parted on good terms, the firm shaking hands, wishing me well, and mentioning that he had nineteen applications for the vacancy created by my departure. Speaking of the matter on the first day to my friend Mr. Pye, he advised me not to begin by making myself a nuisance. This startled me. On making cautious inquiries amongst my neighbours, they assured me the proposal that a clerk in his first year of office should claim a vacation struck them as being so *much* opposed to the laws governing the shipping world

and high commerce generally, as to be evidence of a disordered mind; they gave me strong and urgent counsel to abide carefully by the rules, and when I said I should most certainly see about it, they edged their stools away from the dangerous iconoclast. I wrote early in November a respectful application; it came back from some important room with a word written across the corner—"No." This I took (and apparently rightly took) to be a refusal. But for the thought of Eleanor and the necessity of working hard to reach the level of Eleanor, I—such was the impetuosity of my temper—would have flung down the key of my desk and disappeared. As it was, I contented myself by declaring it a jolly shame, and this comforting phrase was now repeated to myself several times on the way to the Passage.

"He's busy," said the young woman in the shop defensively. There were no customers in the shop, and articles on the counter looked dusty. She went back to her reading. "Better call again."

Question repeated.

"What name?" she asked languidly. "No, no, that's his; what I want is yours. Oh, reelly! I didn't know he'd got a son."

She rose and yawned. Placing her book opened downwards, she mentioned that if there was one thing which gave her greater annoyance than another, it was when reading to stand the chance of losing the place; the time she had wasted in such instances in the endeavour to find where she had left off, was so great that she could only leave it to my speculation. She asked me whether I had read the paper-covered book called *The Stratagem of Lady Petronilla*, and strongly recommended it to my attention as an eye-opener, one that gave a good idea of the manner of carrying-on adopted by the upper classes, reinforcing preconceived ideas and showing clearly that

folk possessing titles were no better than they should be. I had to remind her that my desire was not so much to get her views on contemporary literature as to see my father. She opened the door grudgingly, and the old familiar scent of printer's ink and gas, the noise of machines, came out to me.

"Well, I *am* glad to see you, Joe," cried my father heartily. "Daniel here was talking about you not a couple of hours since."

"Nothing so very particular onusual in that," growled Daniel. "How are you? Can't shake hands, but I can say how are you."

"We're working a bit short," explained my father. "They've managed to frighten the other one away, but they haven't succeeded yet in frightening off our customers."

"Would if they could," said Daniel. "Joe, how are you, once more? Come round here so that the light can fall on you. I've said to the governor over and over again, 'He'll call all right; don't you worry. He's probably got his hands full like the rest of us.' What time do you knock off work, Joe? My argument was that you got so dead tired at the end of the day that you felt fit for nothing more than crawling 'ome to bed. Wasn't far wrong neither, I lay. How are you?"

"How'd it be," asked my father, "to stop, Daniel, for the evening?"

"You can; I'll finish the job I'm on."

I took off my coat and rolled back shirt sleeves; Daniel Haddaway remarked admiringly that he could well remember the time when flannel was good enough for me. I made my father sit down on the windsor chair, and, occupying myself with the Cropper machine on which he had been engaged, spoke of my grievance.

"These things," said my father, "are all ordered for

our good. You've got your next year's holiday to look forward to now and save up for. I thought you might have found yourself hard up, and then I knew you'd call."

"I manage to rub along."

"Takes a bit of doing," remarked Daniel. "Domestic expenses——"

"Joe hasn't heard," remarked my father amusedly.

"Joe don't want to hear. What's the use of sharing troubles with other people? What is to be, will be."

I insisted on being furnished with the news, and father gave me the information.

"She suggested it," pleaded Daniel. "Nothing was further from my thoughts. It never occurred to me. But she pointed out that I was fond of the children, and I found after a while it was no use arguing."

"And are you married?" I asked.

"Not yet. Thanks be."

"You'll ask me to be best man."

"I don't want a fuss made," urged Daniel.

Father told me that whilst the printing work kept up to its standard, the receipts from the sale of stationery and so forth in the shop were falling off; this (here he closed the door) this he attributed to the manner adopted by the young woman engaged there. Very different from Sarah. Sarah had been up to see him on many occasions; twice she had brought Eleanor, and my father admitted that they had brightened him. What he looked forward to most of all was the homecoming of little Ruth every Friday evening. I wanted to mention Mary's name, but something in his eyes told me I had better not speak of her. Ruth was teaching now, if you please, teaching at the school; partly learning still, but partly teaching, and the cost of her education had been considerably reduced.

“She does want to see you, Joe.”

“Why shouldn’t I go and call on her?”

“Too much trouble,” remarked my father, with a touch of his early manner. “Perhaps you might, though. It won’t be greatly out of your way. Next time you look us up, stay to supper. We can always send out to the ham and beef shop in High Street. Good-natured of you, Joe,”—one felt ashamed on noting the real earnestness in his voice,—“to have given me a look in.”

Daniel walked along with me, and warned me not to accept my father’s deportment of that evening as a fair sample. At times, Daniel assured me, there was no getting a word out of him; at others he would flare up on small provocation. To any who did not know him, he might prove trying; to one acquainted with all he had to endure, forgiveness was easy. Daniel left me at the gates of the school, and urged me not to worry about the news concerning him and his landlady; every cloud had a silver lining and there might, after all, come a chance of backing out of it. But putting aside the consideration of personal affairs, if I could manage to make the effort and come up to see the governor again before long—

“It isn’t as though it meant a sea voyage,” urged Daniel.

At the Seminary for Young Ladies, an old-fashioned house in an entirely incongruous neighbourhood, the blinds were up in the large ground-floor room on the right-hand side of the doorway, and I could see a dozen girls at a long table bending over their work, the bare gas jets flaring above. Ruth—our baby—stood at the end of the table wearing the look of anxiety that should come to no woman on the young side of thirty. At first it diverted me; then I began to wonder whether it suited every plant to be in a hothouse with the temperature at 68; it seemed possible that some might

not be able to endure the forcing process. The servant said that Miss Wickhams—Miss Wickhams!—would be disengaged in three minutes.

I could not speak at first when the dear soul rushed to my arms, and when, after ten minutes, I took my leave, it was hard to remember any intelligible or lucid sentence that I had uttered. She looked such a little woman in skirts near to ankles; her hair had been dressed in a mature way; after the burst of surprise she collected herself and talked precisely, weighing words, shaping sentences. The girls were very good; she was now teaching some who a year previously had sat by her side, and they gave no signs, as they might excusably have done, of reproving her for rapid progress. Sometimes her head ached slightly, but it was nothing to speak of, and she took care not to speak of it, for the girl whose position she had taken had been sent off because of unwisely allowing indisposition to become a hobby. Ruth put her arms round my neck; I lifted her, and declared I could carry her now as easily as when she had been fearful of the crowded streets. In the hall, I was introduced to two hard-faced ladies; they acknowledged my bow, and remarked in duet that they detected but little resemblance between Ruth and myself, saying this in a general way, so that one might take it as signifying reproval, indifference, or incredulity.

Out in the main road a chocolate-coloured omnibus was making entreaty for fares; the driver, bending down, seconded the conductor's efforts, urging the conductor to take the unwilling by the scruff of their necks. The omnibus bore the address Sloane Square; I looked at my watch.

"Come on," bullied the conductor, "if you're coming. Sixpence all the way. You can't do it cheaper, if that's what you're thinking about."

Once up on the seats, I realised that I was about to do what I had many times contemplated, always changing my mind at the last moment. I was going to call on Eleanor, my Eleanor. Twice since the dance I had walked to King's Road, and reaching the Square, had been seized with a fit of nervousness; turning, had run swiftly. Letters had been written to her, fervent letters, letters mildly affectionate, letters which could be read by Sarah, and letters which erred on the side of stiff formality; these had been placed in envelopes, and I had gone so far as to address the envelopes. In my pocket-book was a stamp which had been placed on six envelopes and afterwards removed carefully; every trace of gum had vanished, and its next attempt at adhesion would have to be assisted by the office paste bottle. After all, the written word formed but a poor medium of communication; half a dozen swiftly uttered sentences would settle the matter. A man at the back asked me whether I remembered Cremorne in the old days, and the implication of age gratified me. The grown-up manner of little Ruth emphasised my own maturity. I told the shops in Sloane Street that a man ought not to treat life as a frolic; far better for him to take a wife and settle down. The conductor accepted my fare as I alighted, and mentioned that he could recommend, from personal experience, the public-house at the corner.

"Thought you was a teetotaler," remarked the conductor derisively, on receiving my answer, "that's why I mentioned it."

I still possessed in my room a useful Handbook of Etiquette, and certain pages I had studied with care. As I walked by the railings, and made several times the tour of the Square, these were considered. It appeared that a right-minded man went first to the parents of the lady, the father for choice, and said, "Sir, I have come to

crave from you a great favour. For months" (or years, as the case might be) "I have admired and revered your daughter." (An asterisk directed attention to a note at the foot of the page which recommended that in a case where the family included more than one daughter the name should be given.) "Recently I have learnt to adore her. Will you, if I can win her consent, give me this priceless treasure, to guard and to nourish and to love? Speak, I beg of you, for the suspense is more than I can bear." My Eleanor's parents were not alive, and this trying encounter one would, at any rate, be spared. In approaching the lady, preliminary instructions were to give care and attention to one's appearance; the costume should not be foppish, but should indicate recognition of the importance of the moment. You burst into an impassioned speech. You selected words, apparently, of four syllables. You emphasised your own unworthiness, ridiculing the idea that you were at the moment deserving of her regard, but hinting that in this respect an improvement might be expected. You admitted that it might well seem an impertinence on your part to thus address her, but a boundless love must be taken as excuse. Finally, "Will you be mine?"

I knew Eleanor well enough to feel certain that an heroic method of expression would but amuse her; on the other hand, one had to remember that these printed instructions had doubtless been followed by many, and surely in some cases with success. Much, of course, would have to depend on the environments. If one could induce Sarah to fetch her latest drawings, then time would be limited, and one would be able to say only—

"Eleanor, I love you! Ah, do not start; surely you must have guessed. From the first moment we met——"

Question to decide: Was a certain exaggeration permissible in these matters? Surely, yes. As a fact, at our first meeting I had taken but small notice of her; it had happened either whilst my affection for Miss Trentham was at white heat, or in the period following, when one had forsworn women.

"From the first moment we met, I have loved you with a love that never yet had equal."

Here again I noticed a tendency to over-statement, but here again, too, I assured myself that a lady on receiving a proposal made allowances; a discount, say, of something like twenty-five per cent. "Eleanor, tell me that my affection is reciprocated"—this was getting back to the style of the book—"is returned"—this sounded ambiguous—"is accepted, and that in return you can give me something of that deep, lasting, never-ending——"

There was a light in the front room, and from thence came sound of a pianoforte. Sarah's studio, I understood, was at the back; the playing did not appear very good, but I could scarcely claim to be a judge, and the thought that my Eleanor was there made me regret my ungracious criticism. I took another turn round the Square to get my opening sentence aright, and when I next came to the house the melody, so far as could be guessed, was a rendering of the more militant and ferocious bars of *The Battle of Prague*. It was to be hoped that, in her desire to obtain plenty of students, the dear girl was not throwing herself back to the rudiments of her art. Still, whatever she decided to do would be right. I looked up at the window, and kissed my hand in its direction; a scream of laughter from two servants peeping above the area coping sent me off.

"Oh, Reomeo, Reomeo!" the preposterous girls called after me.

I set my mouth, and turning, went to the front door and gave a long, repeated knock in accord with the importance of my visit. Gave the knock again, and stepping back, found that the light upstairs had gone. I pulled the three brass bells.

"Well?" said a motherly woman.

"I've called——"

"I noticed that. What you making all this row about?"

"I had no intention," apologetically, "of disturbing anyone. I'm very sorry."

"So'm I."

"I wish to see Miss Wickhams."

"Not in."

I brightened at the news. "Then will you please tell her friend—I heard her playing upstairs—that Miss Wickham's brother——"

"Did you think it was her?" asked the motherly woman, interested. "Did you reelly? Why, that's my little Alice. I said to Alice, 'The ladies are both out; you pop upstairs and run over one of your pieces. The piano isn't locked,' I says, 'Alice, for I hid the key only the day before yesterday.'"

A postman came up the steps and handed in a single card.

"And you do reelly think, then, that she's getting on nicely with her playing? I fancy so myself, but the lodgers complain. Lodgers complain about everything. Wonder which one this is for?"

"Are they likely to be home soon, please?"

"They've both gone to the theatre. Miss Wickhams had orders sent her through some newspaper she works for. I could have used 'em," added the woman, with asperity, "if I'd been asked. Wouldn't have been the first time I'd sat in the upper boxes and took off my

bonnet. What do you make of this? Wish you'd read it for me; my sight's getting so bad."

I complied. "Hope to meet you very soon. Been hard at work in the City. Have not forgotten our last dance together.—Yours, J."

"It isn't my sight that's wrong," confessed the woman. "Truth is, there was no Board Schools when I was young. You'd better leave your name and a message."

"My name is Wickhams," I said, "but I can't possibly leave the message I wished to deliver." I grew hot at the mere thought of entrusting my words to an intermediate person. "Say that I happened to be passing by, and please tell my sister I'll call again soon."

"Right," said the woman agreeably. "I'll tell her myself if I don't forget it. By the bye, you might oblige me. Just look and tell me who this card's addressed to. Ah, I thought so. She said she expected one. I've got to place it on her dressing-table."

The two servants remarked, as I stumbled past, that I had the air of one not feeling well. In King's Road I thought people gazed at me curiously, and when near Knightsbridge, in a mirror at the side of a draper's shop, I caught sight of the reflection of my features, I understood why they had given me their attention. With the money in my pocket to take an omnibus back to the Angel, or to the Bank, I nevertheless walked all the way, becoming annoyed when I ran into people and answering their protests with a good deal of fierceness. Walk as one would, dispute as one might, impossible to chase from mind the knowledge that someone had written to Eleanor, someone who had met her at a dance, someone engaged in business, someone who had the impudence to sign himself "Yours." To put up on the other side weak arguments was to knock them down without the least

trouble. Why should not Eleanor go to dances? She came to one at Thornhill Hall; she had a right to go to others. Answer: she could go to dances certainly, but not without a male companion, and the male companion should have been myself. Why should Eleanor not receive written communications from a gentleman? Answer: no gentleman worthy of the name would pester a lady with undesirable notes; the fact that a postcard had been used stamped the man as a worthless and economical cad. Why should not Eleanor have friends other than myself? Answer: because something had been intimated (and being unsaid should have been considered the more binding) on the occasion when we had said good-bye. Were all girls like Eleanor? Did all play a double game? Were all two-faced? Answer: this did not concern me in the least degree, for henceforth I had finished with the entire sex. Miss Nones and Agnes, as necessary to domestic comfort, could be tolerated; for the rest——

“They think they can play fast and loose with me,” I cried, in crossing City Road, “but they can’t. And if they can, they shan’t. I’m too sharp for that.”

Miss Nones had been receiving friends, who had taken their leave, and she begged me to come downstairs and finish up some home-made elderberry wine which had been in bottle for some months; a present from a sister in the country; it appeared the company had passed some painful criticisms. I told Miss Nones I felt much too miserable to taste, as it were, the dregs of jollity, adding desperately that I did not care whether or not I lived to see the morning. My landlady, greatly perturbed, begged me not to take on, but to gain comfort by thinking of those worse off than myself. I said that such it was not possible to discover. One of the visitors, it appeared, knew a lady who now acted as

dresser to Miss Trentham, and Miss Nodes had some bright and interesting scandal which, she declared, she could not keep to herself, if it were ever so. I went downstairs and tasted the beverage; it had the flavour of superior blacking, and I said, dejectedly, that perhaps it had been laid down too long.

"And the management said," ended Miss Nodes, with relish, "that if she couldn't keep on good terms with her fellow-performers, they'd tear up the contract. Mr. Wickham, whatever is the matter? Surely it can't be the wine? Your face is all white and moist and——"

"Miss Nodes," helplessly, "don't ask me. Don't trouble about me. I'm not long for this world. Perhaps I shall be happier in the next."

"I won't hear you say such dreadful things."

"I went out of this house to-night at something before seven—Agnes can tell you the same, if you doubt my word—a bright-hearted lad without a care. I come back to it a broken-down man who will never be seen to smile again."

"You're thinking of Queen someone or other," suggested my landlady. "Forget the exact particulars, but I knew it all once."

"Miss Nodes," holding my head with both hands, "a girl has played me false."

"Fancy!"

"She has played me false, and so certain as I sit here,"—Miss Nodes shivered as I struck the table,— "I'll never look on the face of woman again."

"Don't upset the glasses, Mr. Wickhams; they're easier broke than mended. And what do you mean by saying you'll never—— Get some sense about you. Living in the world as you do, and mixing in society as you have to, you can't be off from it."

"At least there's one that I desire never to see again."

"That reduces the number."

"And I hope," pulling at my collar, "that some day she'll live to regret it. That's the worst I wish her. Good-night, Miss Nodes."

"Good-night, sir," responded my landlady, with briskness, "and don't forget that married life isn't all it pretends to be, and that there's many a married man who under a smiling face conceals an aching heart, and wishes himself single and back in comfortable lodgings again. Remember that, Mr. Wickhams, and shut your window in case the girl forgot to do so."

I went down to Leadenhall Street the next morning, determined to prove to everybody, by strict inattention to business, what a wreck the incident had made of me. Five minutes after entering I found myself caught up by a whirl of excitement; one of our steamers had run aground in the Suez Canal, and something large had to be done to remedy the disastrous situation. There was this about Leadenhall Street, that one had an interest in all parts of a world which consisted partly of land and partly of water. In regard to a detail I submitted a suggestion to Mr. Pye; Mr. Pye took it to the manager; the manager took it to the directors. A message came from the board-room saying that they were obliged to Mr. Wickhams for the useful reminder. Mr. Pye congratulated me.

I decided to keep my head. When of an evening, or at luncheon times, or in men's rooms, ecstatic remarks were made concerning girls, I declined to express any opinion. I reconsidered my determination to burn Eleanor's photograph, but about this time I began to smoke a pipe. It was a patent, and I bought it mainly because it was called *The Bachelor's Best Friend*.

CHAPTER XV

ACQUIRING the trick of finding fault with the world, I decided that one of the great blunders consisted in giving a youth his keenest and widest appetite at a time when his income is naturally small. Robert Spencer reminded me that he had pointed the circumstance out a year or two previously, but I was not inclined to be baulked in this way of the honours of discovery. I could only manage to keep disbursement within the limits of income by watching every penny, and when fellow-clerks who lived with their own people, and had the whole of their salary for pocket-money, complained that once you broke into a sovereign it seemed to disappear, I remarked lightly that money was made for circulation, and that, for my part, I found hansom cabs ran away with a deuce of a lot. I had to travel far to make wise and satisfactory purchases. The best place for ham was found at a corner shop in Bow Street; a shop near the Whitefield Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road the most excellent for scones. Somehow, I contrived to save up and buy a dress-suit of my own; this enabled me to drop the Moorgate Street people. After that I was free to accept invitations to the comfortable homes of some of my colleagues; I heard from one in confidence that most of my popularity was due to the fact that I did not sing. My hardest and most trying time came in January and February, in which months three birthdays came close together. Sarah

wrote more than once asking what Markham Square had done, and I replied that a multitude of other engagements prevented me from fixing a date for my visit. In her latest note information had come that Eleanor proposed to give a concert in the Banqueting Room of St. James's Hall, and Sarah hoped I should be able to dispose, amongst my numerous acquaintances (words underlined), of some tickets. This promised to be an opportunity for showing an indifference which one did not feel, a magnanimity distant by thousands of miles from one's nature. I had serious thoughts of ceasing to ask Heaven to bless Eleanor, but the appeal (like that for my political party) had come into the lilt and rhythm of prayers.

We were thrown out in the Parliamentary Debating Society over the question of Irish land, and we came in again when Gordon was slain at Khartoum. During the interval some members of our party, unwilling to take the trouble of opposition, and annoyed at losing their ministerial berths, resigned, and took up the violin or joined Choral Societies.

"Wickhams," said my friend Pye, after the voting on the Egyptian question, "this means a great thing for you."

The place buzzed with excitement, and Pye, usually a calm man, had to rub his face with his handkerchief. Our men shouted, "Resign, resign, resign," until affections of the throat supervened. The Prime Minister announced that he would take the earliest opportunity of consulting the members of his party. If, as it certainly appeared, the present Ministry no longer possessed the confidence of the House, then, at the next weekly meeting, they would relinquish office.

"Some of us are going to meet presently at a friend's house," went on Pye, endeavouring to control his excite-

ment. "In Lonsdale Square, Number ninety-four. You won't be asked."

"Don't expect to be asked."

"But," lowering his voice, "I shall propose you, old chum, for an important position. I may say a very important position. There will be vacancies, and vacancies that must be filled by capable men. Follow us round there," he ordered, "at a respectful distance. Wait outside. We may be consulting for an hour and a half; it may be for a couple of hours; may be for longer. These matters are not so easy as winking. But I shall do my best for you, and the moment they've decided about you, I won't come out of the house, but I'll strike a match and light my pipe. If they decide against you, I'll throw one match out of the window; if they decide in your favour, I'll throw out two."

As Minister for Foreign Affairs I found the knowledge compulsorily obtained in Leadenhall Street of the greatest use. Cards were sent for one important debate to my father and to Daniel, and their faces I observed lengthening in the gallery as a clever fellow on the other side of the house made a fierce reply to a slightly pompous speech which I had delivered. Whilst speaking, the thought came to me suddenly that if Eleanor had been a wiser girl she might have been revisiting the gallery, looking down upon me as I stood at the ministerial desks; the thought disturbed the thread of argument, and a small blunder occurred, to which the man opposite was giving bulky proportions. Suddenly he hesitated, going on rapidly to another point of the subject. I leaned forward.

"Where is Burmah?" I inquired.

"The right honourable gentleman who for some mysterious reason has been entrusted with the direction of Foreign Affairs asks, in his ignorance, a question.

The answer is within the knowledge of the youngest member present. Such questions should be addressed to the boys in the first standard in any Board School. As I was saying when the interruption came, we are dealing with a friendly power——”

“You spoke of Burmah,” I insisted. “Where is it? Describe its position on the map.”

The Opposition shouted “Orderorder”; our side screamed, “Answerim, answerim!” Mr. Blenkinsop rapped with his hammer, and a member cried, “Going, going, gone.” This annoyed Mr. Blenkinsop. He rose, and obtaining silence, said that a civil question had been asked; there could be no objection to a civil answer being given.

“Sir,” said the man opposite, “it is no province of mine to teach geography.”

“I want to find out whether you have ever learnt it.”

“Very well, then. Burmah, as I take it, is an independent country, contiguous to Afghanistan——”

“Wrong!” roared voices.

“And bordering India on the north side above the Himalayas. Eh? What’s that? Well, all I can say is, it ought to.” And sat down. Rising, he added sulkily that he was not one of those who professed to know everything, and on being asked by the Speaker whether he had concluded his speech, answered in the affirmative, mentioning that a good deal of water would run under the bridges ere he took the trouble to again address the House.

Of the occasions when I myself met discomfiture, and especially of the time when I used a Latin quotation, of the many evenings when I foolishly lost my temper and my head, I prefer not to speak. And although when walking home one generally had a feeling of perturbation,

owing to something which one might have said but had not said, or something which one had said but should not have said, they were fine, important, gorgeous evenings, and I had no reason to envy the members at Westminster. Once, in a spirit of generosity, I obtained an order and paid a visit to St. Stephen's; the sport there appeared to me nothing better than mediocre. I whispered to my neighbour that it appeared to me that all were for a party and none were for the State.

I spoke to Miss Nodes after taking thought about a project of mine. She called out at once—

“Agines!”

The girl came up to assist in our deliberations, and Miss Nodes, touched by the importance of the scheme, suggested that the conference should take place in her front room; she recommended me to give my boots an extra rub on the mat.

“Don't see how it can be done,” remarked Agnes. “You'd be worked off your feet, miss. Likely as not it might bring on your asmer.”

“Let's think it over,” urged Miss Nodes. “Polly,” to the speechless parrot, “what do you say?”

“Think it over by all means,” said the girl, “but do remember how them stairs take it out of you. Once up and once down, and you know as well as I do you haven't got the breath to say ‘Hullo’ to the bird. Think of yourself, miss, and don't you trouble so much about other people.”

“Agines,” said Miss Nodes impartially, “it's true my breath isn't what it was, isn't what it ought to be. But if Mr. Wickhams here has set his heart on doing it, it's my duty as a friend and as a landlady to assist to the utmost. I'm sure Polly over there agrees.”

“Don't blame me afterwards.”

“The difficulty I foresee,” I remarked, “and one, Miss

Nodes, that I'm afraid you won't be able to get over, is—where are they to leave their hats and coats?"

"What's the matter with this room?"

"Does he propose to invite females, miss?"

"I need scarcely say," I remarked, "that it is to be a man's party, wholly and exclusively a man's party. I did think of asking my sisters, but if I had asked my sisters, I should have had to ask someone else. That," definitely, "that I decided not to do."

"What's he think he's going to feed 'em on, Miss Nodes? Hay and storr, or what?"

"I don't want to force my views on anyone," said Miss Nodes, pinching her under-lip, "but I should say—speaking of course as a mere outsider——"

"We can't manage without your help," I assured her.

"What I would venture to suggest would be ham sandwiches, cut fairly thick, and handed round."

"Who's going to cut 'em?" demanded Agnes.

"If Mr. Wickhams will allow me——"

"Miss Nodes," I cried, "I believe this first party of mine is going to be a great success."

"In regard to beverages," said my landlady, "I could send a line to my sister in the country——"

"We don't want to give them anything heady," I remarked.

"How does he propose to entertain 'em, Miss Nodes?"

"By conversation," I answered. "Conversation, pure and simple."

"Means it to be a giddy evening," commented the girl. "'Tisn't often he entertains, but when he does, my word——"

"Mr. Wickhams," exclaimed Miss Nodes suddenly, "pray don't think I'm interfering, but why not invite Mr. Clarke?"

"He has nothing to say."

"That's the beauty of him. He won't interfere with the flow of reason and the feast of soul in the least possible degree. He'll just sit quiet as a mouse and never so much as open his mouth. Ask him, and you can shift your bed into his room at the back of you, and there you are."

"Who's going to find time to do all this," demanded Agnes, "with the other 'ouse work waiting to be tackled?"

Agnes said the next morning that she hoped I understood why she had taken up the position of advocate on the other side; I assured her I appreciated her tact, and begged her, by constant opposition, to keep alive the enthusiasm of Miss Nodes.

I had not thought there would be so much anxiety in exercising hospitality. Men on whom I counted replied that they had previous engagements; one or two, hearing that invitations were being sent out, demanded to know whether I had the intention of omitting them; if so, they would be glad to know the reason. Every night came dreams of disaster. The fire would not burn, and my guests had to send downstairs for their overcoats. The fire did burn, and the chimney declined to convey the smoke upwards. The fire blazed, and my guests had to make their escape with the aid of knotted sheets. I stood waiting for them to arrive, and suddenly remembered that I had quoted in my notes an incorrect date. Men who had declined found themselves free, and the room was crammed to suffocation. I fell ill on the day of the party; typhus or scarlet fever. Some relative of my landlady's went further, and nothing was permitted to interfere with the due regard to mourning. My father called when the party was at the top note of intellectual discourse and denounced us all. In one of my dreams

the house fell down, thus marring an otherwise successful evening.

Although the night was Friday, Agnes took her hair out of the tight linen knots ; to do honour to the occasion, she borrowed a cap from some relative in service at a house where head-gear was insisted upon. Miss Nodes wore her black silk and a cameo brooch of the Duke of Wellington ; announced her determination to keep in the background, but said there existed just a chance that some gentleman might catch a glimpse of her, and she desired above all things that they should not go away and talk. (In the result it appeared that Miss Nodes followed Agnes up after each knock, and smiled a welcome from ambush to the guests.) Agnes's air of importance on flinging open my door and announcing each arrival was something not easy to describe ; no man was allowed to enter until she had thoroughly mastered all the particulars, and I overheard her compelling some to spell their names.

"Here's another of 'em," said Agnes, as she permitted one to enter. "Mr. Lewis. How many does that make? We're getting on."

Mr. Lewis informed me he was still in the Market, but for a week had been playing in *Blue-eyed Susan*. Mr. Blades remarked that William was a good part, what there was of it ; the Admiral was not so dusty ; he had once been offered in an amateur show the part of Captain Crosstree, and had refused it. Lewis said he thought himself justified in stating that he carried the piece through on his own shoulders ; a stage hand of some experience, in accepting refreshment, remarked that he, in his memory, could not recall such acting. Pressed by Daniel for particulars (Daniel in spirits, because his landlady had consented to postpone the ceremony of marriage for two months), Lewis informed

us that he was understudy for the miser, but that, no opportunity occurring to play this, he had done his best with the part of one of the two Marines standing in charge of witnesses in the court-martial act.

"It's a start," remarked Lewis modestly. "And I had a very good reception the first night. Four of my aunts were there with their gloves off. Do you go in for it?" turning suddenly.

"Mr. Clarke," I said, answering for the quiet man from the back room, "is not one of those who thrust themselves before the public. The public will have to discover for themselves Mr. Clarke's worth."

"You're my sort, sir," remarked Daniel, edging over to my neighbour.

"Reticence," said Mr. Pye sagely, "can be carried to a too great extent."

It seemed that Pye had said the last word on this particular subject, for we sat and looked hard at the pattern of the carpet, trying with no success to discover further light. I handed round the cigars; only two shillings' worth, but the tobacconist had given me a box labelled "The Marlborough House Brand"; my tobacco pouch went on a journey.

"It has often appeared to me," I said, resting an elbow on the mantelpiece, "that what is called success is, after all, a somewhat shallow thing; greatly over-estimated by most of us, and not really worth the trouble which its pursuit entails."

My guests examined once more the pattern of the carpet. A few lent and borrowed matches. Dibley, in uniform a constable of assurance, appeared in mufti to be the shyest of all.

"Think so?" inquired Daniel.

"I certainly think so," I answered.

Horrid fear chilled me from top to toe. My party

was going to be a failure; a stodgy, miserable failure. A melancholy morass of an evening, to be remembered by all as the dulllest experience ever encountered. None of my dreams had suggested this heart-breaking silence; it had not occurred to me that there would be any difficulty in making my guests engage in brilliant conversation. Mr. Pye, on whom one reckoned as principal firework, moved in his easy-chair and began to hum.

"Anything in the evening papers?" I asked desperately.

"Haven't seen one," replied Robert Spencer.

"Forgot to look," said his two friends.

"Had no time," remarked Mr. Blades.

"Sure to be something," said Mr. Pye.

"I saw the placards," remarked Dibley, "but I didn't notice them particular."

"It's a licker," declared David, "how in the world they find anything to print. Day after day I mean."

We reached the end of this blind alley, and my knees trembled. I must have looked at Daniel with an imploring air; he inspected earnestly the bowl of his pipe.

"Setting round in a half-circle like this," said Daniel, with an elaborate air of reminiscence, "reminds me of a good yarn. One of the best yarns I ever come across, I think."

I gave Daniel encouragement. If we could not have conversation or debate on a high level, then perhaps anecdotes would have to take the place. The others turned inquiringly towards him.

"At the Christy Minstrels it was," he went on, chuckling at the thought. "I'd come up for the day, first week in November, with another chap, and I says to him, 'Bill, I says, 'you don't want to see no Cattle Show.'"

“What was the story, Daniel?”

“And Bill said, ‘No,’ he says, ‘I don’t know as I do. Now I am here,’ he says, ‘I want to go the pace. I want to see all there is to be seen. I want to be took somewheres where there’s life going on.’ So I took him off to Christy’s. You’ve all been to Christy’s?”

The party nodded.

“Very well, then. You know how they’re all there with black faces and frilled shirt fronts and so on and so forth, and the comic men are one at each end. For instance, you, sir—if you can follow what I mean—you might be the one playing bones; that gentleman over there might be the one playing tambourine.”

“The story, Daniel.”

“Laugh? Never laughed so much in all my born days. Bill didn’t. He didn’t laugh then, but going home in the train, when we were somewhere near Croydon, he suddenly burst out, and I thought he’d had a fit. I tell you, I felt uncommon glad Bill hadn’t seen the joke at the time.”

“What was the joke?” I repeated.

“Ah,” said Daniel, shaking his head regretfully, “there you have me. Another good yarn I ’eard once I did on a Oddfellows’ Fête day at Hayward’s Heath. You know Hayward’s Heath, Joe. You know it too, Dibley. Very well. I was standing outside a booth listening, and all at once the chap left off beating the drum, and the clown asked him a riddle.”

“How did it go?”

“No use asking me,” replied Daniel helplessly. “These things come in at one of my years and go out t’other.”

The tragic silence came again. Mr. Pye said I ought to keep my cigars in a dry place.

"Memory," I remarked, making one more essay, "memory often plays strange tricks. Too often it retains the unimportant and declines to concern itself with urgent matters."

One of Robert Spencer's friends, after the silence had lasted, as it seemed to me, for a period of hours, suggested I should give them a case in point. I retorted huffily that I was not prepared to quote a case in point, and went off to the corner of the room. Young Lewis and Mr. Blades conversed in an undertone, with apparently some idea that they were in a place of worship, and presently Lewis, raising his voice, announced that if the company cared to express a wish to hear his friend and himself run through a scene from *It's never too late to mend*, he and his friend were agreeable to do their best. The party made no sign, having, as it seemed, ceased to take interest in anything.

"Don't say no if you'd rather not," remarked young Lewis bitterly.

"I could stand it," said Daniel Haddaway.

"No," retorted young Lewis. "We wouldn't do it now, not if we were pressed."

I placed my hand against my forehead and groaned. Relief came from an unexpected corner.

"Beg to propose," said the quiet man from the back room. And stopped. I implored him to continue. "Well," he said, with a giant effort, "what about a game of half going out and then coming in and guessing what the others have thought of. Come on," rising from his chair. "Five of you go out on the landing and wait there till I holler out."

When Agnes came up with the sandwiches, Mr. Blades, blindfolded, caught her and was made to recognise his error by a severe box on the ear. Agnes said she did not care so much about herself, but if the

plates had gone over the cost would have been deducted from her month's wages. Mr. Blades apologised, expressing his deep regret; Agnes begged him not to make a song of it, and addressing the company, now standing about heated and delighted with boisterous children's games, asked who said ham sandwiches.

"I do!" said young Lewis.

"Don't take the biggest," counselled Agnes, presenting the dish. "Looks bad when you're out." She whispered to me. "Miss Nodes is waiting outside with the glasses and things."

I begged Miss Nodes to come in, but she said that were she to do so, she would drop them in a faint; and we agreed that, in these circumstances, she had better remain outside.

"How's the party going, Mr. Wickhams?"

"Like one o'clock."

"Thought it seemed to be slow at first. I wasn't listening, and yet I was listening, if you can understand that."

"It's going all right now, Miss Nodes, thank you."

"That's a blessing!" said Miss Nodes, with relief. "Never you mind about making a noise. If the neighbours speak I'll soon find an answer for them. You tell your friends to enjoy a hearty laugh. I've had a hearty laugh more than once in my time, and felt all the better for it."

The hilarity increased after I had handed tumblers around, and Mr. Pye, standing on the hearthrug, proposed my health. They tried to stop him, but they did not know his powers of oratory. He made us roar, he made us become serious, he made us cry; all the time enjoying himself, I am sure, greatly. What was friendship, asked Mr. Pye. Well, friendship was one of those subjects

which did not permit of public reference. To talk of friendship was oftentimes to destroy it. Did we destroy that which we desired should live? In the language of the street, "Not for Joe." And the mention of that name, that honoured name, reminded him that he had a duty to perform. Ought one to call it duty when it gave one so much pleasure to perform? Undoubtedly, a duty could also be a delight; to perform a duty was not always to perform the obnoxious. What could he say of Joe Wickhams that was not already written in the thoughts of all present? In commercial life, if he might be allowed a passing reference to such a matter, his friend Wickhams was rapidly gaining esteem; an esteem which in the hearts of his friends he had always possessed. So here was to Joe Wickhams; long life to him. Dibley of the City police mentioned in a few words that if ever he should hear anyone so much as breathe a word against Joe Wickhams, he would run them in without a moment's hesitation.

One of Robert's friends cried openly, and I showed myself deeply touched by their applause. I said that if they would fill up again, I would give them my old friend, my dear old friend, friend of my youth, friend of my maturity, friend for ever; need I say that I referred to Robert Spencer. Robert gave "The Ladies"; young Lewis gave "One Lady in Particular," a toast to which I accorded a mere sip. Mr. Blades proposed "The Drama," and came to hot words with the quiet man from the back room over Mr. John Ryder. Daniel said it was time to be getting home, and suggested "Auld Lang Syne," and we joined hands, swung them up and down, roared the chorus to the ceiling, and said good-night. I threw upon them from the window the remnants of the ham sandwiches, and slept in the arm-chair.

Miss Nodes told me the next morning that she could

scarcely remember the time when she had been so near to being kissed. She also said that I looked like she did not know what. I had to admit that my head ached and imputed this to the noise.

"Say what you like," remarked Miss Nodes emphatically, "you cannot and never will in this world have your fling without paying for it!"

CHAPTER XVI

I SUPPOSE we were all finding interests in our respective quarters and position. It is certain that members of the Wickhams family saw little of each other. For my part, I had, at the moment, a rage for making new friends; it seemed to me that unless I hurried with this task the end of my life would find me unacquainted with a good half of the folk inhabiting the globe. Perhaps there was something of commerce about the procedure, for in the space of service at Leadenhall Street one had found the usefulness of what was there called having a chum at court, which meant the exercise of influence, and I wanted to get on. It was galling to be introduced occasionally as a brother of Miss Wickhams the black and white artist, but I had to submit to this without protest. Sarah, I knew, was making her way. I had called the Passage whenever I had anything new to show, and the increasing proportions of Henrietta, and the short, fleeting, attractive years of her life, made me feel that I too as her near contemporary was approaching a solid age. All the same, the birthday I still chose the coming birthday in the next.

"Wickhams," said a note at office, one day I studied the envelope for some time, and then where I had seen something like that the clerk next to me furnished the information that I should slice it open with a paper-

knife. "Dear Mr. Wickhams, Your sister tells me I am to write to you and ask whether you can dispose of any tickets amongst your numerous friends for my coming Concert. It has been delayed for some months for various reasons. I do not care to trouble you, but Sarah's success has made her dogmatic, and if I disobey I shall be allowed to come only once for marmalade at breakfast. I encourage myself by remembering what you, I am sure, have forgotten: that a long time ago you said complimentary words about my singing.

"I am not giving the Concert to make a profit, but old prejudices die hard, and I have no desire to lose over the transaction. My most ambitious pupils will assist me. I am saving for a special reason. I have settled down at present to teaching because I find that the theory of music is easier than its practice, and that my endeavour to oust conspicuous singers and take their place has not met with what the newspaper people call a lightning success. But this is more interesting to me than to you.

"Sarah takes the optimistic view that you have forgotten our address; we know that you called here some months since, because our landlady complained that, in the middle of a friendly chat, you suddenly took to your heels. Sarah sends her love, and I send my regards."

I penned a magnanimous letter. Eleanor could forward two pounds' worth of tickets, and I would do my best with them; if she wished me to act as steward, I was ready to do so. Eleanor wrote to say that a Mr. Jellicoe had promised to take charge of the seating arrangements. I took great pains to rehearse with care several attitudes to be taken up towards Jellicoe, deciding at last on one partaking of a blend of amusement and sympathy. Difficult to imagine how any girl possessed of artistic feelings could ever contemplate the adoption

of such a name; my knowledge of the world reminded me that in matters of taste one could not dictate to others. I foresaw that, if invited to the wedding and if requested to speak, one could make caustic play under the cloak of geniality; the trouble would be to do it all without suggesting jealousy.

I will say this for our fellows at Leadenhall Street, that they were ever ready to respond to any appeal made to them; all they desired to know in the present instance was, whether the girl could claim to be good-looking. The cards said "Evening Dress Optional"; we decided that we would take the trouble to give tone to the proceedings. Mr. Pye, remembering Eleanor, made a suggestion at the last moment, and a sixpenny whip round enabled me to make a purchase at a florist's in St. Swithin's Lane. Two of us possessed opera hats; and during the afternoon a messenger boy was kept busy with the task of running to and fro with silk hats to be revived and forced to take on the semblance of youth.

"I'd like to know," said one of my colleagues earnestly, as we went in the Regent Street entrance, "who that fine, smart-looking girl is, going up the staircase. I suppose no one can tell me."

"That," answered Pye, "is Wickhams's sister."

"Wickhams," they all cried. "Me first!"

There had been some idea, on the way to the hall, of forcing upon the evening an air of boisterousness; this proposal found itself cancelled when Sarah consented to accept the introductions. Pye, on the claim of old friendship, sat at one side; I took the chair at the other side; my colleagues gathered as near as was possible. Certainly, Sarah had improved. We were early in arriving, but when the small room became filled I could see with the aid of contrast that she was well dressed;

there was about her an agreeable suggestion of expense and good taste. Her management of the conversation showed tact, and a certain level of indifference that caused presently whispered discussion. Someone leaned forward and in an undertone made the suggestion on behalf of fellow-subscribers that the bouquet which I held should be diverted from its intended course. I said no. Certainly not. Knowing what I did of Sarah, I felt sure she would not appreciate the flowers; from what I knew of Eleanor, I felt sure that she would appreciate them.

"Please yourself!" they remarked disappointedly.

I remembered to inquire for Mr. Jellicoe, and found he was the white-bearded old gentleman who had conducted us to our seats; Eleanor's uncle, explained Sarah. A charming old man, with excellent manners but no money; now and again earning small amounts in the Chelsea studios, when incidents in the Old Testament were being painted, but looking to Eleanor to pay his rent. It gave me trouble, and it took some time to re-arrange my views. I had to change my mental picture of Jellicoe, whom one had hitherto seen clearly as a dashing youth with fair moustache and hair parted precisely in the centre. Two young women came from behind the screen and as two sets of parents applauded they sat at the grand pianoforte, took off rings, re-adjusted the music stool, had a fierce short whispered quarrel, and started. Eleanor had given to herself the second and the penultimate places on the programme.

"Don't pick those flowers to pieces, Joe," urged my sister. "Anyone would think *you* were going to sing."

"Has she altered, Sarah?"

"I see her so often."

"Does she—does she ever talk about me?"

"She used to."

I hesitated; then blurted out the question that oppressed my mind.

"Joe," laughed Sarah, fluttering her fan, "you always were an old-fashioned boy. Can't you see that we women who earn our own living have no inducement to become engaged?"

"Only asked just for the sake of asking."

"She will be amused when I tell her."

"You can tell her if you like," I said.

"She may ask me a similar question about you."

"She's not likely to take the trouble."

Sarah had invited young Ruth to come. Ruth had been to Markham Square at the ends of weeks, and a dear little soul Ruth was, to be sure. But Mary had met Ruth recently, and, taking everything into her own hands, first sent her Canonbury doctor to call, and on his report packed Ruth off to Cheltenham, where some relatives of Yardley resided.

"She'll soon pick up down there," I remarked. "If it can be managed, I'll take her away with me for my holidays."

"Doubt whether she'll let you do that. Mary's the only one she takes orders from."

"What she wants is rest and fresh air."

"Rest she won't take. The little blessing's obstinate."

"That," dismissing the subject, "runs in the family. We've all got a touch of it. Hence the reason why we're all so far apart from each other."

Some declared the finish of the duet to be in the nature of a dead-heat, others disagreed; one or two of our fellows expressed an opinion that it ought to be run off on some future occasion, when they themselves were not present. I placed the bouquet under my chair and took off my white gloves, that they might be preserved for coming events.

"I say!" I ejaculated.

"What?"

"Nothing, Sarah, nothing."

Eleanor looked to me taller, but that may have been an optical delusion; she seemed to be nearly a woman. After the first glance at her face I did not dare to look again, but kept my eyes on the silver buckles of her slippers; my programme slipped from my hand, and I could not make the endeavour to pick it up.

Mr. Pye told me afterwards it was a song of the kind popular that season. A song about a man and a maid, the man extremely shy, and the maid extravagantly pert, with the melody altering slightly for the third verse wherein the maid sent him with a merry jest about his business, recommending to his consideration Bath or Coventry. Pye said of it that it was tuneful and pleasant to the ear; as a picture of real life it seemed to him to lack the element of probability. I knew very little about it; comprehended but a note here and there of the entire concert—as, for instance, when a pupil tried for a high note and failed, or created greater astonishment by trying for a high note and succeeding. What I did know was that I found myself in love again; that she was my Eleanor; that I felt prepared to meet the impertinent writer of postcards, and peril my own life, if necessary, in the effort to destroy competition. Why had one given in at the first—

"Old man," said my colleague anxiously. "Wake up! Give her the bouquet now. Quick. She's just going off."

Sarah discovered the flowers, and with a push sent me in the direction of the platform. I had to call to her, and could think of nothing better than "Hi!"

"From you, Joe?" she asked, smiling down at me over the bouquet. The hall was applauding rapturously;

parents were making efforts to miss nothing of the gratifying scene. "From you yourself?"

I rejected temptation. "From a number of us, Eleanor," I replied. And added daringly, under my breath, "Dear."

She gave a non-committal bow to the front rows; the men said to each other that they wished they had made it a bob apiece whilst they were about it. The parents of the duettists who finished the programme cried "Hush!" in indignant tones.

After Mr. Jellicoe had been presented with three-and-six, I drove to Markham Square with them in a brougham which they had hired. Upstairs in Sarah's studio my sister very wisely left us alone for a few moments. I tried to send my memory back to the Book of Etiquette, Chapter Six, headed Courtship and Marriage.

"I'm disappointed in you, Joe," said the delightful girl. "Thought you were going to be my sweetheart."

"Oh, Eleanor," I cried, "if you only knew!"

"I used to write letters to myself, signed J., for the satisfaction of pretending that I had heard from you. And all the while someone else——"

"Eleanor," this time imperatively, "that I cannot permit. No one has ever taken your place; no one ever shall. You and only you——"

"Did the hall appear over-warmed?" asked Eleanor, in a matter-of-fact voice. I thought I saw here once more proof of the variability of women's moods. "One couldn't judge from the platform."

"Don't think Joe minds the heat." My sister had entered unobserved by me. "He appeared to be half asleep most of the time."

"I was not asleep," I declared, looking at my Eleanor. "But I might have been dreaming."

On a previous occasion, the distance from Markham

Square, S.W., to Shepherdess Walk, N.E., had seemed long and wearisome; that night I had scarcely left Sloane Square when I found myself crossing City Road. And yet moments of depression intervened wherein one saw Eleanor on the platform of the larger St. James's Hall, her portraits outside, eighteen separate and individual bouquets offered, to each a note marked "Private"; encores and recalls; all this a City clerk with a fringed collar and general aspect of something below mediocrity watched from the shilling gallery. I found encouragement in the gentle pressure which the back of her white hand had given to my lips when bidding her a reverential good-night; I tried to persuade myself that a girl did not stand at a front door on a chilly evening to wave a final good-bye as one turned the corner, unless she meant to convey a special message. To such a one, the world's triumphs could make no difference. I had read somewhere that in the breaking up of old friendships, nothing succeeds like success, but a flaw could be detected in this parallel. Ours was not friendship; ours was love.

"At the same time," I said, finding my latch-key, "I shall have to set too, now."

Miss Nodes must have had her suspicions aroused by the fact that notes came, intermittently at first, but later twice a week, all addressed in the same decided handwriting; the desire expressed by Agnes that she should be permitted to take my letters to the post, proved there had been long and thoughtful discussions below the curved iron bars of the basement. My landlady frequently changed the paper of my blotting pad, but the words written to Markham Square were too sacred for an impression of them to be given elsewhere.

"Who is it," at last demanded Agnes, "who on earth is it you know at Chelsea?"

"A sister lives there."

"Oh!" remarked Agnes, unconvinced. "Your own, may I ask?"

"My own sister."

"You do surprise me," said the girl, retiring with every sign of incredulity.

Miss Nodes began to engage me in conversation whenever opportunity occurred, on which occasion her talk was always of marital troubles amongst folk known to her—"Well I don't exactly know them, Mr. Wickhams, but I know of them"—and the Sunday paper she herself brought up to me after breakfast. It seemed that family discords and strange events centred themselves, for some reason, on Saturdays, for the *People* offered to Miss Nodes a fine hunting-ground; at times her bag was filled with game of different nature.

"There's no getting over the fact," said my landlady, with triumph, "even though you argue till you're purple in the face. You heard what I read. 'The prosecutor, whose head was covered with bandages, stated that in the whole course of his married life, he had never known what it was to have a quiet moment to himself.' Is that good enough for you?" demanded Miss Nodes warmly, "or do you want some more?"

"You might leave the paper," rather disturbed at the weight of evidence. "I'll look through it at my leisure."

"That's all very well," said Miss Nodes fractiously, "but likely enough you'll go and miss out the best bits. Read this case here. 'Before Mr. Justice Hannen. Fletchley *versus* Fletchley, Simmons, Baker, and Others.' Turns one's blood cold even to glance at it all. 'A decree was granted.' So I should think, indeed. But imagine, Mr. Wickhams, what it must be to be tied down——"

"This tea's rather weak."

"You'd find it weaker still if you were a married man with children sitting all round the table yelling out for food. Of course," ending with a sigh, "everybody's entitled to judge for themselves, but I can't see any catch in being nagged to death. You take my advice, Mr. Wickhams, and you be very, very careful. Look before you leap. Find out what's on the other side of the hedge. There's that Miss Trentham; you remember Miss Trentham."

One could not allow Miss Trentham a place in the mind.

"She's married her Mr. Kite. Married him at last. Now I ask you: what do you think their life will be like?"

I argued that Miss Trentham could not be taken as a just sample, as a fair specimen of her sex.

"Don't you be so sure," warned Miss Nodes, going. "There's plenty about pretending to be what they're not. You're a sensible young man, and you've got prospects. Prospects of your own, Mr. Wickhams. Why should you go out of your way to ruin all your chances?"

I remarked that I had no intention of doing so.

"And besides," returning to the table, "do you know what the expenses are; the extra expenses I mean? Are you aware how children wear out boots? Haven't you seen them yourself dragging along at the back of a van and nearly taking the very soles clean off? May I remind you that a wife expects to wear something when she goes out; and don't you ever notice how frequently the fashions change? Oh," said Miss Nodes, preparing again to leave, "it's all very well to sniff; I'm telling you the truth, and that's something nowadays that isn't very often heard."

Agnes, following at another period on the same

side, produced the record of a cousin Edward, formerly of Stean Street, Haggerston ("going along Downham Road, you cut right across Kingsland Road and it lands you right bang into it," said Agnes, assuming that I should take immediate steps to verify her statements)—formerly of Stean Street, now in an excellent prison on the right-hand side as you go up Caledonian Road, not so over and above far from the Cattle Market (turn down Market Street almost opposite, and go on a Friday afternoon if you want to pick up general bargains). Cousin Edward seemed to have greedily combined at least ten adventurous careers. Agnes frequently remarked on the singular coincidence that he should have been just about my height, just about my build; some people, leaving spectacles at home, might, had they seen us together, have taken us for brothers. Agnes's cousin, with every advantage the world could offer, with a milk-walk which was the envy of his district; able to afford an egg with his tea and a clean collar twice a week, started a downward career in the direction of grief by becoming mixed up with a female person and marrying her. This was Edward's jump off, so to speak, and everything that happened subsequently could be traced to the influence of the lady whom he had wedded. Agnes, like most inventors of plots of the kind, found herself compelled to make her hero appear a congenital idiot, and this reduced my interest in his life and accidents. In regard to crimes, Agnes showed a generous range; almost immediately after marriage cousin Edward set fire to the dairy in the mistaken hope that he would thus get a lump sum out of the insurance company; the day after that (for cousin Edward once on the go was, it appeared, no laggard) he half-killed a copper; two days after that he allowed himself to be run over by a Paragon omnibus, and spent

five weeks in a hospital. His wife came to meet him, bringing a change as he took his leave from the hospital, and what must she do——

“Shows you what women are,” remarked Agnes, pointedly.

But take him straight to a blind alley sort of a place turning out of Hoxton Street, and introduce him there to a small party of men and women engaged in giving the finishing and artistic touches to half-crowns made out of dishonestly acquired pewter pots. I think that it was only the disinclination to frighten herself, that induced Agnes to make her notorious relative stop short of murder; it may have been a desire that I should retain in my memory the picture of one resembling myself in so many details, detained for a period of years in a prison cell. Agnes devoted all her attention to the principal character, and this was, I suppose, why she sometimes spoke of the wife, creator of all the trouble, sometimes in the past tense, sometimes in the present; whatever discrepancies she might commit, her concluding sentence of each instalment remained the same.

“They say,” was Agnes’s mysterious closing phrase —“they say a wink’s as good as a nod to a blind ’orse.”

I suppose that if nothing else had betrayed me, the care which I began to exhibit in regard to my personal appearance would have aroused suspicion. I studied my features from the point of view of a contentious critic. Alarmed by a give-away, a small pamphlet handed to me one evening at the corner of Gracechurch Street, with a list headed, “You are Unwell. Why not Admit it?” I economised in regard to food and bought two most expensive bottles of medicine from some quack on the Surrey side of the river; he assured me the contents were quite harmless, and I was told later by a medical

friend of Yardley's, that here the herbalist had spoken truth; they certainly did not have the effect guaranteed on the labels, and the three unsightly pimples remained on my forehead until long after the last bottle containing the Sovereign Remedy had been thrown away. Their existence could sometimes be ignored or forgotten; at other moments they destroyed for me everything that resembled happiness. Hitherto Eleanor had made no reference to them; the moment was bound to come when she would observe the horrid disfigurement and make comment; there would remain for me then nothing but Hungerford Bridge and the Thames at high water.

There being no reason at all for secrecy we arranged our meetings with great artfulness and in a secret code. If Eleanor received a note which said that I should be seeing Bert at seven on Tuesday evening, she knew that at that hour she would find me at the Asia corner of the Albert Memorial; if in one of her dear letters the postscript said, "The battle of Waterloo was fought in 1815. Thursday" then a quarter past eight (generally earlier, and walking up and down for half an hour) found me at the equestrian statue near Hyde Park Corner. We avoided our own districts, because it was, we thought, of the first importance that we should not be seen by any acquaintances. Mr. Blades went by in Green Park reciting to himself and without noticing us; Eleanor declared we were becoming too venturesome. When I called at Markham Square we endeavoured to disarm Sarah's suspicions by adopting a brusque, curt, off-hand manner which would not have deceived a winter fly.

The elaborate precautions we took before exchanging farewells were those observed by conspirators engaged in tasks of a deadly nature. We were always

very happy, even when we looked at the future and found it full of melancholy; I experienced the gratification that martyrs know when I said it was too much to hope that this could go on for any great length of time; that joys like ours were terminable at a moment's notice, and Eleanor, for her part, felt herself occasionally able to prophesy that I should inevitably find some one else, and thereupon forget her; these individual moods never came together, and one spent hours in endeavouring to persuade the other to relinquish gloomy anticipations.

"But tell me, Joe," she would persist. "In what way am I different from hundreds, thousands, millions of other girls?"

I tried to describe her notable distinctions.

"That's all very well, Joe, dear, and it's good and sweet of you to say it. But it isn't true."

I declined in the most definite way to alter or amend any one of my statements.

"Nobody else thinks so but you."

I could not allow that this affected my argument. If the world failed to see Eleanor with my eyes, then I was willing to pity the world and give it my condolences, but I could scarcely be expected to change my views. Unless, of course, Eleanor were to command me to do so. What I wished her to understand was that I felt eager to obey her wishes; wishes large or wishes small.

"Tell you what I would like you to do. I wish you would stop calling me Eleanor. No, no, don't let go of my arm; I'm not going to say anything unkind. I want you to call me by some name that nobody, nobody, nobody else has ever——"

I can guess how foolish the name I chose would look if it were set down here, and I am not going to make the experiment. It is fair to admit I was influ-

enced by its adaptability to rhyme, but it made my heart miss a beat whenever I used the name, and the grisly fear we experienced lest it should come out in the presence of a third person gave it an added value. This did happen once, and I have seldom given a worse imitation of a fit of coughing. Occasionally she induced her Uncle Jellicoe (paying the sum of one shilling for the service) to take her to Church parade in the Park, and, on meeting me, she would raise her eyebrows with amazement and cry :

“ Mr. Wickhams, you *are* a stranger ! Where have you been all this long time ? ”

And mine would be the honour to select chairs near the Achilles statue, paying for the hire with a careless air, to shew that a sum like threepence meant nothing to me. Uncle Jellicoe looked full of intelligence, but his conversational powers were either small or not exhibited for the benefit of youngsters ; for the most part he restricted himself to the statement—mention being made of any neighbourhood of London—that he could recall the time when it was all market gardens.

A bitter and a tearful hour came when a time arrived for saying good-bye. The agony of farewell could not have seemed more acute if we had been parting for ever. I did venture to suggest that ten days was, after all, but ten days ; she said that so it might appear to me ; for her it would be little short of eternity ; upon this I had to alter my contentions slightly by asserting that for me also it would be ten years, ten long, sad, weary, solitary years. This she described as mere nonsense. Here was I dancing off to the Lake District, leaving all cares of the world behind me (inferentially to be borne by her), ready to make a number of new friends, amongst whom would be found some tall, attractive, handsome—I stopped her. This was going much too far. I had

feelings, feelings entitled to a certain amount of respect, and she would have to excuse me for pointing out that imputations on a man's honour had to be resented, no matter the quarter from which those imputations might come. So far as I was concerned, Windermere, Ullswater, Coniston might be lined and encircled by girls of the fairest beauty, and these might do their best and their worst, but they would never succeed in making me, even for the space of one single second, forget her. Did I, she asked, mean that? I did mean it. Really and truly? Really and truly. Certain and sure? Certain and sure. And could I promise to come back to her, safe and sound? I gave my word that I would devote all my care to the evasion of accident. She appeared to be searching her mind for another argument.

"You're glad to be going, you know, Joe dear."

"In a sense."

"In every sense."

"No!"

"You must be, or else you wouldn't go."

"Very well," I said. "I won't go. I'll stay here. The firm has managed to get passes for me out of the North-Western, but I'll tear them up. Or else send them back."

"You shall do nothing of the kind," she declared.

"But I will!"

"Listen to me," said Eleanor commandingly. "You're to catch the train to-morrow morning that you've already fixed upon. You're to go to Bowness and you're to take your circular tour, and, Joe, you are to enjoy yourself thoroughly, and you're not to bother for a moment of the time about a foolish girl giving lessons in Markham Square."

I agreed, after some further discussion, to meet her new views, excepting in regard to my remembrance of

herself. The occasion being exceptional, I, throwing prudence and secrecy to the winds, took the daring action of accompanying Eleanor, her arm in mine, so far as Cadogan Square.

"If anyone we know sees us," I said courageously, "let them!"

There never could have been a more important tourist in the Lake District. I talked agreeably to my companions on steamboats and on coaches; by learning the pages of my guide-book every morning I posed as an authority in regard to the dwelling-places of poets, and recited the lines of their work quoted in the book. Americans gathered around me, hung upon my words, and told me I was most entertaining. Londoners wished they had met me before, and asked me to call on them in Breakspears Road, Brockley, S.E. on my return to town. At Furness Abbey, one night, a young woman from Manchester begged me to remember her if I should ever have my photograph taken. I belonged on that holiday to every profession that my fancy prompted, or the environments suggested. The law had been overlooked until a chance suggestion at Ullswater reminded me; some ladies there said triumphantly that they could have staked their lives on it; they knew me for a barrister by the quick way I looked around on entering the dining-room. I found some difficulty later in keeping up the character, for people came to me for gratuitous legal advice; I gave it, but could only hope that I might never encounter them again. At my next stopping-place I was a rather well-known author, writing under a pen-name which one dared not divulge; my publishers would never have looked at me again if they found I had been guilty of the sin of talking too freely. I met a youth of my own age, travelling alone, at the foot of Windermere, and the night being rainy we stayed indoors,

and he talked very interestingly concerning some orange plantations belonging to him in Florida. He had also tasted adventure amongst the Indians in the North. Canada was to him like Bayswater Road. He had been frozen up for several months in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The President and he treated each other as first cousins. People wept on the quay when he left New York.

"You'll settle down now," I suggested.

"No," he said thoughtfully. "Mine is a gipsy nature. Must be roving. Always on the move. Have you travelled much?"

"I've knocked about a bit."

"Tell me some of your adventures. I can see you're a man of the world."

The following morning we went on with the conversation until the rain stopped and the sun came out. On the steps of the hotel I encountered Ferris of Moorgate Street.

"Believe me or not," cried Ferris, "I'm jolly glad to meet you, Wickhams. Downright glad. Been about here for days and haven't met a soul I knew. Not a soul. Have a cigarette."

"I'm just hurrying on," I explained. "A friend of mine is coming part of the way."

"Introduce me."

"Don't know whether he'd care for it," I said. "He's a globe-trotter. Been all over the place. Seen everything, done everything."

"Whistle for him," advised Ferris, "and tell him to hurry up."

"How are you getting on at Moorgate Street?" I asked condescendingly.

"Don't talk about the place," he begged. "Pattison left, and I made sure I should get his berth. 'Steard of

which the firm found a nephew somewhere, and it was all U. P. with my chances. So I put in for my holiday and got it, and I hope they're finding themselves cornered without me. Serve 'em right. They can't do without me, and they know it. Thirty-five bob a week I get, and thirty-five bob a week is as much as ever I shall get. When I ask for more they say I'm not worth more. That may be true, but it isn't very civil of 'em to say so."

"You'll be glad to hear that I——"

"To tell you the truth," went on Ferris, "I arranged to spend my time here with a kind of a brother-in-law of mine—my sister married his brother—but I went on the spree to some extent just before leaving, and—you know what a one I am for life—missed the train and missed him. I'm sorry, because he's never been out of London before. So if you like, Wickhams, I'll pal on to you."

It had to be explained to Ferris politely that I was nearing the end of my holiday, and preferred to go on alone; I did not tell him that his presence would hamper me in my conversational adventures, or that I was enjoying the change of character as much as I was benefiting by the change of air. My travelled friend came down the steps.

"Right you are," said Ferris shortly. "Only, mind you, no more borrowing of dress ——. Why, Fred, old man!"

"Ernie."

"I saw the train go out," declared Ferris. "Saw the red lights at the back. And I was just saying to Wickhams here, who used to be in our office, that I was specially worried about you, because——"

Ferris's brother-in-law and I exchanged a wink. I came down to the realities of life on discovering, when arriving at Euston, that I had threepence, and threepence only, in my pocket.

At home Miss Nodes and Agnes had to be informed concerning the events of the holiday; they cross-examined me with the obvious view of ascertaining whether the days had been spent alone. Also I found amongst my letters one from Ruth.

"The doctor says," wrote the blessing, "that I am certain to get well. He says there is no doubt about it. He says he is prepared to bet on it. He says he has known many cases similar to mine, and the patients have grown up strong, healthy women.

"It has occurred to me whilst down here, that we are a scattered family, and I have been wondering whether I could do anything that would bring everybody together, and make them feel once more they belonged to each other. Good-bye, dear, dear Joe!"

CHAPTER XVII

I T was not entirely owing to influence that I gained a transfer to another department and a sensible increase of salary, but influence was just the two ounce-weight which made the scales decide in my favour. In other respects I was no better or worse than twenty others; some, indeed, could have urged the claims of seniority. I must have been preceded by good credentials, for my new chief received me guardedly, and during a few months watched me as one who objected to assistance in the task of making up his mind; he did not really give in until after I had spoken at our office annual dinner. Thenceforth, unless it rained furiously at the hour when I left Shepherdess Walk, I wore a silk hat, and Miss Nodes and Agnes watched my departure through the convex bars of the area with pride and admiration. Agnes had suddenly exhibited a tendency to (as she phrased it) grow out of her clothes, and the letting out of gussets in her skirt scarce kept up with her progress. Miss Nodes said the neighbourhood was being depreciated by uproarious religious services, and talked vaguely of the district near to Highgate Archway, and fresh breezes and the singing of sweet little birds in the trees. Understood, that I was to be moved with the parrot and the furniture.

In regard to furniture one had a delicate task. To save the feelings of Miss Nodes I had to pretend that the articles purchased by me in Holloway Road were

forced into my possession by good-natured but inconsiderate friends.

"You see my difficulty, Miss Nodes. Ought I to send back the settee to my sister, Mrs. Yardley, and say I've no room for it?"

"You can't very well do that, Mr. Wickhams."

"But I've become so much attached to that sofa trunk of yours."

"You mustn't expect to have everything your own way," argued Miss Nodes. "In this world you have to accept the rough with the smooth. You must make up your mind to part with the sofa trunk; it shall come downstairs. Come now, Mr. Wickhams, don't be downhearted over a trifle like this. It's annoying, I admit, but you've got to think of other people's feelings as well as your own."

Clarke, my neighbour at the back, left to try the south side of the water; for the sake of change he said: because of a girl living at St. John's suspected Miss Nodes, adding that the quietest were also, not infrequently, the artfullest. A matter of figures hung up, for a time, the settlement; but eventually I gave in, and Miss Nodes said, in assisting me to sort into two rooms the effects hitherto held by one, that her opinion was I should never live to regret it; the remark sounded ambiguous, but one knew what she meant. She also told me she had had an offer from a friend of mine, a Mr. Lewis, who had given up the wholesale fruit trade and was now fulfilling an engagement in the pantomime at the Grand, "Blue-Eyed Blue Beard, The Masher Pasher, or Harlequin the Magic Key and Female Curiosity."

"But I've had enough of theatricals," said Miss Nodes, "to last me a lifetime. By the bye, Miss T.'s chucked the Halls."

I expressed moderate interest.

"Yes, and took a—— Well, she calls it an hotel; I call it a pub. We see a lot of changes, Mr. Wickhams, as the years roll on."

"Nothing stands still," I remarked sagely.

The two girls at Chelsea decided to part. Sarah, now reputed to be earning close upon five hundred a year ("It's too much" was Eleanor's opinion, privately expressed to me, "it makes her think she can afford to do without friends, and that's a mistake")—Sarah, it appeared, complained of the disturbance to her work, created by Eleanor's pupils; a lady student of middle age with some grim intention of going in for comic opera, had goaded my sister into making a protest. A coin sent into the air decided the question of continued ownership, and Sarah allowed her lofty contempt for man to give an incorrect guess. Sarah handed over a considerable portion of her domestic property to Eleanor, together with an affectionate kiss, and took the remainder in a pantehnicon to Hampstead. I could no longer call at Markham Square, and Sarah's work in the illustrated papers constituted for a while the only news I had of her.

Allowing for my prejudice in Eleanor's favour, I could see that she worked hard, and I knew it could have been no easy matter to reconcile herself to the dogged task of imparting knowledge to others. When I remarked on this, the dear girl always declared that work suited her as it suited most people. We had fixed the age of twenty-five for our marriage: the day, the date, and the church had also been selected, and we had chosen the Vicar who should perform the service, providing always that he lived so long. Sight of her banking account at once shamed and stimulated me; I gave up my evenings to endeavours to discover a lucrative profession for the spare hours. Some time elapsed ere detection of the right road, and even then

the world slapped me when I made the youthful error of taking an exaggerated view of my own cleverness.

Ruth came back to her school, and had to return immediately to the West of England. Mary's husband still adhered to his determination to keep clear of his wife's family, but I cannot forget that he did everything for Ruth that his wife suggested; declining, indeed, to allow the rest of us to contribute so much as a single farthing. When I called at the Passage my father spoke cheerfully of the imminent recovery of Ruth: he thought she had better come home to him so soon as convalescence had been effected. Daniel told me the governor was worried out of his wits, but I disagreed with Daniel.

"Suppose, Joe," said my father one evening that year—"suppose you never by any chance run across your brother."

"To tell you the truth," I said, "I had nearly forgotten David's existence."

"There's a lot of good in him. But he got on too fast at first. Reckon you're too busy with one thing and another to give him a look up? You see he's always kept himself independent. I've hoped sometimes that he'd come and ask me to help him, so that I could lecture him, but he's never given me the chance."

"I'll find him, or try to find him—ought to have thought of it myself—soon as ever I can get the opportunity."

"That's good-natured of you, Joe."

"And you, father. Are you——"

My father threw back his head and laughed. "I'm prospering," he assured me, "prospering to that extent that sometimes I fancy I shall wake up and find it isn't real."

I discovered an old letter from Mrs. David, and

going to the address one evening found (I admit, to my relief) that they had moved a year before: the woman did not know where they lived, and seemed to imply that she did not care whether they lived. I wrote to my father, and when next I met Eleanor in Kensington Gardens told her of this, expecting to receive congratulations: instead, she replied in her emphatic way, that I had now to set about at once and find my brother. I took up two pleadings: one, that it was not possible; the other, that with much to occupy my spare hours it would be inconvenient. Answering the second, my Eleanor said one could make time. I replied that she overestimated my talents and she conceded that as a general statement this might be arguable, but that if I wanted to find my brother David, I could do so. I used a familiar simile, and she said that anyone could find a needle in a stack of hay if he had a mind for the task. I said, supposing I did not particularly want to discover my brother David? In that case, replied Eleanor, it was to be hoped I should feel thoroughly well ashamed of myself.

“ You mean that ? ”

“ I mean that,” she declared.

“ Very well, then ! ” turning white, but endeavouring to assume carelessness. “ That settles it, then. No necessity to say any more. Good-night ! ”

“ Good-night,” she replied.

“ I suppose—I suppose we shall never meet again.”

“ Why should we ? ”

“ Farewell, Eleanor.”

“ Good-bye, Joe.”

Letters went that evening, before the midnight collection, from Shepherdess Walk to Markham Square, expressing deep regret for hasty words, abject appeal for pardon, and promise to accept counsel on this and every

other subject ; also, from Markham Square to Shepherdess Walk, explaining that I had misunderstood the meaning of remarks carelessly phrased, assuring me I was a dear, good, sensible boy, too sensible to take any notice of a silly girl, begging me on no account to act on her advice. (In crises of a more acute nature we found, Eleanor and I, reason to be thankful for the introduction of sixpenny telegrams.)

I did search for my brother. I went to the hop merchants in Borough High Street, thinking perhaps he might have been reinstated in his former position ; one of the clerks strongly advised me not to see the head, because the mention of David's name would certainly send the head into a fit of apoplexy : the clerk promised to make some inquiries, and write privately to me. I tramped from there, through Newington Causeway, down Walworth Road to Camberwell, inspecting shop assistants on the way, and here and there making inquiries. On other evenings I took fresh points of the star from the Elephant and Castle, talking to constables and interrogating postmen. I inserted a notice in one of the weekly papers appealing to David W., formerly of such and such a place, to send information concerning his present whereabouts to X.Y.Z., of such a number Shepherdess Walk : in reply came a variety of communications, for the most part calling my notice to Private Inquiry Offices of spotless character and possessing marvellous ingenuity ; they shewed ecstasy in describing their powers in finding Lost Wills, in watching Thoughtless Husbands, in recovering Stolen Dogs.

The search was not a matter which I could discuss with anyone but my Eleanor ; otherwise information might have been obtained sooner. For Robert Spencer a few months later running against me in Cornhill, and

bursting into an excited account of amateur performances in which he had been engaged, mentioned that he and some others had formed a new Society called The Tragedy-Comedy Combination; they were scoring terrific successes in working-men's clubs around London, both in slight and brief sketches given on Sunday mornings, and with more ambitious efforts in the same halls on Sunday evenings, the latter entertainment consisting generally of a screaming farce, some acts of a drama, and a high-class comedy. A part of Robert's work consisted in finding new names for old plays, re-naming (for instance) "Whitebait at Greenwich," and giving it the title "Shrimps at Greenhithe"; taking "Number One round the Corner" and calling it "Number Two in the Next Street."

"Means a certain amount of wear and tear of the brain," panted Robert, "but I don't mind. Keeps me out of other mischief. If it hadn't been for this hobby, I might have gone altogether to— By the bye, I did tell you, didn't I?"

I begged him to express himself more clearly.

"About meeting your brother. Did tell you about it surely. Quite thought I told you when I saw you last, some time ago. Saw your brother David at a club just off Blackfriars Road, close to the railway bridge. He didn't spot me, but I— You'd better come next Sunday week. The T.C.C. are giving a show there. I'll send you a complimentary ticket. Care to bring a friend?"

"Think I'll come alone."

"There's nothing in our entertainment," protested Robert, "calculated to bring the faintest blush to the cheek of the most lady-like."

I told Eleanor, and pointed out that her anticipations appeared to be ungrounded, for a man who could

spend nights in his club, even in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars Road, could not be in the hard-up condition imagined by her. Eleanor ventured to point out that we were all liable to error, and reminded me of one or two cases to illustrate this contention: I said these were not pertinent to the question now at issue, and stopped her lips from speech for the space of half a minute.

Once in Blackfriars Road on the Sunday evening, I found the club without trouble: men were taking their wives, and young men escorting sweethearts in the direction, and one could imagine what father would have said at the spectacle. I waited outside for some time hoping to intercept David, and have conversation before we went in; the result being that when I did enter the hall of the club was full and I had to take what the man near the door humorously termed a stand-up seat at the back. A patient waiter in shirt sleeves, half-hidden in the tobacco smoke, served glasses in rows near the stage, bullied by all: folk near me shouted, calling, "Waiter! You're wanted!" but the curtain went up, the pianoforte stopped, and these cries were arrested by calls for order, insistent and clamorous demands for peace.

"Keep quiet there, can't you?"

"*You* keep quiet!"

"I am keeping quiet," roared the first man. "It's you that's kicking up all the row."

"No it isn't. It's you what——"

"Shut up both of you," commanded a third impatiently.

"And who might you be," asked the two, made friends by this intervention, "when you're at 'ome? We see what you are when you're out, but who are you when you're at 'ome, eh?"

About three minutes of performance in dumb show

ere sounds came from the stage: Robert I did not recognise until his voice managed to make itself heard. Robert played a swell in an improbable wig, a moustache which appeared to be movable. The folk were delighted with the farce, and when Robert at the end found himself discomfited and covered with flour by an honest agricultural rival, women near me rocked delightedly, and cried, with streaming eyes, "Oh, tell him to leave off!" Robert received the honour of a call. The man in shirt sleeves, engaged in the strenuous work of dispensing refreshment, went through rows nearer to us during the interval, but furious cries from my neighbourhood gained no answer, and, indeed, he had only just managed to serve a tray-full when he was called upon to clear out and not to obstruct the view.

"Better luck next time," said the man in front of me. "If we give up our seats we shan't never see 'em again."

Robert Spencer, it seemed, reserved himself for diverting characters: he did not appear in the drama, and I thought he might have come in front to find me; afterwards he told me this would have been unprofessional.

"Now for a tonic," said my neighbours, when the drama finished. "Now for the beverage that cheers but does not— 'Ere, you scoundrel, if you don't come 'ere and take our orders, we'll have you outed. You shan't stay in our employ for another hower. We pay you for your services, and if you don't attend to your work we'll make no more ado, but we'll——"

The patient waiter came along the row in front of me, upbraided by those who thus snatched a compensation for the upbraiding they themselves had received during the week. A man next to me was engaging my attention. He said I, as a stranger, could form no idea

of the difficulty the club experienced in obtaining good servants; he spoke with all the responsibility of a large employer of labour, until, changing the subject, he mentioned he had been looking for work the last six weeks. He added that theatricals made one thirsty. When I regretted the fact that I was not a member, he hit upon an admirable solution of the difficulty by agreeing to accept privately from me the sum of three-pence.

"Here, you! What the deuce d'you mean by going by in front of me without as much as 'By your leave' or 'Pardon me?' Come back and take my orders, or else——" The waiter stopped.

"David," I cried. "Is that really you?"

"See me afterwards," he begged in a whisper. "I'm busy."

David kept me waiting for some time because the steward of the club insisted that he should wash up: a question of a broken glass had also to be considered, and decided in the Club's favour. My brother admitted he had a fairly tough time of it. "The rate," he said, slipping along at my side, and showing a tendency to take the gutter—"the pace at which a man can get on in London is equalled by the speed with which he can go back. I got work in a shop, and thought I was all right again; a lady customer complained because I yawned—been up all the previous night with the child—and they sacked me on the spot."

"That was hard, David!"

"It was soft compared with some things I've had to put up with since. If you don't mind, Joe, I won't tell you all."

"But that leaves me to guess."

"Rather you did."

"How is Mrs. David, and how's the boy now?"

"She's a brick!" cried my brother emphatically. "Knew she was a good sort when we were well off, although other people couldn't see it. But now——"

"And the boy?"

"I can't, Joe," he said imploringly. "I can't talk about him. My father gave me a good start, and I'm going to give my boy a bad start. No man wants anything worse to think of than that." He did not speak for a few moments. "The governor?" he asked.

I said father seemed cheerful, and that we hoped and felt sure the world was kind to him. I was going to tell of my own progress, of Sarah's success, of Mary's prosperity, of little Ruth's convalescence; I bethought myself in time, and refrained.

"I want to see the boy."

"Wouldn't be fair to take the wife on the hop," said David.

"Give me your address and I'll call on her."

"Don't hurry about it," he urged. "In the course of a month or so something may crop up and we may find ourselves in something more like the old circumstances. And, Joe!"

"Yes, David."

"If you tell the others you've seen me, don't—how shall I put it?—don't put it on too thick, will you? I know I've only got to ask you that."

Eleanor declined at first to accompany me when I decided on a date, saying she would rather see her cousin alone, but when I argued that this could only mean that she no longer cherished affection for me, she consented. To tell the truth, I wanted her to be spectator, to see me in the character of Lord Bountiful, and to observe with what grace I could dispense generosity. I wrote to David and said I would call at East Street, Walworth, on a certain evening. Having placed the note

in my overcoat pocket, I found it at the moment when Eleanor and I stepped out of the omnibus at the end of London Road. Eleanor would not allow me to take a cab and dash up magnificently to the door in East Street, alleging a keen desire to see the row of stalls in Walworth Road.

"To please me, Joe."

"Oh, very well," I said curtly.

We turned from the clatter of the main street into a narrow roadway, not well swept, where houses were shuttered on the ground floor; round eyes of light only showed that people were within; the condition of the small brass numbers on front doors indicated the methods of the inhabitants. Number twenty-two, where David lived, shone clearly and brightly; but from the upstairs room a blowsy woman looked out and informed us that Mrs. Wickhams had gone shopping, and had taken the baby. If we desired further information, the untidy woman hinted we had better go elsewhere, for she and Mrs. Wickhams had exchanged not more than half a dozen words, although they lived in the same house: if people liked to keep themselves to themselves, by all means let them do so. The woman asserted (using two adjectives with such frequency that my Eleanor had to cover ears) that she could always endure her own company, providing the old man left enough money on the mantelpiece to enable her to send out a jug at certain fixed intervals. An offer of sixpence induced her to agree to come down and open the front door: she begged us to give her the time to slip something over her, and make herself presentable; in this we could not think she succeeded, although evidence was there of effort. She made sure of the coin first, and, after subjecting it to tests and indignities, found the key of the back room in artful concealment under the mat, and allowed us to enter.

She said that now there was someone in the house she felt at liberty to go out and get a breath of fresh air, and with our permission—or without—she would proceed, in the interest of health and of self-preservation, to do so.

“Poor girl,” said Eleanor.

“Poor David,” said I.

“Poor little baby,” we exclaimed together.

The room was clean, the hearth well tended, the table scrubbed, but the bed on the floor and the sewing-machine in the corner betrayed the fact that David and his wife and the boy spent their days and their nights in one room. A small piece of meat was at one end of the table; Eleanor looked at it and shivered.

“Joe,” she whispered, “it’s worth while trying to get on in the world.”

“Every one ought.”

“You won’t blame me again if I seem too ambitious?”

We heard the key in the front door. Mrs. David came in humming cheerfully to the boy, and encouraging him in his efforts at walking by the announcement that they were here at home at last. Home!

“Nell!” she cried delightedly. “Joe! Why, this is good of you. Baby, just guess who these young people are?”

I took the boy and gave him my watch, holding the chain myself, a precautionary measure which he resented, as shewing want of perfect confidence. Mrs. David took off her bonnet and smoothed her hair; I noticed she was turning grey. The two chattered.

“I suppose,” said Mrs David, “that by rights I ought to feel ashamed. I suppose I ought to apologise. (Do take the chair, dear, the good one.) But the fact is, I’m enjoying it all.”

“You’re looking thinner.”

"My dear girl," she cried, "when we were well off, increasing weight was a terror that occupied all my thoughts. You remember how I used to worry about my waist. You used to hear my arguments with the dressmaker. Send your mind back to that afternoon in the shop at Rye Lane, Peckham."

Her features became illuminated with pride as her boy mimicked the ticking of my watch.

"Isn't he wonderful?" she said in an awed voice. "The way he observes everything! Look at his quick little eyes— Joe, he's taking you all in. To-morrow, when I tell him to imitate his uncle— Now what will you both have? How odd, you should both be coming here together! Oh," with a lift of the eyebrows, "I see, I see! Thought you were never going to get married. Joe, wasn't there a Miss——"

"Don't think we'll have anything," I interrupted. "We've both had tea."

"Stay to supper."

Eleanor invented on the spur of the moment two pupils—one due at eight, the other at a quarter to nine.

"But won't you— Upon my word," laughed Mrs. David, "I was just going to ask you to come upstairs and take off your hat and coat. Put that great boy down, Joe; he'll make your arms ache."

"I'd like to keep him all my life."

"Ah," said Mrs. David, "don't talk like that. You're both old enough to hear me say that when he was on the way I felt annoyed because it meant declining invitations, and so on. And now——"

David, it appeared, had an evening's work at a dinner at The Horns, Kennington, and would not be home until late. No payment, but tips were tolerably certain. These rare occasions made them both thankful they had retained possession of one of David's old dress suits.

"What do you find to do all day?" asked Eleanor, holding her arm affectionately.

Mrs. David pointed first to some lengths of material hanging near the cupboard, and then to the sewing machine. "I keep hard at it from the time daylight comes till daylight goes," she admitted. "The work doesn't pay well enough to enable me to afford lamp light, and I'm just a little afraid of my eyes." She dismissed the subject. "David saw your name in a paper the other day, Joe."

"He's becoming a public character," remarked Eleanor.

"Came home full of it. And how are all the others? And how are you getting on, Nell, with your singing?"

My Eleanor whispered to her, and Mrs. David looked amazed and interested. I complained to the baby that we were being kept out of secrets, that this constituted an insult, and I begged him to pull Eleanor's nose which he did, becoming extremely amused when she simulated great terror, shewing gratification when I screamed aloud on finding his little hand touching me; we could not induce him to punish his mother. Slightly exhausted by all this, he presently began to blink, and when we said the dustman was coming he opened his eyes very widely, but the lids drooped again and he went to sleep in my arms.

"I'll come half-way up the street," said Mrs. David, when we prepared to go. "You've done me good by coming to see me. I'll put the dear thing in his cot."

I looked around and she noticed this as she arranged the orange case. She guessed, I expect, that one was thinking of the belaced and pink-rosetted cradle at Forest Hill.

"Sure you'll be all right?" she asked cheerfully when she said good-bye. "Not frightened, are you, Nell? Take Joe's arm."

We had reached the top of the street and were just turning into Walworth Road, when some people watching the fusty lady of the upper floor engaged in a dance, suddenly cried to us, and looking back we found Mrs. David running.

"Please!" she cried panting. She returned to me the sovereign I had placed inside the baby's fist. "I was afraid of that. We don't want you to do that, Joe. Come and see us again soon, but don't— The only thing is——" She paused and went on determinedly. "Only thing is, in case anything should happen to his father and to me, and you happen to be doing well, Joe——"

"Trust us," said my Eleanor.

"Bless you!" cried Mrs. David.



CHAPTER XVIII

I FOUND, as time went on, an inability to understand why people, knowing me and acquainted surely with my wisdom, did not make frequent appeals for advice. Too often, as it seemed, they took action without consultation, and this could not have been owing to any reserve on my part, for at no time had I felt so sure of the value of my own opinion or so certain that mine was the only right and proper view. At no time, moreover, had I been so swift to resent anything like want of attention to my remarks, and this, I fancy, which may have excited derision in the world, counted in my favour at office, giving credit for years which one could not fairly claim. When a manager came into our department one afternoon to select a smart young clerk to act as secretary to Sir Henry, it scarcely surprised me to find that, after deliberation, the inviting jerk of the head was given to me. I should have felt astonishment if any of my colleagues had been selected. They, for their part, started a phrase, "Wickhams's luck." I refrained from calling attention to the virtues of sterling merit.

At intervals, events happened of the nature to which reference has been made. Little Ruth sent me a letter saying that it shocked her to find how long she had been enjoying a life of laziness; the doctor said that, with attention and care, she might now consider herself as right as ninepence, but recommended her not to

return to London. Ruth had therefore found occupation in a Girls' School close by, and had already entered upon her duties. This would prevent her from being a drag on sister Mary. What annoyed me was not that Ruth should take this step; it seemed a wise one, and I had nothing to say against it. But why had she not, before taking the step, invited my counsel? Why had she not placed the facts before me and asked for my decision? I wrote a letter to Ruth in which this was conveyed subtly by means of ironical sentences: I said that her age and experience no doubt enabled her to settle these matters for herself; no one could possibly be a better judge; it would be time enough to call upon me for advice when she found that the position had become impossible. I congratulated her, in formal terms, on her recovery to health. I felt grieved at my foolishness a few days later, and I can think of no other occasion when I had reason to feel grateful for the habit, previously mentioned, of posting letters in an inside pocket. The note which Ruth received was, I am glad to say, couched in different terms: I promised to spend my holidays, one year, with her.

Then again, Miss Nodes. For a long time Miss Nodes talked of removing, repeating the same phrases, weighing up the considerations, always declaring in the end that there was much to be said in favour of making a change, and much to be said in favour of remaining. (I sometimes wished for a better address to be placed at the head of my notepaper, but dodged this by dating communications of importance from Leadenhall Street.) Miss Nodes occasionally announced herself as driven clean out of her wits by the difficulty of arriving at a decision. Agnes being desirous of beginning a new tall life in a fresh neighbourhood, where she could don a cap without enduring the risk of derision

from those who had known her in shorter days, begged Miss Nodes to leave well alone, and referred to Highgate with a shudder, and with indications of terror at catching cold, much as one might speak of Orkney and Shetland. This attitude, apparently, decided Miss Nodes. She announced to me that she had taken the new house; that I was to leave Shepherdess Walk one morning and return that evening to Highgate Archway: my rooms there would receive first aid. Miss Nodes gave me a solemn promise that if my carpets were not down by the time I reached the new house, she would, there and then, eat them. One could say nothing, but it did seem that Miss Nodes might have consulted: the argument that she had asked for my opinions a thousand times was but begging the question.

Sarah, too. Sister Sarah proved one of those women unable to see any other view but their own: Robert Spencer took me out to dinner one evening and talked of the matter. Was it right, apart from consideration of the money she was earning, for a girl to live at Hampstead unprotected except for the presence of a middle-aged housekeeper? If Sarah could find no one else, ought not Robert to put other calls aside for the moment, and act the good-natured friend by offering himself as a prospective husband? And if Robert consented to make this sacrifice—

“Mind you,” urged Robert, “with my press notices I’ve only got to hold out my hand and half-a-dozen would come running up.” Would I say a word for him, or rather write a word for him, extolling his virtues and minimising his faults? I said I would do so, and it was arranged that my letter should precede Robert’s by a single post. To mine no answer came, except an invitation to tea, which I declined: to Robert arrived an answer to the effect that Sarah had a great regard for

"Which means," commented R
I'm not the only one!"

Finally, Eleanor. I could hav
from many, but not from my Eleanc
ten or twelve months she had mo
sentences and arrested them.

"I want to tell you, Joe——
better not."

"There's something—— No, I
it till it's more definite."

And,

"Joe, can you keep a secret? i
better not trust you."

I did not mind so much, becau
together one found a good deal con
talk about; a complimentary remark
recite and consider; intentions in n
being done outside the office; ideas
suit of clothes: the new General El
would do were I Lord Salisbury.
usually interested in myself after C

"Don't interrupt me just now," I begged, as Mr. Pye rushed into the room at Leadenhall Street.

"Gone out, hasn't he?"

"Sir Henry has gone to lunch, but I'm busy with some private work."

"Only want to ask a simple question," urged Mr. Pye. "Have you seen the *Telegraph*? You haven't. Very well then. Doesn't this paragraph refer to your lady friend who came once to Thornhill Hall with your sister, and whose concert——"

I read the lines against which Mr. Pye had placed a forefinger.

"Thought I mentioned it to you," I remarked.

"No," said Mr. Pye.

"Meant to do so."

"Will she make a success, do you think?"

"Impossible to say."

I had arranged to meet Eleanor that night in order to settle the question of seats for the Jubilee; instead I wired to say that I was unavoidably detained, but would write. I stayed on after office hours, unwilling to allow the space of a journey to Highgate to intervene, lest my temper should cool. The first letter ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR ELEANOR,—It is now some years since we met, and I hope that nothing I am about to say will give you the impression that my love and affection for you have waned for a single moment. I feel, however, bound to point out that mutual confidence between us is necessary, and indeed indispensable.

"My attention has been drawn to an announcement in a morning journal which states, in so many words, that a certain lady singer, who had arranged to take a concert party through some of the principal towns of England,

having fallen ill, the agent felt happy to say that you had undertaken to fill the dates, and that the tour would commence immediately. I need scarcely point out to you that of all this I had had no previous intimation.

"I wish to ask whether you consider this fair, whether you can truly say that you have dealt with me in this matter as you would wish me, in similar circumstances, to deal with you? You will answer that the chances of an agent approaching me to take over a concert party are remote; this is quite true, and quite irrelevant. I could, if asked, have given you advice in the matter; I could have made it my business to see that your interests were safeguarded. You have chosen to ignore my existence, and all that remains for me to say is that everything is over between us.

"I am sorry to think you have invested your savings in a hare-brained scheme; I regret still more that you have made it necessary for me to send you this communication."

The fifth letter I wrote that evening, after destroying those which preceded it, read thus:—

"What does it all mean, dearest Eleanor? Do you doubt my affection for you that you treat me as a stranger? Send me a telegram. I shall know nothing but anxiety until I hear from you."

The ninth and final effort, and the one which I posted in a pillar-box without entrusting it to my inside pocket, was curt, but not unfriendly.

"Good luck to the tour. Send me a line in the course of a few weeks. Love."

On reaching home that night, after a most disappointing evening at the Strand Theatre, where every-

body laughed but myself, I found a telegram from her, begging me to see her off from Euston the following morning. She was up to the eyes in the task of preparation, and felt relieved to find the meeting cancelled. There is no room in a telegram for affection, and even courtesy finds itself crowded out: I decided that the wire had a dictatorial tone, which it was my duty as a man to resent.

"Caught a cold?" inquired Agnes. "Who's your telegram from? Your eyes are red, anyhow. Shall I bring up a pail of hot water and some mustard?"

I received newspapers as the weeks went on, with columns marked with a hand pointing; but one knew too much of the way in which these criticisms were written to place a great value upon them. Up at the Passage Madam Marsh and Henrietta gave me information which confirmed my views that love was no longer to be regarded as possessing lasting qualities. Mr. Lewis, having obtained an engagement at a West-End Theatre, had written suggesting that Henrietta would probably like to consider the advisability of transferring her affections to one who could pay court to her with greater insistence. Lewis had decided a man in the profession could make no greater mistake than that of getting married.

"Don't mind for myself," sobbed Henrietta; "I can find another as easy as easy. Only other girls do talk so."

"Scoundrelly behaviour!" I declared. "Can't think how a man can behave in that manner."

"How are you getting on in that way?" asked Madam. "Your father, by the bye, seems more cheerful again, but he goes out—as he's gone out now—for long walks, and if it rains he never takes an umbrella. We ask him in sometimes, and he talks all the time about you. Heard about Daniel Haddaway, didn't you?"

"He hasn't left, I hope."

"Had to." Madam laughed at the ceiling. "Dear, dear, what funny characters you men are! You're all alike and you're all different, that's the beauty of you."

"If father's in good spirits, the business must be doing well."

"I was going to tell you about Daniel. He kept putting it off month after month, until at last his landlady said to him, 'Look here, what about it? I've got a very good offer from a journeyman carpenter; offer of marriage; what do you advise me to do?' So Daniel turns round directly and says, 'You snap him up whilst you've got the chance.'"

"That left Daniel free?"

"No," replied Madam. "I'm not blaming her, but it appeared that there was no journeyman carpenter. Then she put up the banns without saying anything to him—there I do think she went too far: he certainly had a right to be told—and one Sunday morning Daniel looked out of his window and saw a couple of carriages standing in front of the house in Charles Street; coachmen with white favours on their whips. 'This,' said Daniel to himself, 'is running it about as close as I care for.' Packs up his things, and whilst the bride is being seen to by lady friends, off slips Daniel. And of course he didn't dare come back to the shop: he's got a berth somewhere on the Surrey side, and the address is a deadly secret. That leaves your father all alone. And, as I say, he comes in here sometimes and talks about no one but you. Says you're the only one who doesn't seem a long way off. And you're not so very close, are you? I can't remember ever seeing a family scatter itself so. All getting on wonderfully well, but all so scattered and unfriendly like. Now we Jews never—What are you thinking about, Henrietta?"

"I was just wondering," said the niece, "whether I ought to write to Lewis and appeal to him, and say——"

"Oh, my gracious!" cried Madam alarmedly. "That isn't the way to play the game. Where's all your senses? When a party behaves like that, the thing to do is to take no notice of him. Chances are then that after a bit he'll come back to you on his hands and knees. Worry him, and he'll only become more obstinate. Same thing's true the other way about sometimes," added Madam. "In your case, what you've got to do is not to care."

"But I do," wailed Henrietta.

"Then," said Madam sharply, "you must pretend you don't! If you meet him, Joe, mind you tell him that Henrietta was in the highest possible spirits. You don't know anything about the breaking off, mind; all you know is that you've never seen her so merry in your life before."

"Say," begged Henrietta tearfully "say that I was—I was full of my fun, won't you? Singing and whistling."

Sir Henry asked me at office one afternoon if I cared for music. Tempted to answer that I had put music and those who practised it far from my thoughts, I thought it more tactful to give a guarded reply. Sir Henry said that, as one who could never tell a sonata from a bull's foot, he found himself, at his wife's command, called upon to be present at a musical evening which she proposed to give. He inquired whether it would suit my views to cut away home and dress, come to Grosvenor Gardens, and be near at hand in order to prompt him with appropriate comments in regard to the various items on the programme.

"Very well, then," said Sir Henry. "You see my position, don't you, Wickhams? What I want to avoid is making myself looking like a—well, you know

what. Nine o'clock we start. Don't say anything to the others, because—— You understand. Now take this down in shorthand, and tell me if I go too fast for you."

It was a great deprivation not to be able to tell the clerks in the outer office, but I heard two of them say, as I went out, something about peers of the realm, and knew I had managed to convey an impression of pride. The question of a cab was thought over on the way home. I decided on a compromise. Miss Nodes remarked that I was home early; I said there was no time to spare, and told her where I was going, speaking the name with distinctness and slight haughtiness.

"Then you just can't," retorted Miss Nodes.

I declined to discuss the question with her, and went upstairs. Ten minutes later I was making an entreaty to her over the banisters.

"If you'd spoke civil, Mr. Wickhams," said my landlady, "I could have told you before you went up that you hadn't a shirt in your drawer with a good front to it. And now you expect me to go out and buy one for you."

"As a great favour."

"There's nothing I won't do for you," she said, "providing you ask nicely. But treat me as though I am a door-mat, and I can soon begin to kick up the dust. Drop the money down; I'll catch it."

Miss Nodes said I looked all right; Agnes endorsed the commendation. I took an omnibus to Charing Cross and a cab from Charing Cross. No feeling of nervousness came to me until, having paid the cabman, I turned and saw the carpet down across the pavement; the awning above; and within, tall, white-haired footmen. I had not expected footmen. One had thought of a maid-servant, had decided on the tone of voice in which the name

would be given : the sight of these superior men in livery made all calculations totter.

“ Your hat and coat, sir.”

“ Yes, of course.”

And on the landing of the broad staircase—

“ Your name, sir, please.”

“ My——”

“ Name, sir, please.”

Sir Henry's wife gave me a hand, and remarked, without glancing at me, that she was delighted ; this I should not have guessed. Sir Henry came forward and took my shoulder genially. “ Sit just at the back of me, my lad,” he said, in an undertone. “ I'm the captain on this journey, but you're chief mate, and you must stand by me. Shan't be sorry when the trip's over.”

I found a few people in the ballroom, seated, and expressing, without speech, intense regret at having arrived so early. But others came up the staircase, and I took a place in the centre of the second row.

I think I managed fairly well, taking care to give Sir Henry cautious, non-committal phrases. Repetition of these by him caused an important lady with a tiara to declare with enthusiasm that she had no idea he was such a lover of music ; she felt positively afraid to express an opinion in his presence. I think they were expensive singers, and the names of some were known to me, but one could have wished that at such a moment thoughts of Eleanor had kept away. I wondered where she was ; whether she too had to sing to an audience that chattered and applauded in absent-minded fashion.

“ Go and get some refreshment,” said Sir Henry. “ Come back in twenty minutes' time. Take someone with you.” He looked around at the crowd. “ Let me introduce you to Miss——”

I did not catch the name, and she made no inquiry concerning mine, but plunged at once into animated conversation in a high voice, as though determined to make herself heard above the din. Did I know the poor East End? She was so terribly interested in the dear East End: in fact, if she might say so, she was devoting her life to the sweet East End.

"That's very good of you." I found a chair for her near to the crowded buffet.

"I have such fearfully strong convictions," she declared, looking up at me pathetically. "Some would count it a drawback, but I don't know; one can only be what one is. Don't you think so?"

I did think so, and said emphatically that anything like affectation was to me abhorrent.

"So glad you agree with me," she said earnestly. "If only people would be genuine——"

And on what particular form of social work was she engaged?

"I try to elevate them," she replied, looking modestly at her shoes. "There are rather a lot, but I do my best. And I want to break down the barriers."

She was a good-looking girl, and her interest in me flattered; occasional deference to my opinion and swift agreement pleased me. She had very white arms, which she inspected now and again with complacency.

"How often? Oh, I make it a practice to go once a month. Nearly every month. Not during the season."

"Of course."

"Because one has so many engagements. And I don't stay long because of the atmosphere. But really I do think that since I started I can detect an improvement."

I was sure of that, and asked another question.

"I've been down there three times altogether," she replied. "Three. I shall have to give it up soon, I'm afraid, because one's health—I'm sure you don't blame me for considering my health."

I insisted she should run no risks. She fluttered her fan and remained on the shore for a space.

"After all," plunging in again, "they are our fellow-creatures. They are flesh and blood as we are. They have a right to live. I've so often thought that the world ought to be made afresh, and we ought all to start level. If only the barriers——"

It seemed to me a most admirable idea, and I declared something ought to be done.

"Because, really, you know," in tones of gentle argument, "we are all of us equal. There ought to be no caste restrictions. If I had my will I'd sweep them all away. But you mustn't please tell your uncle and aunt I'm such a horrible Radical or they will never ask me or my sisters here again." I felt bound to put her right and to correct the misapprehension. "Oh!" she exclaimed, frowning. "Who are your people, pray? I guessed you were Sir Henry's nephew."

"My father," I said, after a pause, "is a printer. A working printer up at Islington. Doing rather well. Doing very well."

"Will you please take me back to my seat?" she requested coldly.

Sir Henry thanked me at the end, and said he would make it up in some way; he gave me the longest cigar ever seen, and told me not to bother to say good-night to his wife. In the hall I met a man who had been playing the violin; I had seen him once before at Eleanor's concert at the smaller St. James's Hall. I spoke to him, and, anxious that someone should see I

had been present as a guest, complimented him graciously, speaking also of the others. He shook his head and said the others had done their best, no doubt, but their performances had not come within a hundred miles of his. I mentioned Eleanor and her tour: he said—

“A third rater, my dear sir, a third rater. Not in the running.”

And picking up his case went. He returned to ask whether I had any influence with the press, and on receiving the answer said good-night again in an abrupt way.

One of the head clerks brought some correspondence in a day or two later, and in regard to a matter we had a few words. Before leaving, he mentioned he had that day seen my name in the papers, and that it was wonderful how certain people managed to achieve notoriety; it meant, he was sure, a good deal of trouble. I looked through my morning journal carefully when he had gone, and at last discovered the reference under the heading “Receiving Orders”—

“Wickhams, Samuel Thomas. Camden Passage, Islington. Printer & Stationer.”

CHAPTER XIX

SO much delay took place in exchanging communications—Sarah was spending a couple of months near Fontainebleau, keeping her London work tenaciously the while, and thus preventing anyone from taking her place, and Charles Yardley being in Scotland, Mary could not give a decisive answer—that when we did agree on a plan of action we found ourselves anticipated. My father, who told me he felt glad the struggle was over—

“It’s been a tough one, Joe. London’s a place you should come to when you’re young. London needs you then. If London can’t get you young, London don’t want you at all. London didn’t want me.”

—My father, I say, received, ere we had made up our individual minds, a pension from a Society to which he had contributed and decided to go back to the place we had always called home, where a cottage could be obtained at a rent of three-and-six a week, and he could live in comfort. (I heard from him later that the general impression amongst the villagers was that he had narrowly escaped achieving the position of Lord Mayor; that he had courteously given way to the proprietor of a large hotel because that gentleman was of foreign birth.) In seeing him off from London Bridge, I said he would be coming up frequently. He shook his head and remarked that he wanted to see me again, but he did not know that he would ever desire to see town any more.

There came to me, at about this time, a succession of blows, placed well between the eyes; it might have been argued by others that I needed them. A check came to the outside work just as it was beginning to make sensible additions to my income. This I could not at first understand; it seemed preposterous; I could only assume that lunacy must be on the increase, but the check was so absolute and undeniable that I became dispirited; months elapsed before I made a fresh start. During that period I said frequently to myself, and to other people, that I was not one to force myself on the attentions of the world, and one derived from this proud attitude a kind of sulky satisfaction; it took a long time to recognise that the rebuff had chastened me and made me more reasonable.

Perhaps the most stinging blow came in regard to Eleanor. The statement of the violinist induced me—who knew little of the jealousy of musical folk—to feel sympathetic towards her. Clearly the loss of my companionship, on the top of other disasters, was more than any girl should be called upon to bear. And I would have written to her a very proper letter, suggesting bygone events should be considered as events gone by, and that, as two to whom misfortune had come, we should be partners again, but that at a club, to which Mr. Blades took me one Saturday night, I met a man engaged on one of the newspapers. Mr. Blades explained to me that he was a musical critic, two words which the man himself seemed unwilling to attempt to pronounce. When I talked to him about Eleanor, he put down his cigar and became comparatively sober.

“Not great,” he said. “Not what they call great. But good enough; certainly good enough. She’s a money-

maker. Heard her not long since. At Manchester. They know what good singing is at Manchester. Tremendous improvement. She's had trouble of some nature; I'll swear she's had turmoil of the brain. No girl ever sings well until she's been disappointed over a love affair. Theory of mine."

He took up his cigar again; a word from me prevented him from placing the wrong end in his mouth, and he appeared grateful.

"Friend of hers?"

I made that claim.

"Let me know when you want her to get a good notice. Let me know. Send me a line. But of course nothing can be done for several months."

I remarked that I had heard only that evening that return engagements were being fulfilled by the concert party.

"She's been engaged to go out to Australia with Madame Thing-ma-jig."

"When does she go?" I demanded alarmedly.

"Gone!"

"No!"

"Bet you a new hat."

I protested with considerable heat that he must be labouring under a mistake.

The musical critic made an essay to snap finger and thumb to attract the attention of Mr. Blades. "Tell your young friend," he said, "that I'm one of the very few men who knows what he's talking about."

Discovery that Eleanor's experiment had failed to justify my pessimistic anticipations would have prevented me from writing to her; I could not lay myself open to the accusation of showing anxiety to renew friendship at a moment when she had found success. It appeared

that the information conveyed by the man at the club was correct. An important lady singer had taken her for a Colonial tour as a foil to herself; a foil not likely to distract attention from the important lady singer, but certain to give, on all public occasions, adequate assistance.

"I shall never see her again," I said, "and it serves me right."

I decided that, since the end was bound to come at some time, it was to be preferred that it came quickly, and that it came heroically.

When the Trafalgar Square riots took place in the fog of a November Sunday, I must have been among the first to enrol myself as a special constable. Others in Leadenhall Street also offered their services, and this I resented, for it made my procedure common and undistinguished; but towards the end of the week I felt glad to think that friends would be near me at the end. Robert Spencer had declined to have anything to do with the affair on the grounds that he had no less than two engagements in view; I deplored his selfishness and his inability to take large views, his disregard of the interests of peaceable citizens, of the welfare, nay, the very existence, of our great country; but his abstinence enabled me to select him as one who could execute my wishes. The watch presented on my fourteenth birthday by my father was to go to Eleanor; it was large for a lady's wear, but I felt sure that, when she heard of my end, she would be willing to endure much for the sake of my memory. My proposal that she should be invited to wear it next her heart was withdrawn when Robert had pointed out the inconvenience this would entail.

"And the furniture?" asked Robert. "Just in case I mean."

"I think little Ruth had better have it all."

"Who pays the carriage?"

"Robert," I said, "these are details which I must leave to you. If there should be any question of putting up a tablet, find out the Latin for 'It is sweet and beautiful to die for one's country.'"

"If I can make time I will," promised Robert. "But I've got these parts to learn, and——"

"Is there anything you would like, old man?"

He glanced around my sitting-room. Finally, he selected my set of brass fireirons, and promised faithfully, that whenever he looked at them, he would think of me.

It was a grey afternoon when I set out from Highgate, wearing the armband and carrying the staff of office. I had kissed the photograph of David's little boy, and I had shaken hands with Miss Nodes and Agnes. Agnes cried, and said it was cruel of me; she augured mournfully from the fact that her mother's uncle had been mixed up in the Hyde Park riots, and said she supposed it was a judgment upon her. I caught up with other young men on the way bound for the same objective, and could not help envying their lightness of heart; so far from emulating the example, I allowed their cheerfulness to increase my depression. Miss Nodes had filled my flask with elderberry wine, to be taken, I presume, either as a restorative or as consolation in quitting life. We were to be held in reserve in St. George's Barracks, and as we formed in lines on the ground, I reminded myself that life was a thing to be sold dear, and determined I would make a great struggle ere receiving the fatal blow. As the hours of the afternoon went on and no orders came, this feeling increased. Why, after all, should one take this inconvenient mode of quitting life? If I saw a rioter armed with a piece of gas-piping, was there anything to prevent me from calling the attention of a mounted

policeman to the circumstance, instead of hurling myself upon the enemy? Supposing I were to get only an inconvenient wound or some damage to the features, in what way should I benefit? I paid rates. I paid them indirectly, but my rent enabled Miss Nodes to pay rates, and the police force, in a rightly managed town, would be of sufficient strength to keep the peace. Eleanor had in my day possessed a sense of humour; she might still have it. A garbled telegram arriving in Melbourne—, I made up my mind I would not be butchered at considerable personal inconvenience, simply in order to give amusement to the injudicious. I was about to go to the officer in charge and ask for leave to go home on the plea of a splitting headache, when we were called out; we tramped to the parade ground, endeavouring to look determined. The officer in charge announced briefly that nothing had happened out in the Square, nothing whatever, and that we were at liberty to retire to our respective homes.

I explained that evening to Miss Nodes the desperate treatment I should have given to any rioters who might have come in my way; Miss Nodes begged me to take care of the things on the mantelpiece, and expressed a strong opinion that the scamps might congratulate themselves on a narrow shave.

“Would you reelly have dotted them?” inquired Agnes.

“They would not have asked for another,” I answered grimly.

“My word!” said the girl, with admiration, “you are a one when you’re roused.”

“There’s no stopping me,” I declared.

My armlet went to David’s little boy down at Walworth, that he might always remember how magnificently heroic his uncle had nearly been, handing down

the tradition to future generations. Mrs. David heard occasionally from Australia, and this may have encouraged my visits, for I was allowed to read the letters, and searched them, without any success, for a reference to myself. David asserted he was picking himself up; more than once he had secured an engagement at the Holborn Restaurant; the growing prejudice in favour of foreigners delayed his progress. David said warningly that it was to me the family had now to look as its prominent male representative. I remarked that, so far as one could judge, the members of the family had but small concern for any but themselves. If Mary and Sarah expected me to lick shoes and play the sycophant, they were grievously mistaken, and nothing but keen, bitter disappointment was in store for them. Young Ruth sent word that she was working hard at her school in the country; the doctor had once more announced that she would soon require no further attention from him.

My brother's remark induced me to turn my attention again to the outside work, previously referred to, and Sir Henry, always a good friend to me, took an interest in it. Here again I found the use and aid of influence, although I pretended, to those who congratulated me, that merit and merit alone counted. One had to learn to walk alone, I said, and then one did not require friends: one certainly stood in no need of relations. I had a letter from young Ruth, saying how proud she felt of me, telling me that at a Flower Show she had been introduced as Mr. Wickhams's sister. She assured me she had forgotten that she ever experienced a day's illness in her life. On the very top of this came a telegram from the school in Gloucestershire—

“Your sister died last night. Come, or telegraph instructions. Inform members of family.”

.

We took her home. We took her home, and my father met us at the station. Charles Yardley and Mary went down with us, and Sarah put everything aside to come; David and Mrs. David joined the train at New Cross, travelling third. Daniel Haddaway had gone the previous evening: "I'm the best one to be with the governor," he said. In our compartment no words were spoken on the way; we occupied corner seats and gazed steadily through the windows.

"It's nice to—nice to see you all again," said my father, tremulously. "Don't let's break down, any of us. The Lord giveth, the Lord— Ah, I wish He hadn't taken her, though! He might have taken me instead."

"You walk with father, Daniel," I said. "Mary, you go with your husband. I'll take Sarah."

The village had trouble in blending sympathy with an interest in us. There was a new stationmaster; the office boy I remembered as a petticoated child; the old signalman called me "Mr. Joseph." Four friends of Daniel, giving up their crape-circled bowler hats, lent their shoulders; I kept my eyes on the ground as we walked, but could not help noting that the village appeared to have shrunk; one had thought of the hill as the side of a mountain; it was but a gentle incline. The church had been in my memory a cathedral; it was a small building, flat and ordinary. The idea had sometimes come to me of paying my first visit when I became successful: a lordly stroll through the village and condescending words to old inhabitants formed part of the scheme. I found a small Prayer-Book placed in my hand; on the fly-leaf was written in Ruth's careful, round handwriting, "Miss R. Wickhams. From her mother, December 8th, 1880."

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,

forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

We followed the dear person out of the church, and saw her body descend ; observed the narrow canvas strips drawn out ; heard the crumbled clay fall.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy——"

Sarah said, as we walked around the churchyard, that mother would be glad to see her baby. I could not trust myself to talk, and it was a relief when the curate came up and spoke to Sarah about her work ; he had not, apparently, heard of mine. We went back to father's cottage.

I knew adversity had improved Mrs. David, but until that afternoon I had not arrived at a correct estimate. She took charge, at Mary's request, of the tea-table, talking quietly and gently, diverting conversation to general topics when we neared the subject which pained us beyond endurance. She helped father to select the lines to be placed on the mourning cards. Forced my father to confess that he had made considerable improvements in the front garden, and declared that she had no idea hollyhocks ever grew to such a height. Started Yardley and my father in a discussion on the question of horseflesh, its present, past, and future. Later she rallied Daniel Haddaway on alleged devotion to the fair sex, and forced him to tell us the true story of his sudden disappearance from Charles Street, City Road. But my two sisters, grateful for all this, yet remained quiet ; and when we left for the station, they went together to the churchyard, and met us on the platform. There Mrs. David said I could pay excess on my brother's ticket, but not upon hers, and she insisted on travelling apart from the rest.

"I'm staying on for a day or two, Joe," explained

Daniel Haskins. "Get my holidays a purpose. I can take the governor out for walks, and enjoy myself. Let's see something of you now and again when you're on my side of the river. Don't be afraid to speak if you come across me. I'm not stand-offish. Say good-bye to your father."

We kissed the sad old face, taking turns at the carriage-window. He said he hoped we should get home safely. "It's been nice," he repeated, "nice to see you all again."

I think it was at Red Hill that someone who had been in the compartment stepped out: Mary closed the door, and when two men came she said, authoritatively, it was not a smoking carriage; when a woman attempted to enter, she stated it was a smoking carriage. They seemed puzzled, but my sister's emphatic manner impressed them.

"Now then!" said Mary, as the train went on. "I want to talk." She put her damp faced handkerchief away. "I want to talk, and don't you interrupt, David."

"Interrupt, Sarah?"

"No."

"I'm holding her husband's hand affectionately,

and you'll,"

"and I'll be told

of course that I'm a dress

and the first," she began, "the first to break the

and had perhaps the only right I should be the

and I should be the first to say anything about the

and I should be the first to remind you that you were rather

and I should be the first to be used to visit us. I know the

situation was difficult, and I know that it hurt me more than it hurt him, but I had to put up with it, and he might not have done."

"Hope all that's forgotten."

"Entirely forgotten," he replied, taking my hand.

"You're both interrupting," remarked Mary. "What I want to say is, that Charles and I haven't disagreed on many subjects: the one in regard to which we were in perfect accord was that, when we married, his family should not come in to disturb our happiness, and that mine should not do so. I daresay it was a selfish view. I'm prepared to take my full share of the blame. There have been no children, but we've been very happy. I ought to have asked you all—— Wait a bit, Joe; I know what you're going to say, and you needn't say it. You were the next to go, and I am sure you did what you thought was right. Sarah followed; and Sarah here, if she had not gone out into the world, would never have made a name for herself. We talked about it over—— Sarah and I talked about it in the churchyard—— in the churchyard where we shall all some day be placed. When that time comes, Heaven grant we may all be as fit and ready——"

"You were going to say, my dear." Her husband spoke with a pause.

"Nurse David had left home before we came to town——"

"Don't say anything about me," begged my brother, almost in tears. "It doesn't count."

"That's just the point of it all," cried my elder

"You do count, David, and we all count,

and we don't count each other. What I was coming to

say is, if any one of us had done a shameful

thing, it would have become impossible, the kind of person

that the folk distrust or despise, why then there

might be some sense in the attitude we have taken to each other. But all that has happened is, that some have been fortunate and some not so fortunate, and that makes no good ground for separation. And what I want to say, and I'm saying it clumsily, is, that we Wickhamses in the future must stick together."

We approved.

"Must help each other all we can."

We agreed.

"We must form a clan, and try to be always proud of belonging to it. Have I said it properly, Charles? Very well, then. Now let someone else speak. Sarah!"

"She wrote to me once," said my other sister, slowly and falteringly, "saying she wished she could do something to bring us together again. I daresay she wrote the same to you. I can't bear to think that it's our dear little Ruth we have put away this afternoon; I want to think that we've only buried our differences there. That's all."

"David!"

My brother gave a negative gesture and turned his head.

"Joe!"

"What I think we'd better do——"

"Go on!"

"Is to kiss each other all round, and promise,"—trying to control my voice,—“and promise not to forget this agreement. Not to forget this agreement until we've forgotten her.”

After this we could talk of Ruth: about her childhood, her baby phrases, her early school days, my mother's fondness for her, my mother's last message to us. Yardley went over to talk to my brother, conferring earnestly, and I heard David say, "That would be very kind of you," and heard Yardley say, "Not in the least

You come and see me to-morrow. Settled employment is what you want," and Mary, breaking off in conversation, gave to her husband a nod of approval. I think it was I who suggested we should take turns in going down to see father.

"Let me see," said Mary reminiscently. "What was that clever girl's name who came once or twice to the Passage?"

We could not assist her memory.

"Charles, you ought to know. We used to pretend that Joe here—— She was a cousin of your wife's, David."

"You mean Eleanor."

"Eleanor," finding that they all looked at me (I thought I had ridded myself of the trick of reddening at inconvenient moments) "Eleanor has gone out of my life. Gone completely out. Miss Nodes," going on hurriedly, "gave me news a while since about Miss Trentham. Do you remember my desperate affection for Miss Trentham?"

"Where is Eleanor?" persisted Mary. "I thought her a very pleasant girl. Affectionate manners. Agreeable disposition."

"Miss Trentham married," I remarked. "Married a man with some name suggesting a bird. How it takes one back, to be sure! Do you remember Mr. Redwell, Mary? And poor old Blenkinsop?"

We went along the platform on arriving at London Bridge to meet Mrs. David; my brother ran on in front, and they came to us, radiant. Sarah said good-bye, and went off in a hansom; we arranged to meet the following week. Charles Yardley found his own dog-cart waiting; the man gave him the reins and took a seat at the back.

"Do you know?" said my sister Mary, embracing Mrs. David, "there was a time when I disliked you."

"You had reason."

“ And now—— Joe, can we give you a lift ? ”

“ I’m going to walk down with David. Believe he has some news. Shall we start ? ”

“ Please ! ” said Mrs. David earnestly. “ I want to get home. Home to my boy.”

Mary looked back at her.

CHAPTER XX

SOMETHING in the nature of an accident occurred during the weeks immediately preceding the first County Council Election. The meeting was in the West End, but so near to Notting Dale that one corner of the audience represented clamour and keen anxiety for a row, and this seemed to affect other corners where North Kensington sat. Sir Henry was in the chair. The candidate being delayed at another meeting, I found myself called upon, and I hope I managed to conceal the satisfaction that was in me as I advanced to the table, but of this one cannot be sure. Notting Dale roared defiantly and fired two or three barbed sentences. When it finished, a sedate-looking, bearded man in the North Kensington corner rose and put his hand to the side of his mouth.

"Where's his nurse?" shouted the respectable voter
"Where's his nurse? Where's his nurse?"

Under the hubbub I turned and made a remark to Sir Henry. He took possession of it at once.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I appeal to our friend in the corner. Has not the time arrived when he ought to consider the advisability, the serious advisability, of giving up this habit of—er—flirting with servants?"

The papers headed the paragraph the next day "A Baronet's Badinage," and Sir Henry received many congratulations. "I know it was yours, young Wickhams," he said, in confidence, "and I know it doesn't look so well

in print as it sounded at the time. One can never tell what is going to hit the public fancy. But the best of it is, my wife has always been asking me why my name doesn't appear more often in the newspapers, and this—What are you getting now, Wickhams? A trifle more won't hurt the firm or damage you." He chuckled. 'Where's his nurse? was the question. My answer came very pat; very pat indeed. Wonderful gift, Wickhams, that of repartee. Must see if I can't cultivate it a little more. How did you start? You ought to get married, you know. You're the kind of man that could answer his wife."

More than once, in conducting some passenger entitled to special attention down to the docks, I had considered a wild scheme of hiding somewhere on the steamer, and once out, persuading the captain to take me on to Sydney; a sentimental song of the moment, in which the stowaway melted the hearts of ship's officers by offering up an appeal forced me to decide that one was too old for an adventure of the kind. But as steamers went out of the docks into the river, I used to say dismally from the quay, "My love to her." Assuring myself that I was the most miserable man in London, I took pains to act the part thoroughly. My sisters decided that I took too keen an interest in public affairs, and Charles Yardley was deputed by them to remonstrate gently, to urge that I should take my share of pleasantness and cheer up generally. Yardley pointed out that, considering all things, I had a right to congratulate myself on progress made. I placed my hand on his shoulder and spoke as an octogenarian.

"Don't you know," I said, "aren't you aware, that no man obtains everything he wants?"

"No man ought. Take the girls out one evening and——"

I sighed. "We won't discuss the matter. Leave me to go my own way."

"That's just what we're not prepared to do."

The treat I decided to give was partly to repay them, partly to signalise the promotion of a few lines on the pay sheet at office. I told Mary and told Sarah, with the air of one wearied of the fleeting gaieties of the world, that for many months I had not regarded the list of public entertainments; begged them to arrange everything, and to understand that the limit of three pounds was to be reached. Sarah said she thought perhaps the management had better be left in her hands. I agreed. Sarah asked whether I objected to entrusting it so far to her discretion as to find myself in perfect ignorance of the details until the evening arrived. I said I should prefer this.

Robert Spencer's sisters came to town for a holiday, bringing news and greatly desiring, so Robert said, to meet me; he thought the younger one might strike me as not half a bad sort. The meeting over, Robert reported that all he had been able to get out of his younger sister in the way of criticism consisted in the remark, "Thought people said he was bright!" Robert showed disappointment, but I felt complimented; the remark proved that the attitude of gloomy reserve which I had decided to take when in the company of the other sex was sufficiently pronounced to be recognisable. Miss Nodes and Agnes, pained, perhaps, by the striking triumph of their efforts of long ago, now relented, and having obtained all the available information concerning families in our demure road, hinted that married couples were sometimes happy, that you could not lay down a general rule on one side or on the other. Miss Nodes went so far as to say that tea-time on a Sunday afternoon suited her best, and if I cared to invite a friend,

even a lady friend, for that hour and for that day, she would preside at the table, occupying herself with the double duty of guarding propriety and pouring out. When I used some of the strenuous arguments formerly used by her, and drew her attention to the fact, she remarked that she would give only twopence for anyone who could not change opinions when a change appeared necessary. Opinions, said Miss Nodes, ought to be sent occasionally to the wash.

"What's made you so—I don't know how to term it—towards us, Mr. Wickhams?" asked my excellent landlady. "As a sex, I mean. No business of mine, you'll say. That's true. But still—you told me a part, and——"

"It's an old affair now."

"Can't you confide in me? You'd find yourself a lot better if you told someone all about it, Mr. Wickhams. You see," went on Miss Nodes, pressing her own claims, "I'm getting on in years, and you've known me a long time; I think you might tell me. Mention her name, and perhaps I can guess the rest."

"Miss Nodes," with a set face, "there are sorrows which we have to bear alone. This is one. Please say no more. It hurts."

"What was the initial letter of her Chrissen name?" asked my landlady persuasively.

"I have put the entire incident away from my memory," I said, "and I think it unkind of you to recall it in this way."

"Oh, very well," retorted Miss Nodes disappointedly; "don't tell me if you don't want to. I'm sure no one could call me inquisitive. I was remarking to the parrot only a day or two since, they may say a lot of things about me, and I daresay they do behind my back, but it's more than they dare to say that I'm in the habit of

prying into other people's concerns. Only mind this, Mr. Wickhams! I shall never ask you again."

I nursed my secret, finding a melancholy satisfaction in hugging it, and when I read the few letters hidden away in my desk, enclosed in an envelope marked, "To be burnt unopened if found after my demise," felt myself an old, old man, reviewing the romance of a far-off youth. I found gratification in the fact that clerks at office now made excuse for not inviting me to their parties on the ground that sisters did not care for my company, that wives found my presence and my conversation of no help; candid friends reported to me that ladies of a generous disposition described me as well-meaning, but——. I became something of an apostle, too. Meeting little Lane, once of Moorgate Street, now of King Street, Cheapside, and improved in everything except height, I discovered that he had given his heart; I talked to Lane earnestly on the subject, and he said, before parting, that fortunately he had not gone so far but that he could turn back. Lane, after waiting a moment, submitted to me a last argument. Granting that my views concerning them might, in general and in the main, be correct, could I not see my way to making an exception in favour of an assistant schoolmistress in a Bermondsey Board School, earning very good money and behaving with kindness to her mother? I felt myself unable to accede to this request.

Sarah sent me a note from Hampstead to say that the evening would be made up of dinner at a restaurant, to follow, an entertainment for which she had been able to procure tickets; we were all to meet opposite the Horse Shoe in Tottenham Court Road, at the narrow turning, near to half-past six as possible. She had arranged with father to come up for the day; he would sleep in a spare room at her house, and she would take

the responsibility of his transit charges. I wrote back that the evening was to be mine; I could allow no one else to share the expenses. Sarah replied with a postcard—

“All right. Only make yourself look as smart as you can.”

I determined, in waiting near Boziers Court, that I would for once throw aside moodiness and comport myself as though care and I had never met. Would try to recall my earlier manner, the manner of a time when I learnt the marriage service and rehearsed the words “I will” in various tones ranging from a shy whisper to a sonorous cry. Caution would be necessary. It would be a mistake to err in the other direction, and give the impression that one had arrived at second childhood; but providing Eleanor’s name did not come into the conversation—and my sisters could be credited with possession of a fair amount of tact—there was no reason why I should not start as the genial host and keep myself on that high level until the evening closed. Going home would, of course, come the reaction.

“Father,” I cried, “you jump out of an omnibus like a young man of twenty-five.”

“No,” he said, gratified. “Do I though? Is that a fact? Don’t feel so old as I did, that I will admit. But I shall look a bit out of it beside my”—he looked up at me—“beside my son Joe. And here come the other two, looking like ladies of title. Why,” greeting them, “’pon my word, we ought to have our photos took!”

Certainly he was a proud man as we sat in a corner apart in the restaurant. He glanced at the mirrored walls, and called attention to the numerous Marys and Sarahs and Joes reflected there, declaring this induced him to believe himself the parent of a considerable

family, all doing uncommonly well in the world. Mary explained that her husband and David had had to go away on urgent business to Gloucestershire.

"My idea was——" I began.

"Hush, Joe!"

The other diners looked around surprisedly; one of the waiters dropped a wine-glass. My father ended his appeal.

"Amen!" we said.

"Thick or clear?" he echoed. "Well, I don't know as—— Joe, you see me through this. You've brought me into the trouble; you've got to see me out of it."

Mary said Mr. Yardley was pleased with David, and I could give them the latest information concerning David's boy. At a neighbouring table sat Lewis, the friend of Henrietta, and he, on catching my eye, gave such a look of glad surprise, such a gasp of astonishment and exuberant joy, that one could tell he was still a member of the theatrical profession. Lewis, leaving his party, came across, and shaking hands, declared with emphasis that he had been looking forward to this moment since the occasion when he saw us last; he talked with animation and interest about himself, supporting certain of his statements by documentary evidence produced from the inside pocket of his dress coat. "Wonderful performance," he declared. "Everybody says I am IT." In going, he assured us that it had been a real and a precious delight to see us all again.

"By the bye," returning and whispering in my ear, "ought to know your name as well as I know my own, but—— You might tell me who you are."

We had conversational toasts afterwards, and my father said that if he did not soon take an opportunity of hearing me address a public meeting, he would sacrifice the sum of one halfpenny. Sarah replied across

the white cloth for Art, and Mary said a few words in answer to the toast of The Horse, the Friend of Man.

"What time does this here affair——" began father.

"We must fly!" declared the girls, rising excitedly.

"Why didn't someone remind us? We shall be late."

"Can't matter at what hour we go in," I protested.

"But it does!" they cried.

We had to wait at the glass doors of the hall until a violinist finished; Mary and Sarah complained impatiently of the length of the selection. We reassured father by pointing out some patrons within who were not in evening dress.

"Let me see the programme," I said casually, when we were seated. My good spirits were nearly exhausted; I was looking forward to loneliness, a return to gloom.

"I want it," remarked Sarah, "when Mary has finished."

The accompanist played a prelude; I was studying absently the tips of my patent shoes and did not look up. As a voice began I snatched the programme from Sarah's hands.

My own enthusiastic applause would have ensured a recall, but other people gave generous and willing assistance. After the first glance, I did not dare to give my eyes to the platform; but when the singer returned and the accompanist once more played a few bars, I had to do so. The words were trite and ordinary to hundreds of folk in the hall—

"He spoke to me across the sea
In the summer time, the summer time——"

Knowing my sisters were watching me closely, I remarked to father, with elaborate calm, that certain voices became richer and fuller as the years went on. The interval followed. I was still engaged in discussing

with my father the various improvements which time effected when the programme woman came.

“I was to be certain to give it to the right one.”

“I am the right one.”

My sisters watched me more closely than before I opened the envelope and read—

“DEAR JOE,—Why don't you ask me to marry you?”

The programme woman asked whether there was any answer. I wrote two words, just two words on the envelope, and handed it openly along to her.

“A quotation,” remarked Mary, “from the marriage service. What does ‘I will’ mean, Joe?”

“Do you mind,” cheerfully, “waiting for me when it's all over? And for my Eleanor?”

A story has to finish somewhere, and this is where I finish mine. Life for me did not end on that evening; sometimes it seems that it then began. I have wanted to talk about early days. It may be sufficient emphasis has not been given to the dolours that come to youth, but memory prefers to docket happiness and does not care to keep lasting record of pain. Looking back on it all as I write these last words, I see myself at table; a boy, I hear my father's reminding voice—

“Joe, grace!”

I incline my head. “For what we have received, make us truly thankful!”



Printed by
MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED
Edinburgh

**A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS
 PUBLISHED BY METHUEN
 AND COMPANY: LONDON
 36 ESSEX STREET
 W.C.**

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
General Literature,	2-19	Little Blue Books,	27
Ancient Cities,	19	Little Books on Art,	27
Antiquary's Books,	20	Little Galleries,	28
Beginner's Books,	20	Little Guides,	28
Business Books,	20	Little Library,	28
Byzantine Texts,	21	Miniature Library,	30
Churchman's Bible,	21	Oxford Biographies,	30
Churchman's Library,	21	School Examination Series,	30
Classical Translations,	21	Social Questions of To-day,	31
Commercial Series,	22	Textbooks of Science,	31
Connoisseur's Library,	22	Textbooks of Technology	31
Library of Devotion,	23	Handbooks of Theology	31
Standard Library,	23	Westminster Commentaries,	32
Half-Crown Library,	24		
Illustrated Pocket Library of		Fiction,	32-36
Plain and Coloured Books,	24	The Shilling Novels,	37
Junior Examination Series,	26	Books for Boys and Girls	38
Junior School-Books,	26	Novels of Alexandre Dumas,	38
Leaders of Religion,	27	Methuen's Sixpenny Books,	39

AUGUST 1906

A CATALOGUE OF MESSRS. METHUEN'S PUBLICATIONS

Colonial Editions are published of all Messrs. METHUEN'S Novels issued at a price above 2s. 6d., and similar editions are published of some works of General Literature. These are marked in the Catalogue. Colonial editions are only for circulation in the British Colonies and India.

An asterisk denotes that a book is in the Press.
I.P.L. represents Illustrated Pocket Library.
S.Q.S. represents Social Questions Series.

PART I.—GENERAL LITERATURE

- Abbot (Jacob).** See Little Blue Books.
- Abbott (J. H. M.).** Author of 'Tommy Cornstalk.' AN OUTLANDER IN ENGLAND: BEING SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN AUSTRALIAN ABROAD. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Acatos (M. J.).** See Junior School Books.
- Adams (Frank).** JACK SPRATT. With 24 Coloured Pictures. *Super Royal 16mo.* 2s.
- Adeney (W. F.), M.A.** See Bennett and Adeney.
- Æschylus.** See Classical Translations.
- Æsop.** See I.P.L.
- Ainsworth (W. Harrison).** See I.P.L.
- Alderson (J. P.).** MR. ASQUITH. With Portraits and Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Aldis (Janet).** MADAME GEOFFRIN, HER SALON, AND HER TIMES. With many Portraits and Illustrations. *Second Edition.* *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Alexander (William) D.D.,** Archbishop of Armagh. THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS OF MANY YEARS. *Demy 16mo.* 2s. 6d.
- Alken (Henry).** THE NATIONAL SPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. With descriptions in English and French. With 51 Coloured Plates. *Royal Folio.* *Five Guineas net.* The Plates can be had separately in a Portfolio. £3, 3s. net.
- See also I.P.L.
- Allen (Jessie).** See Little Books on Art.
- Allen (J. Romilly), F.S.A.** See Antiquary's Books.
- Almack (E.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Amherst (Lady).** A SKETCH OF EGYPTIAN HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. With many Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
- Anderson (F. M.).** THE STORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE FOR CHILDREN. With many Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 2s.
- Anderson (J. G.), B.A.,** Examiner to London University. NOUVELLE GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE. Cr. 8vo. 2s.
- EXERCICES DE GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE.** Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- Andrews (Bishop).** PRECES PRIVATAE. Edited, with Notes, by F. E. BRIGHTMAN, M.A., of Pusey House, Oxford. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Anglo-Australian.** AFTER-GLOW MEMORIES. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Aristophanes.** THE FROGS. Translated into English by E. W. HUNTINGFORD, M.A. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Aristotle.** THE NICOMACHEAN ETHICS. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by JOHN BURNET, M.A., Professor of Greek at St. Andrews. *Cheaper issue.* *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
- Ashton (R.).** See Little Blue Books.
- Atkins (H. G.).** See Oxford Biographies.
- Atkinson (C. M.).** JEREMY BENTHAM. *Demy 8vo.* 5s. net.
- Atkinson (T. D.).** A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE. With over 200 Illustrations. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. net.
- A GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED IN ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.** Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. net.
- Auden (T.), M.A., F.S.A.** See Ancient Cities.
- Aurelius (Marcus).** See Standard Library and W. H. D. Rouse.
- Austen (Jane).** See Little Library and Standard Library.
- Aves (Ernest).** See Books on Business.
- Bacon (Francis).** See Little Library and Standard Library.

- Baden-Powell (R. S. S.), Major-General.** THE DOWNFALL OF PREMPEH. A Diary of Life in Ashanti, 1895. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Large Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE MATABELE CAMPAIGN, 1896.** With nearly 100 Illustrations. *Fourth Edition. Large Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- ***Bagot (Richard).** THE LAKE OF COMO. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Balley (J. C.), M.A.** See Cowper.
- Baker (W. G.), M.A.** See Junior Examination Series.
- Baker (Julian L.), F.I.C., F.C.S.** See Books on Business.
- Balfour (Graham).** THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *Second Edition. Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 25s. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Bally (S. E.).** See Commercial Series.
- Banks (Elizabeth L.).** THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A 'NEWSPAPER GIRL.' *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Barham (R. H.).** See Little Library.
- Baring (The Hon. Maurice).** WITH THE RUSSIANS IN MANCHURIA. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Baring-Gould (S.).** THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. With over 450 Illustrations in the Text, and 12 Photogravure Plates. *Gilt top. Large quarto. 36s.*
- THE TRAGEDY OF THE CÆSARS.** With numerous Illustrations from Busts, Gems, Cameos, etc. *Fifth Edition. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES.** With numerous Illustrations by A. J. GASKIN. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*
- OLD ENGLISH FAIRY TALES.** With numerous Illustrations by F. D. BEDFORD. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. Buckram. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW.** Revised Edition. With a Portrait. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- DARTMOOR: A Descriptive and Historical Sketch.** With Plans and numerous Illustrations. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A BOOK OF DEVON.** Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A BOOK OF CORNWALL.** Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A BOOK OF NORTH WALES.** Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A BOOK OF SOUTH WALES.** Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A BOOK OF BRITANNY.** Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A BOOK OF THE RIVIERA.** Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE RHINE.** Illustrated. *Crown 8vo. 6s.*
- A BOOK OF GHOSTS.** With 8 Illustrations by D. MURRAY SMITH. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- OLD COUNTRY LIFE.** With 67 Illustrations. *Fifth Edition. Large Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A GARLAND OF COUNTRY SONG: English Folk Songs with their Traditional Melodies.** Collected and arranged by S. BARING-GOULD and H. F. SHEPPARD. *Demy 4to. 6s.*
- SONGS OF THE WEST: Folk Songs of Devon and Cornwall.** Collected from the Mouths of the People. By S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., and H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD, M.A. New and Revised Edition, under the musical editorship of Cecil J. SHARP, Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire. *Large Imperial 8vo. 5s. net.*
See also Little Guides and Half-Crown Library.
- Barker (Aldred F.).** See Textbooks of Technology.
- Barnes (W. E.), D.D.** See Churchman's Bible.
- Barnett (Mrs. P. A.).** See Little Library.
- Baron (R. R. N.), M.A.** FRENCH PROSE COMPOSITION. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Key, 3s. net.* See also Junior School Books.
- Barrow (H. M.), M.A., Wadham College, Oxford.** TEXTS FOR SERMONS. With a Preface by Canon SCOTT HOLLAND. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Bartholomew (J. G.), F.R.S.E.** See C. G. Robertson.
- Bastable (C. F.), M.A.** See S.O.S.
- Batson (Mrs. Stephen).** A BOOK OF THE COUNTRY AND THE GARDEN. Illustrated by F. CARRUTHERS GOULD and A. C. GOULD. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
- A CONCISE HANDBOOK OF GARDEN FLOWERS.** *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Batten (Loring W.), Ph.D., S.T.D.** THE HEBREW PROPHET. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Beaman (A. Hulme).** PONSASINORUM; OR, A GUIDE TO BRIDGE. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.*
- Beard (W. S.).** See Junior Examination Series and Beginner's Books.
- Beckford (Peter).** THOUGHTS ON HUNTING. Edited by J. OTHO PAGET, and Illustrated by G. H. JALLAND. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 6s.*
- Beckford (William).** See Little Library.
- Beeching (H. C.), M.A., Canon of Westminster.** See Library of Devotion.
- Begbie (Harold).** MASTER WORKERS. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- Behmen (Jacob).** DIALOGUES ON THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE. Edited by BERNARD HOLLAND. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

- Bellec (Hillaire), PARIS.** With Maps and Illustrations. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
- ***MARIE ANTOINETTE.** With many Portraits and Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. net.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Bellot (H. H. L.), M.A. THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE.** With numerous Illustrations. *Crown 8vo.* 6s. net.
See also L. A. A. JONES.
- Bennett (W. H.), M.A. A PRIMER OF THE BIBLE.** *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Bennett (W. H.) and Adeney (W. F.). A BIBLICAL INTRODUCTION.** *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
- Benson (Archbishop) GOD'S BOARD: Communion Addresses.** *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. net.
- Benson (A. C.), M.A.** See Oxford Biographies.
- Benson (R. M.). THE WAY OF HOLINESS: a Devotional Commentary on the 119th Psalm.** *Cr. 8vo.* 5s.
- Bernard (E. R.), M.A., Canon of Salisbury. THE ENGLISH SUNDAY.** *Fcap. 8vo.* 1s. 6d.
- Bertouch (Baroness de). THE LIFE OF FATHER IGNATIUS.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Betham-Edwards (M.). HOME LIFE IN FRANCE.** Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Bethune-Baker (J. F.), M.A.** See Handbooks of Theology.
- Bidez (M.).** See Byzantine Texts.
- Biggs (C. R. D.), D.D.** See Churchman's Bible.
- Bindley (T. Herbert), B.D. THE OECUMENICAL DOCUMENTS OF THE FAITH.** With Introductions and Notes. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
- Bliss (H. B.). THE LIFE OF WALT WHITMAN.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. net.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Binyon (Laurence). THE DEATH OF ADAM, AND OTHER POEMS.** *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. net.
- ***WILLIAM BLAKE.** In 2 volumes. *Super Royal Quarto.* £1, 1s. each.
Vol. 1.—THE BOOK OF JOB.
- Birnatingi (Ethel).** See Little Books on Art.
- Blackmantle (Bernard).** See I.P.L.
- Blair (Robert).** See I.P.L.
- Blake (William).** See I.P.L. and Little Library.
- Bloxland (B.), M.A.** See Library of Devotion.
- Bloom (T. Harvey), M.A. SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.** Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.; *leather,* 4s. 6d. net.
See also Antiquary's Books
- Blouet (Henri).** See Beginner's Books.
- Boardman (T. H.), M.A.** See Textbooks of Science.
- Bodley (J. E. C.), Author of 'France.' THE CORONATION OF EDWARD VII.** *Demy 8vo.* 21s. net. By Command of the King.
- Body (George), D.D. THE SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE: Devotional Readings from his writings.** Selected by J. H. BORN, B.D., F.R.S.E. *Fcap. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Bona (Cardinal).** See Library of Devotion.
- Boon (F. C.).** See Commercial Series.
- Borrow (George).** See Little Library.
- Boe (J. Ritzeman). AGRICULTURAL ZOOLOGY.** Translated by J. R. ANWORTH DAVIS, M.A. With 155 Illustrations. *Cr. 8vo.* *Third Edition.* 3s. 6d.
- Botting (C. G.), B.A. EASY GREEK EXERCISES.** *Cr. 8vo.* 2s. See also Junior Examination Series.
- Beaumont (H. S.), M.A. GEOMETRY ON MODERN LINES.** *Cr. 8vo.* 2s.
- Boulton (William B.). THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH** With 40 Illustrations. *Second Ed. Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
- SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.** With 49 Illustrations. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
- Bowden (E. M.). THE IMITATION OF BUDDHA: Being Quotations from Buddhist Literature for each Day in the Year.** *Fifth Edition. Cr. 16mo.* 2s. 6d.
- Boyle (W.). CHRISTMAS AT THE ZOO.** With Verses by W. BOYLE and 24 Coloured Pictures by H. B. NEILSON. *Super Royal 16mo.* 2s.
- Brabant (F. G.), M.A.** See Little Guides.
- Bradley (J. W.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Brailsford (H. N.). MACEDONIA.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. net.
- Bredrick (Mary) and Marton (Anderson). A CONCISE HANDBOOK OF EGYPTIAN ARCHEOLOGY.** Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Brooke (A. S.), M.A. SLINGSBY AND SLINGSBY CASTLE.** Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
- Brooks (E. W.).** See Byzantine Texts.
- Brown (P. H.), LL.D.,** Fraser Professor of Ancient (Scottish) History at the University of Edinburgh. **SCOTLAND IN THE TIME OF QUEEN MARY.** *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
- Browne (Sir Thomas).** See Standard Library.
- Brownell (C. L.). THE HEART OF JAPAN.** Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 6s.; also *Demy 8vo.* 6d.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Browning (Robert).** See Little Library.
- Buckland (Francis T.). CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.** Illustrated by H. B. NEILSON. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.

- Beckton (A. M.)** THE BURDEN OF ENGLA: a Ballad-Epic. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
- EAGER HEART: A Mystery Play.** *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 1s. net.
- Budge (E. A. Wallis).** THE GODS OF THE EGYPTIANS. With over 100 Coloured Plates and many Illustrations. *Two Volumes. Royal 8vo. £3. 2s. net.*
- Bull (Paul), Army Chaplain.** GOD AND OUR SOLDIERS. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Bullay (Miss).** See S.Q.S.
- Bunyan (John).** THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Edited, with an Introduction, by C. H. FIRTH, M.A. With 39 Illustrations by R. ANNING BELL. Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Library of Devotion and Standard Library.
- Burch (G. J.), M.A., F.R.S.** A MANUAL OF ELECTRICAL SCIENCE. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 3s.
- Burgess (Gelett).** GOOPS AND HOW TO BE THEM. Illustrated. *Small 4to.* 6s.
- Burke (Edmund).** See Standard Library.
- Burn (A. E.), D.D., Rector of Handsworth and Prebendary of Lichfield.** See Handbooks of Theology.
- Burn (J. H.), B.D.** See Library of Devotion.
- Burnand (Sir F. C.).** RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES. With a Portrait by H. v. HERKOMER. Cr. 8vo. *Fourth and Cheaper Edition.* 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Burns (Robert),** THE POEMS OF. Edited by ANDREW LANG and W. A. CRAIGIE. With Portrait. *Third Edition.* Demy 8vo, gilt top. 6s.
- Burnside (W. F.), M.A.** OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY FOR USE IN SCHOOLS. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Burton (Alfred).** See I.P.L.
- Burton (Joseph).** See Standard Library.
- Caldecott (Alfred), D.D.** See Handbooks of Theology.
- Calderwood (D. S.), Headmaster of the Normal School, Edinburgh.** TEST CARDS IN EUCLID AND ALGEBRA. In three packets of 40, with Answers. 1s. each. Or in three Books, price 2d., 2d., and 3d.
- Cambridge (Ada) (Mrs. Cross).** THIRTY YEARS IN AUSTRALIA. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Canning (George).** See Little Library.
- Capey (E. F. H.).** See Oxford Biographies.
- Careless (John).** See I.P.L.
- Carlyle (Thomas).** THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Edited by C. R. L. FLETCHER, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. *Three Volumes.* Cr. 8vo. 18s.
- THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.** With an Introduction by C. H. FIRTH, M.A., and Notes and Appendices by Mrs. S. C. LOMAS. *Three Volumes.* Demy 8vo. 18s. net.
- Carlyle (R. M. and A. J.), M.A.** See Leaders of Religion.
- *Carpenter (Margaret).** THE CHILD IN ART. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Chamberlin (Wilbur B.).** ORDERED TO CHINA. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Channer (C. C.) and Roberts (M. E.).** LACEMAKING IN THE MIDLANDS, PAST AND PRESENT. With 16 full-page Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Chapman (S. J.).** See Books on Business.
- Chatterton (Thomas).** See Standard Library.
- Chesterfield (Lord),** THE LETTERS OF, TO HIS SON. Edited, with an Introduction by C. STRACHEY, and Notes by A. CALTHROP. *Two Volumes.* Cr. 8vo. 12s.
- Chesterton (G. K.),** DICKENS. With Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Christian (F. W.).** THE CAROLINE ISLANDS. With many Illustrations and Maps. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.
- Cicero.** See Classical Translations.
- Clarke (F. A.), M.A.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Cleather (A. L.) and Crump (B.).** RICHARD WAGNER'S MUSIC DRAMAS: Interpretations, embodying Wagner's own explanations. *In Four Volumes.* Fcap 8vo. 2s. 6d. each.
- VOL. I.—THE RING OF THE NIBELUNG.** *Third Edition.*
- VOL. II.—PARSIFAL, LOHENGRIN, and THE HOLY GRAIL.**
- VOL. III.—TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.**
- Clinch (G.).** See Little Guides.
- Clough (W. T.).** See Junior School Books.
- Coast (W. G.), B.A.** EXAMINATION PAPERS IN VERGIL. Cr. 8vo. 2s.
- Cobb (T.).** See Little Blue Books.
- Cobb (W. F.), M.A.** THE BOOK OF PSALMS: with a Commentary. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
- Coleridge (S. T.),** SELECTIONS FROM. Edited by ARTHUR SYMONS. Fcap 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.
- Collingwood (W. G.).** See Half-Crown Library.
- Collins (W. E.), M.A.** See Churchman's Library.
- Colonna.** HYPNEROTOMACHIA POLIPHILI UBI HUMANA OMNIA NON NISI SOMNIUM ESSE DOCET ATQUE OBITER PLURIMA SCITU SANE QUAM DIGNA COMMEMORAT. An edition limited to 250 copies on handmade paper. *Folio.* *Three Guineas net.*
- Combe (William).** See I.P.L.

- Cook (A. M.), M.A.** See E. C. Marchant.
- Cooke-Taylor (R. W.).** See S.Q.S.
- Correll (Marie).** **THE PASSING OF THE GREAT QUEEN:** *Fcap. 4to. 1s.*
- A CHRISTMAS GREETING.** *Cr. 4to. 1s.*
- Corkran (Alice).** See Little Books on Art.
- Cotes (Rosemary).** **DANTE'S GARDEN.** With a Frontispiece. *Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.; leather, 3s. 6d. net.*
- BIBLE FLOWERS.** With a Frontispiece and Plan. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Cowley (Abraham).** See Little Library.
- Cowper (William).** **THE POEMS OF.** Edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. C. BAILEY, M.A. Illustrated, including two unpublished designs by WILLIAM BLAKE. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Cox (J. Charles), LL.D., F.S.A.** See Little Guides, The Antiquary's Books, and Ancient Cities.
- Cox (Harold), B.A.** See S.Q.S.
- Crabbe (George).** See Little Library.
- Craigie (W. A.).** **A PRIMER OF BURNS.** *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Craik (Mrs.).** See Little Library.
- Crashaw (Richard).** See Little Library.
- Crawford (F. G.).** See Mary C. Danson.
- Cross (J. A.).** **A LITTLE BOOK OF RELIGION.** *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Crouch (W.).** **BRYAN KING.** With a Portrait. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Cruikshank (G.).** **THE LOVING BAL-LAD OF LORD BATEMAN.** With 11 Plates. *Cr. 16mo. 1s. 6d. net.*
- Crump (B.).** See A. L. Cleather.
- Cunliffe (Sir F. H. E.),** Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. **THE HISTORY OF THE BOER WAR.** With many Illustrations, Plans, and Portraits. *In 2 vols. Quarto. 15s. each.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Cunynghame (H.), C.B.,** See Connoisseur's Library.
- Cutts (E. L.), D.D.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Daniell (G. W.), M.A.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Danson (Mary C.) and Crawford (F. G.).** **FATHERS IN THE FAITH.** *Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- Dante.** **LA COMMEDIA DI DANTE.** The Italian Text edited by PAGET TOYNEBEE, M.A., D.Litt. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE.** Translated into Spenserian Prose by C. GORDON WRIGHT. With the Italian text. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
See also Paget Toynebee, Little Library and Standard Library.
- Darley (George).** See Little Library.
- D'Arcy (R. F.), M.A.** **A NEW TRIGONOMETRY FOR BEGINNERS.** *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Davenport (Cyril).** See Connoisseur's Library and Little Books on Art.
- Devey (Richard).** **THE PAGEANT OF LONDON** With 40 Illustrations in Colour by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R. L. *In Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.* Each volume may be purchased separately.
VOL. I.—TO A.D. 1500.
VOL. II.—A.D. 1500 TO 1900.
- Davis (H. W. C.), M.A.,** Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Author of 'Charlemagne.' **ENGLAND UNDER THE NORMANS AND ANGEVINS: 1066-1272.** With Maps and Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Dawson (A. J.).** **MOROCCO.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Deane (A. C.).** See Little Library.
- Delbos (Leon).** **THE METRIC SYSTEM.** *Cr. 8vo. 2s.*
- Demosthenes.** **THE OLYNTHIACS AND PHILIPPICS.** Translated by ORNO HOLLAND. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Demosthenes.** **AGAINST CONON AND CALLICLES.** Edited by F. DARWIN SWIFT, M.A. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s.*
- Dickens (Charles).** See Little Library and I.P.L.
- Dickinson (Emily).** **POEMS.** *Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.*
- Dickinson (G. L.), M.A.,** Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. **THE GREEK VIEW OF LIFE.** *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Dickson (H. N.), F.R.Met. Soc.** **METEOROLOGY.** Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Dilke (Lady).** See S.Q.S.
- Dillon (Edward).** See Connoisseur's Library and Little Books on Art.
- Ditchfield (P. H.), M.A., F.S.A.** **THE STORY OF OUR ENGLISH TOWNS.** With an Introduction by AUGUSTUS JESSOPF, D.D. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS: Extant at the Present Time.** *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
See also Half-crown Library.
- Dixon (W. M.), M.A.** **A PRIMER OF TENNYSON.** *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- ENGLISH POETRY FROM BLAKE TO BROWNING.** *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Dole (N. H.).** **FAMOUS COMPOSERS.** With Portraits. *Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. 12s. net.*
- Doney (May).** **SONGS OF THE REAL.** *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
A volume of poems.
- Douglas (James).** **THE MAN IN THE PULPIT.** *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Dowden (J.), D.D.,** Lord Bishop of Edinburgh. See Churohman's Library.
- Drage (G.).** See Books on Business.

- Driver (S. R.), D.D., D.C.L.,** Canon of Christ Church, Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford. **SERMONS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE OLD TESTAMENT.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
See also Westminster Commentaries.
- Dry (Wakeling).** See Little Guides.
- Dryhurst (A. R.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Duguid (Charles).** See Books on Business.
- Dunn (J. T.), D.Sc., and Mandella (V. A.).** **GENERAL ELEMENTARY SCIENCE.** With 114 Illustrations. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Dunstan (A. B.), R.Sc.** See Junior School Books and Textbooks of Science.
- Durham (The Earl of).** **A REPORT ON CANADA.** With an Introductory Note. *Demy 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.*
- Dutt (W. A.).** **A POPULAR GUIDE TO NORFOLK.** *Medium 8vo. 6d. net.*
- THE NORFOLK BROADS.** With coloured Illustrations by FRANK SOUTHGATE. Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Little Guides.
- Earle (John), Bishop of Salisbury.** **MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE, OR A PIECE OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED.** *Post 16mo. 2s. net.*
- Edmonds (Major J. E.), R.E.; D.A.Q.-M.G.** See W. Birkbeck Wood.
- Edwards (Clement).** See S.Q.S.
- Edwards (W. Douglas).** See Commercial Series.
- Egan (Pierce).** See I.P.L.
- Egerton (H. E.), M.A.** **A HISTORY OF BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY.** New and Cheaper Issue. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Ellaby (C. G.).** See The Little Guides.
- Ellerton (F. G.).** See S. J. Stone.
- Ellwood (Thomas).** **THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF.** Edited by C. G. CRUMR, M.A. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Epictetus.** See W. H. D. Rouse.
- Erasmus.** A Book called in Latin ENCHIRIDION MILITIS CHRISTIANI, and in English the Manual of the Christian Knight.
From the edition printed by Wynken de Worde, 1532. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Fairbrother (W. H.), M.A.** **THE PHILOSOPHY OF T. H. GREEN.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Farrer (Reginald).** **THE GARDEN OF ASIA.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Fee (Allan).** **BEAUTIES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.** With 100 Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.*
- FELISSA; OR, THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF A KITTEN OF SENTIMENT.** With 12 Coloured Plates. *Post 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Ferrier (Susan).** See Little Library.
- Fisher (T. Claxton), M.Inst. C.E.** See Books on Business.
- Fielding (Henry).** See Standard Library.
- Fin (S. W.), M.A.** See Junior Examination Series.
- Firth (C. H.), M.A.** **CROMWELL'S ARMY: A History of the English Soldier during the Civil Wars, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Fisher (G. W.), M.A.** **ANNALS OF SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
- FitzGerald (Edward).** **THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.** Printed from the Fifth and last Edition. With a Commentary by Mrs. STEPHEN BATSON, and a Biography of Omar by E. D. ROSS. Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Miniature Library.
- FitzGerald (H. P.).** **A CONCISE HANDBOOK OF CLIMBERS, TWINERS, AND WALL SHRUBS.** Illustrated. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Flecker (W. H.), M.A., D.C.L.,** Headmaster of the Dean Close School, Cheltenham. **THE STUDENT'S PRAYER BOOK. THE TEXT OF MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER AND LITANY.** With an Introduction and Notes. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Flux (A. W.), M.A.,** William Dow Professor of Political Economy in McGill University, Montreal. **ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES.** *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- Fortescue (Mrs. G.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Fraser (David).** **A MODERN CAMPAIGN; OR, WAR AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN THE FAR EAST.** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Fraser (J. F.).** **ROUND THE WORLD ON A WHEEL.** With 100 Illustrations. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- French (W.), M.A.** See Textbooks of Science.
- Freudenreich (Ed. von).** **DAIRY BACTERIOLOGY.** A Short Manual for the Use of Students. Translated by J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, M.A. *Second Edition.* *Revised.* Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Fulford (H. W.), M.A.** See Churchman's Bible.
- C. G., and P. C. G.** **JOHN BULL'S ADVENTURES IN THE FISCAL WONDERLAND.** By CHARLES GRAKE. With 46 Illustrations by F. CARRUTHERS GOULD. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 1s. net.
- Gallaher (D.) and Stead (D. W.).** **THE COMPLETE RUGBY FOOTBALLER.** With an Account of the Tour of the New Zealanders in England. With Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Gallichan (W. M.).** See Little Guides.
- Gambado (Geoffrey, Esq.).** See I.P.L.
- Gaskell (Mrs.).** See Little Library and Standard Library.
- Gasquet, the Right Rev. Abbot, O.S.B.** See Antiquary's Books.

- George (H. B.), M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford.** BATTLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. With numerous Plans. *Fourth Edition.* Revised, with a new Chapter including the South African War. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- A HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.** *Second Edition.* *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Gibbins (H. de B.), Litt.D., M.A.** INDUSTRY IN ENGLAND: HISTORICAL OUTLINES. With 5 Maps. *Fourth Edition.* *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
- A COMPANION GERMAN GRAMMAR.** *Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- THE INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** *Eleventh Edition.* Revised. With Maps and Plans. *Cr. 8vo. 3s.*
- ENGLISH SOCIAL REFORMERS.** *Second Edition.* *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
See also Commercial Series and S.O.S.
- Gibbon (Edward).** THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. A New Edition, edited with Notes, Appendices, and Maps, by J. B. BURY, M.A., Litt.D., Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. *In Seven Volumes.* *Demy 8vo. Gill top, 8s. 6d. each. Also, Cr. 8vo. 6s. each.*
- MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE AND WRITINGS.** Edited by G. BURKBECK HILL, LL.D. *Demy 8vo, Gill top. 8s. 6d. Also Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
See also Standard Library.
- Gibson (E. C. S.), D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester.** See Westminster Commentaries, Handbooks of Theology, and Oxford Biographies.
- Gilbert (A. R.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Gloag (M.).** See K. Wyatt.
- Godfrey (Elizabeth).** A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE. Edited by. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Godley (A. D.), M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford.** LYRA FRIVOLA. *Third Edition.* *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- VERSES TO ORDER.** *Second Edition.* *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- SECOND STRINGS.** *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Goldsmith (Oliver).** THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. *Fcap. 32mo.* With 10 Plates in Photogravure by Tony Johannot. *Leather, 2s. 6d. net.* See also I.P.L. and Standard Library.
- Goodrich-Freer (A.).** IN A SYRIAN SADDLE. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Goudge (H. L.), M.A., Principal of Welles Theological College.** See Westminster Commentaries.
- Graham (P. Anderson).** See S.O.S.
- Granger (F. S.), M.A., Litt.D.** PSYCHOLOGY. *Third Edition.* *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- THE SOUL OF A CHRISTIAN.** *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- Gray (E. M'Queen).** GERMAN PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Gray (P. L.), B.Sc.** THE PRINCIPLES OF MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY: an Elementary Text-Book. With its Diagrams. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Green (G. Buckland), M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon.** NOTES ON GREEK AND LATIN SYNTAX. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Green (E. T.), M.A.** See Churchman's Library.
- Greenidge (A. H. J.), M.A.** A HISTORY OF ROME: During the Later Republic and the Early Principate. *In Six Volumes.* *Demy 8vo. Vol. I. (133-104 B.C.) 10s. 6d. net.*
- Greenwell (Dora).** See Miniature Library.
- Gregory (R. A.).** THE VAULT OF HEAVEN. A Popular Introduction to Astronomy. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Gregory (Miss E. C.).** See Library of Devotion.
- Greville Milner.** A MODERN JOURNAL. Edited by J. A. SPANDEX. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Grubb (H. C.).** See Textbooks of Technology.
- Guiney (Louisa F.).** HURRELL FROUDE: Memoranda and Comments. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Gwynn (M. L.).** A BIRTHDAY BOOK. New and cheaper issue. *Royal 8vo. 5s. 6d. net.*
- Hackett (John), B.D.** A HISTORY OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH OF CYPRUS. With Maps and Illustrations. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*
- Haddon (A. C.), Sc.D., F.R.S.** HEAD-HUNTERS BLACK, WHITE, AND BROWN. With many Illustrations and a Map. *Demy 8vo. 15s.*
- Hadfield (R. A.).** See S.O.S.
- Hall (R. N.) and Neal (W. G.).** THE ANCIENT RUINS OF RHODESIA. Illustrated. *Second Edition, revised.* *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Hall (R. N.).** GREAT ZIMBABWE. With numerous Plans and Illustrations. *Second Edition.* *Royal 8vo. 9s. net.*
- Hamilton (F. J.), D.D.** See Byzantine Texts.
- Hammond (J. L.).** CHARLES JAMES FOX. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
- Hannay (D.).** A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL NAVY, Illustrated. *Two Volumes.* *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. each. Vol. I. 1200-1688.*
- Hannay (James O.), M.A.** THE SPIRIT AND ORIGIN OF CHRISTIAN MONASTICISM. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- THE WISDOM OF THE DESERT.** *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Hare (A. T.), M.A.** THE CONSTRUCTION OF LARGE INDUCTION COILS. With numerous Diagrams. *Demy 8vo. 6s.*

- Harrison (Clifford)**. READING AND READERS. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Hawthorne (Nathaniel)**. See Little Library.
- HEALTH, WEALTH AND WISDOM.** *Cr. 8vo. 1s. net.*
- Heath (Frank R.)**. See Little Guides.
- Heath (Dudley)**. See Connoisseur's Library.
- Hello (Ernest)**. STUDIES IN SAINT-SHIP. Translated from the French by V. M. CRAWFORD. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Henderson (B. W.)**, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. THE LIFE AND PRINCIPATE OF THE EMPEROR NERO. Illustrated. *New and cheaper issue. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- AT INTERVALS.** *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Henderson (T. F.)**. See Little Library and Oxford Biographies.
- Henley (W. E.)**. See Half-Crown Library.
- Henson (H. H.)**, B.D., Canon of Westminster. APOSTOLIC CHRISTIANITY: As Illustrated by the Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- LIGHT AND LEAVEN: HISTORICAL AND SOCIAL SERMONS.** *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- DISCIPLINE AND LAW.** *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Herbert (George)**. See Library of Devotion.
- Herbert of Cherbury (Lord)**. See Miniature Library.
- Hewins (W. A. S.)**, B.A. ENGLISH TRADE AND FINANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Hewitt (Ethel M.)** A GOLDEN DIAL. A Day Book of Prose and Verse. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Heywood (W.)**. PALIO AND PONTE: A Book of Tuscan Games. Illustrated. *Royal 8vo. 21s. net.*
- Hilbert (T.)**. See Little Blue Books.
- Hill (Clare)**. See Textbooks of Technology.
- Hill (Henry)**, B.A., Headmaster of the Boy's High School, Worcester, Cape Colony. A SOUTH AFRICAN ARITHMETIC. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Hillegas (Howard C.)**. WITH THE ROER FORCES. With 24 Illustrations. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Hirst (F. W.)**. See Books on Business.
- Hobhouse (Emily)**. THE BRUNT OF THE WAR. With Map and Illustrations. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Hobhouse (L. T.)**, Fellow of C.C.C., Oxford. THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Hobson (J. A.)**, M.A. INTERNATIONAL TRADE: A Study of Economic Principles. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- PROBLEMS OF POVERTY.** *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Hodgkin (T.)**, D.C.L. See Leaders of Religion.
- Hodgson (Mrs. W.)** HOW TO IDENTIFY OLD CHINESE PORCELAIN. *Second Edition. Post 8vo. 6s.*
- Hogg (Thomas Jefferson)**. SHELLEY AT OXFORD. With an Introduction by R. A. STREATFIELD. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. net.*
- Holden-Stone (G. de)**. See Books on Business.
- Holdich (Sir T. H.)**, K.C.I.E. THE INDIAN BORDERLAND: being a Personal Record of Twenty Years. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Holdsworth (W. S.)**, M.A. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LAW. *In Two Volumes. Vol. I. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Holland (Canon Scott)**. See Library of Devotion.
- Holt (Emily)**. THE SECRET OF POPULARITY: How to Achieve Social Success. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Holyoake (G. J.)**. THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT TO-DAY. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Hone (Nathaniel J.)**. See Antiquary's Books.
- Hoppner**. See Little Galleries.
- Horace**. See Classical Translations.
- Horsburgh (H. L. S.)**, M.A. WATERLOO: A Narrative and Criticism. With Plans. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s.* See also Oxford Biographies.
- Horth (A. C.)**. See Textbooks of Technology.
- Horton (R. F.)**, D.D. See Leaders of Religion.
- Hosie (Alexander)**. MANCHURIA. With Illustrations and a Map. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- How (P. D.)**. SIX GREAT SCHOOLMASTERS. With Portraits and Illustrations. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.*
- Howell (G.)**. See S. Q. S.
- Hudson (Robert)**. MEMORIALS OF A WARWICKSHIRE PARISH. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 15s. net.*
- Hughes (C. E.)**. THE PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE. An English Anthology. With a Preface by SIDNEY LEE. *Demy 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Hughes (Thomas)**. TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. With an Introduction and Notes by VERNON RENDALL. *Leather. Royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Hutchinson (Horace G.)**. THE NEW FOREST. Illustrated in colour with 50 Pictures by WALTER TYNDALE and 4 by Miss LUCY KEMP WELCH. *Large Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*
- Hutton (A. W.)**, M.A. See Leaders of Religion and Library of Devotion.
- Hutton (Edward)**. THE CITIES OF UMBRIA. With many Illustrations, of which 20 are in Colour, by A. PISA. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- A Colonial Edition is also published.

- ENGLISH LOVE POEMS.** Edited with an Introduction. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Hutton (R. H.).** See *Leaders of Religion.*
- Hutton (W. H.), M.A.** **THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS MORE.** With Portraits. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 5s.* See also *Leaders of Religion.*
- Hyett (F. A.).** **A SHORT HISTORY OF FLORENCE.** *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
- Ibsen (Henrik). BRAND.** A Drama. Translated by WILLIAM WILSON. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Inge (W. R.), M.A.** Fellow and Tutor of Hertford College, Oxford. **CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM.** The Hampton Lectures for 1899. *Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.* See also *Library of Devotion.*
- Innes (A. D.), M.A.** **A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH IN INDIA.** With Maps and Plans. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- ENGLAND UNDER THE TUDORS.** With Maps. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Jackson (C. E.), B.A.** See *Textbooks of Science.*
- Jackson (S.), M.A.** See *Commercial Series.*
- Jackson (F. Hamilton).** See *Little Guides.*
- Jacob (F.), M.A.** See *Junior Examination Series.*
- Jeans (J. Stephen).** See *S. Q. S. and Business Books.*
- Jeffreys (D. Gwyn).** **DOLLY'S THEATRICALS.** Described and Illustrated with 24 Coloured Pictures. *Super-Royal 16mo. 2s. 6d.*
- Jenks (E.), M.A.,** Reader of Law in the University of Oxford. **ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.** *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Jenner (Mrs. H.).** See *Little Books on Art.*
- Jessopp (Augustus), D.D.** See *Leaders of Religion.*
- Jevons (F. B.), M.A., Litt.D.,** Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham. **RELIGION IN EVOLUTION.** *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
See also *Churchman's Library and Handbooks of Theology.*
- Johnson (Mrs. Barham). WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE AND HIS FRIENDS.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Johnston (Sir H. H.), K.C.B.** **BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.** With nearly 200 Illustrations and Six Maps. *Third Edition. Cr. 4to. 12s. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Jones (R. Crompton), M.A.** **POEMS OF THE INNER LIFE.** Selected by Jones (H.). See *Commercial Series.*
- Jones (L. A. Atherley), K.C., M.P.,** and Bellot (Hugh H. L.). **THE MINERS' GUIDE TO THE COAL MINES REGULATION ACTS.** *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- *COMMERCE IN WAR.** *Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*
- Jonson (Ben).** See *Standard Library.*
- Julian (Lady) of Norwich.** **REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE.** Edited by GRACE WARRACK. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Juvenal.** See *Classical Translations.*
- 'Kappa.' LET YOUTH BUT KNOW: A Plea for Reason in Education.** *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Kaufmann (M.).** See *S. Q. S.*
- Keating (J. F.), D.D.** **THE AGAPE AND THE EUCHARIST.** *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Keats (John).** **THE POEMS OF.** Edited with Introduction and Notes by E. de Selincourt, M.A. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.* See also *Little Library, Standard Library, and E. de Selincourt.*
- Keble (John).** **THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.** With an Introduction and Notes by W. LOCK, D.D., Warden of Keble College. Illustrated by R. ANNING BELL. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.; padded morocco, 5s.* See also *Library of Devotion.*
- Kempis (Thomas à).** **THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.** With an Introduction by DEAN FARRAR. Illustrated by C. M. GALT. *Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.; padded morocco, 5s.*
Also Translated by C. BICC, D.D. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.* See also *Library of Devotion and Standard Library.*
- Kennedy (Bart.). THE GREEN SPHINX.** *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Kennedy (James Houghton), D.D.,** Assistant Lecturer in Divinity in the University of Dublin. **ST. PAUL'S SECOND AND THIRD EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS.** With Introduction, Dissertations and Notes. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- Kestell (J. D.). THROUGH SHOT AND FLAME: Being the Adventures and Experiences of J. D. KESTELL, Chaplain to General Christian de Wet.** *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Kimmins (C. W.), M.A.** **THE CHEMISTRY OF LIFE AND HEALTH.** Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Kingslake (A. W.).** See *Little Library.*
- Kipling (Rudyard). BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.** 73rd Thousand. *Twenty-first Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE SEVEN SEAS.** 62nd Thousand. *Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE FIVE NATIONS.** 41st Thousand. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.** *Sixteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Knight (Albert E.). THE COMPLETE CRICKETER.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.

- Knawling (R. J.), M.A.**, Professor of New Testament Exegesis at King's College, London. See Westminster Commentaries.
- Lamb (Charles and Mary)**, THE WORKS OF. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. Illustrated. In Seven Volumes. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. each. THE LIFE OF. See E. V. Lucas. See also Little Library.
- Lambert (F. A. H.)**. See Little Guides.
- Lambros (Professor)**. See Byzantine Texts.
- Lane-Poole (Stanley)**, A HISTORY OF EGYPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Fully Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Langbridge (F.), M.A.** BALLADS OF THE BRAVE: Poems of Chivalry, Enterprise, Courage, and Constancy. Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Law (William)**. See Library of Devotion and Standard Library.
- Leach (Henry)**, THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. A Biography. With 12 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Le Braz (Anastole)**, THE LAND OF PARDONS. Translated by FRANCES M. GOSLING. Illustrated in colour. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- Lee (Captain L., Melville)**, A HISTORY OF POLICE IN ENGLAND. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
- Lefsch (Percival)**, THE COMIC ENGLISH GRAMMAR. Embellished with upwards of 50 characteristic Illustrations by JOHN LEXCHN. Post 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.
- Lewes (V. B.), M.A.** AIR AND WATER. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Lewis (Mrs. Gwyn)**, A CONCISE HANDBOOK OF GARDEN SHRUBS. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
- Lisle (Fortunéde)**. See Little Books on Art.
- Littlehales (H.)**. See Antiquary's Books.
- Lock (Walter)**, D.D., Warden of Keble College. ST. PAUL, THE MASTER-BUILDER. Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- THE BIBLE AND CHRISTIAN LIFE.** Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Leaders of Religion and Library of Devotion.
- Locker (F.)**. See Little Library.
- Longfellow (H. W.)**. See Little Library.
- Lorimer (George Horace)**, LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON. Fifteenth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- OLD GORGON GRAHAM.** Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Lover (Samuel)**. See I. P. L.
- E. V. L. and C. L. K.** ENGLAND DAY BY DAY: Or, The Englishman's Handbook to Efficiency. Illustrated by GEORGE MONROW. Fourth Edition. Fcap. 4to. 1s. net.
- Lucas (E. V.)**, THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB. With numerous Portraits and Illustrations. Third Edition. Two Vols. Demy 8vo. 21s. net. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- A WANDERER IN HOLLAND.** With many Illustrations, of which 20 are in Colour by HERBERT MARSHALL. Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE OPEN ROAD: a Little Book for Wayfarers.** Tenth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.; India Paper, 7s. 6d.
- THE FRIENDLY TOWN: a Little Book for the Urbane.** Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.; India Paper, 7s. 6d.
- Lucian.** See Classical Translations.
- Lyde (L. W.), M.A.** See Commercial Series.
- Lydon (Noel S.)**. See Junior School Books.
- Lyttelton (Hon. Mrs. A.)**, WOMEN AND THEIR WORK. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- M. M.** HOW TO DRESS AND WHAT TO WEAR. Cr. 8vo. 1s. net.
- Macaulay (Lord)**, CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS. Edited by F. C. MONTAGUE, M.A. Three Volumes. Cr. 8vo. 18s. The only edition of this book completely annotated.
- M'Allen (J. E. B.), M.A.** See Churchman Series.
- MacCulloch (J. A.)**. See Churchman's Library.
- MacCann (Florence A.)**, MARY STUART. With over 60 Illustrations, including a Frontispiece in Photogravure. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. A Colonial Edition is also published. See also Leaders of Religion.
- McDermott (E. R.)**. See Books on Business.
- M'Dowall (A. S.)**. See Oxford Biographies.
- Mackay (A. M.)**. See Churchman's Library.
- Magnus (Laurie), M.A.** A PRIMER OF WORDSWORTH. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Mahaffy (J. P.)**, Litt. D. A HISTORY OF THE EGYPT OF THE PTOLEMIES. Fully Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Maitland (F. W.), LL.D.**, Downing Professor of the Laws of England in the University of Cambridge. CANON LAW IN ENGLAND. Royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Malden (H. E.), M.A.** ENGLISH RECORDS. A Companion to the History of England. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- THE ENGLISH CITIZEN: HIS RIGHTS AND DUTIES.** Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- A SCHOOL HISTORY OF SURREY** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- Marchant (E. C.), M.A.**, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. A GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Marchant (C. E.), M.A.**, and **Cook (A. M.), M.A.** PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION. Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

- Marlowe (Christopher).** See Standard Library.
- Marr (J. E.), F.R.S.,** Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge. **THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF SCENERY.** *Second Edition.* Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY.** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Marvell (Andrew).** See Little Library.
- Masefield (John).** **SEA LIFE IN NELSON'S TIME.** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
- ON THE SPANISH MAIN.** With Portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Maskell (A.).** See Connoisseur's Library.
- Mason (A. J.), D.D.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Massee (George).** **THE EVOLUTION OF PLANT LIFE: Lower Forms.** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Massinger (P.).** See Standard Library.
- Masterman (C. F. G.), M.A.** **TENNYSON AS A RELIGIOUS TEACHER.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Matheson (Mrs. E. F.).** **COUNSELS OF LIFE.** *Feap.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.
- May (Phil).** **THE PHIL MAY ALBUM.** *Second Edition.* 4to. 1s. net.
- Mellows (Emma S.).** **A SHORT STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.** Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Methuen (A. M. S.).** **THE TRAGEDY OF SOUTH AFRICA.** Cr. 8vo. 2s. net. *Also Cr. 8vo. 3d. net.*
- A revised and enlarged edition of the author's 'Peace or War in South Africa.'
- ENGLAND'S RUIN: DISCUSSED IN SIXTEEN LETTERS TO THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.** *Seventh Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3d. net.
- Mitchell (E. B.).** **THE ART AND PRACTICE OF HAWKING.** With 3 Photogravures by G. E. LODGE, and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Millais (J. G.).** **THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS,** President of the Royal Academy. With many Illustrations, of which 2 are in Photogravure. *New Edition.* Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Millin (G. F.).** **PICTORIAL GARDENING.** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
- Millis (C. T.), M.I.M.E.** See Textbooks of Technology.
- Milne (J. G.), M.A.** **A HISTORY OF ROMAN EGYPT.** Fully Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Milton (John), THE POEMS OF, BOTH ENGLISH AND LATIN,** Compos'd at several times. Printed by his true Copies. The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. HENRY LAWES, Gentleman of the Kings Chappel, and one of His Majesties Private Musick.
- Printed and publish'd according to Order. Printed by RUTH RAWORTH for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes Armes in Pauls Church-yard, 1645.
- See also Little Library, Standard Library, and R. F. Towndrow.
- Minchin (H. C.), M.A.** See R. Peel.
- Mitchell (P. Chalmers), M.A.** **OUTLINES OF BIOLOGY.** Illustrated. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Mitton (G. E.).** **JANE AUSTEN AND HER TIMES.** With many Portraits and Illustrations. *Second Edition.* Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- 'Moll (A.).'** See Books on Business.
- Moir (D. M.).** See Little Library.
- Money (L. G. Chiozza),** **RICHES AND POVERTY.** *Second Edition.* Demy 8vo. 5s. net.
- Montaigne.** See C. F. Pond.
- Moore (H. E.).** See S. Q. S.
- Moran (Clarence G.).** See Books on Business.
- More (Sir Thomas).** See Standard Library.
- Morfill (W. R.),** Oriel College, Oxford. **A HISTORY OF RUSSIA FROM PETER THE GREAT TO ALEXANDER II.** With Maps and Plans. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Morlich (R. J.),** late of Clifton College. See School Examination Series.
- Morris (J.).** **THE MAKERS OF JAPAN.** With many portraits and Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Morris (J. E.).** See Little Guides.
- Morton (Miss Anderson).** See Miss Brodric.
- THE MOTOR YEAR-BOOK FOR 1906.** With many Illustrations and Diagrams. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.
- Moule (H. C. G.), D.D.,** Lord Bishop of Durham. See Leaders of Religion.
- Muir (M. M. Pattison), M.A.** **THE CHEMISTRY OF FIRE.** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Mundella (V. A.), M.A.** See J. T. Dunn.
- Munro (R.), I.L.D.** See Antiquary's Books.
- Naval Officer (A.).** See I. P. L.
- Neal (W. G.).** See R. N. Hall.
- Newman (J. H.) and others.** See Library of Devotion.
- Nichols (J. B. B.).** See Little Library.
- Nicklin (T.), M.A.** **EXAMINATION PAPERS IN THUCYDIDES.** Cr. 8vo. 2s.
- Nimrod.** See I. P. L.
- Norgate (G. Le G.).** **SIR WALTER SCOTT.** Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

- Norregard (B. W.). THE GREAT SIEGE:** The Investment and Fall of Port Arthur. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Northcote (James), R. A. THE CONVERSATIONS OF JAMES NORTHCOTE, R. A., AND JAMES WARD.** Edited by ERNEST FLETCHER. With many Portraits. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
- Norway (A. H.). NAPLES.** With 25 Coloured Illustrations by MAURICE GRIFFENHAGEN. A New Edition. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- Novalls. THE DISCIPLES AT SAIS AND OTHER FRAGMENTS.** Edited by Miss UNA BIRCH. *Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Oldfield (W. J.).** Canon of Lincoln. A PRIMER OF RELIGION. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- Olyphant (Mrs.).** See Leaders of Religion.
- Oman (C. W. C.), M. A.,** Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. A HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR. Vol. II.: The Middle Ages, from the Fourth to the Fourteenth Century. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Ottley (R. L.), D.D.** See Handbooks of Theology and Leaders of Religion.
- Overton (J. H.).** See Leaders of Religion.
- Owen (Douglas).** See Books on Business.
- Oxford (M. N.),** of Guy's Hospital. A HANDBOOK OF NURSING. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Pakes (W. C. C.). THE SCIENCE OF HYGIENE.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 15s.*
- Palmer (Frederick),** WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Parker (Gilbert).** A LOVER'S DIARY. *Fcap. 8vo. 5s.*
- Parkes (A. K.).** SMALL LESSONS ON GREAT TRUTHS. *Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- Parkinson (John).** PARADISI IN SOLE PARADISUS TERRESTRIS, OR A GARDEN OF ALL SORTS OF PLEASANT FLOWERS. *Folio. 63, 3s. net.*
- Parmenter (John).** HELIO-TROPES, OR NEW POSIES FOR SUNDIALS, 1625. Edited by PERCIVAL LONDON. *Quarto. 3s. 6d. net.*
- Parmentier (Prof. Leon).** See Byzantine Texts.
- Pascal.** See Library of Devotion.
- Paston (George).** SOCIAL CARICATURES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. *Imperial Quarto. 5s, 12s. 6d. net.* See also Little Books on Art and I. P. L.
- Paterson (W. R.)** (Benjamin Swift). LIFE'S QUESTIONINGS. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*
- Patterson (A. H.).** NOTES OF AN EAST COAST NATURALIST. Illustrated in Colour by F. SOUTHGATE. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- NATURE IN EASTERN NORFOLK.** A series of observations on the Birds, Fishes, Mammals, Reptiles, and stalk-eyed Crustaceans found in that neighbourhood, with a list of the species. With 12 Illustrations in colour, by FRANK SOUTHGATE. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- Peacock (N.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Pearce (E. H.), M. A.** ANNALS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.*
- Peel (Robert),** and Minchin (H. C.), M. A. OXFORD. With 100 Illustrations in Colour. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- Peel (Sidney),** late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Secretary to the Royal Commission on the Licensing Laws. PRACTICAL LICENSING REFORM. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- Peters (J. P.), D.D.** See Churchman's Library.
- Petrie (W. M. Flinders), D.C.L., LL.D.,** Professor of Egyptology at University College. A HISTORY OF EGYPT, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. Fully Illustrated. *In six volumes. Cr. 8vo. 6s. each.*
- VOL. I. PREHISTORIC TIMES TO XVIIITH DYNASTY.** *Fifth Edition.*
- VOL. II. THE XVIIIITH AND XVIIIITH DYNASTIES.** *Fourth Edition.*
- VOL. III. XIXTH TO XXXTH DYNASTIES.**
- VOL. IV. THE EGYPT OF THE PTOLEMIES.** J. P. MAHAFFY, Litt.D.
- VOL. V. ROMAN EGYPT.** J. G. MILNE, M.A.
- VOL. VI. EGYPT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.** STANLEY LANE-POOLE, M.A.
- RELIGION AND CONSCIENCE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.** Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- SYRIA AND EGYPT, FROM THE TELL EL AMARNA TABLETS.** *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*
- EGYPTIAN TALES.** Illustrated by TRISTRAM ELLIS. *In Two Volumes. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.*
- EGYPTIAN DECORATIVE ART.** With 120 Illustrations. *Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
- Phillips (W. A.).** See Oxford Biographies.
- Phillipotts (Eden).** MY DEVON YEAR. With 38 Illustrations by J. LEV PETHYBRIDGE. *Second and Cheaper Edition. Large Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
- UP ALONG AND DOWN ALONG.** Illustrated by CLAUDE SHEPPERSON. *Cr. 4to. 5s. net.*
A volume of poems.
- Pienaar (Phillip).** WITH STEYN AND DE WET. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Piarr (Victor G.)** and Watton (F. W.). A SCHOOL HISTORY OF MIDDLESEX. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*
- Plato.** See Standard Library.

- Plautus.** THE CAPTIVL Edited, with an Introduction, Textual Notes, and a Commentary, by W. M. LINDSAY, Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*
- Plowden-Wardlaw (J. T.),** B.A., King's College, Cambridge. See School Examination Series.
- Podmore (Frank).** MODERN SPIRITUALISM. *Two Volumes.* *Demy 8vo.* 21s. *net.*
A History and a Criticism.
- Poer (J. Patrick Le).** A MODERN LEGIONARY. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Pollard (Alice).** See Little Books on Art.
- Pollard (A. W.).** OLD PICTURE BOOKS. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. *net.*
- Pollard (Eliza F.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Pollock (David),** M.I.N.A. See Books on Business.
- Pond (C. F.).** A DAY BOOK OF MONTHS. Edited by. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*
- Potter (M. C.),** M.A., F.L.S. A TEXT-BOOK OF AGRICULTURAL BOTANY. Illustrated. *Second Edition.* *Cr. 8vo.* 4s. 6d.
- Power (J. O'Connor).** THE MAKING OF AN ORATOR. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
- Pradeau (G.).** A KEY TO THE TIME ALLUSIONS IN THE DIVINE COMEDY. With a Dial. *Small quarto.* 3s. 6d.
- Prance (G.).** See Half-Crown Library.
- Prescott (O. L.).** ABOUT MUSIC, AND WHAT IT IS MADE OF. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*
- Price (L. L.),** M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxon. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POLITICAL ECONOMY. *Fourth Edition.* *Cr. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Primrose (Deborah).** A MODERN BEOOTIA. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
- Pugin and Rowlandson.** THE MICRO-COSM OF LONDON, OR LONDON IN MINIATURE. With 104 Illustrations in colour. In *Three Volumes.* *Small 4to.* £3. 3s. *net.*
- 'Q' (A. T. Quiller Couch).** See Half-Crown Library.
- Quevedo Villegas.** See Miniature Library.
- Q. R. and E. S.** THE WOODHOUSE CORRESPONDENCE. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Rackham (R. B.),** M.A. See Westminster Commentaries.
- Randolph (B. W.),** D.D. See Library of Devotion.
- Rannie (D. W.),** M.A. A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Randall (Hastings),** M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. DOCTRINE AND DEVELOPMENT. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
- Rawstorne (Lawrence, Esq.).** See I.P.L.
- Raymond (Walter).** A SCHOOL HISTORY OF SOMERSETSHIRE. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- A Real Paddy.** See I.P.L.
- Reason (W.),** M.A. See S.Q.S.
- Redfern (W. B.),** Author of 'Ancient Wood and Iron Work in Cambridge,' etc. ROYAL AND HISTORIC GLOVES AND ANCIENT SHOES. Profusely Illustrated in colour and half-tone. *Quarto.* £2. 2s. *net.*
- Reynolds.** See Little Galleries.
- *Rhodes (W. E.).** A SCHOOL HISTORY OF LANCASHIRE. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo.* 1s. 6d.
- Roberts (M. E.).** See C. C. Chamber.
- Robertson (A.),** D.D., Lord Bishop of Exeter. REGNUM DEL The Hampton Lectures of 1901. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. *net.*
- Robertson (C. Grant),** M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, Examiner in the Honours School of Modern History, Oxford, 1901-1904. SELECT STATUTES, CASES, AND CONSTITUTIONAL DOCUMENTS, 1660-1832. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*
- Robertson (C. Grant) and Bartholomew (J. G.),** F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S. A HISTORICAL AND MODERN ATLAS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. *Demy Quarto.* 4s. 6d. *net.*
- Robertson (Sir G. S.),** K.C.S.I. See Half-Crown Library.
- Robinson (A. W.),** M.A. See Churchman's Bible.
- Robinson (Cecilia).** THE MINISTRY OF DEACONESSES. With an Introduction by the late Archbishop of Canterbury. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Robinson (F. S.).** See Connoisseur's Library.
- Rochefoucauld (La).** See Little Library.
- Rodwell (G.),** B.A. NEW TESTAMENT GREEK. A Course for Beginners. With a Preface by WALTER LOCK, D.D., Warden of Keble College. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Roe (Fred).** ANCIENT COFFERS AND CUPBOARDS: Their History and Description. Illustrated. *Quarto.* £3. 3s. *net.*
- OLD OAK FURNITURE.** With many Illustrations by the Author, including a frontispiece in colour. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*
- Rogers (A. G. L.),** M.A. See Books on Business.
- Roscoe (E. S.).** ROBERT HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
This is the only life of Harley in existence. See also Little Guides.

- Rose (Edward).** THE ROSE READER. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 22. 6d. Also in 4 Parts. Parts I. and II. 6d. each; Part III. 3d.; Part IV. 10d.
- Rouse (W. H. D.).** WORDS OF THE ANCIENT WISE; Thoughts from Epicurus and Marcus Aurelius. Edited by. Fcap. 8vo. 21. 6d. net.
- Rowntree (Joshua).** THE IMPERIAL DRUG TRADE. Second and Cheaper Edition. Cr. 8vo. 22. net.
- Ruble (A. E.), D.D.** See Junior School Books.
- Russell (W. Clark).** THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD. With Illustrations by F. BRANGWYN. Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- St. Anselm.** See Library of Devotion.
- St. Augustine.** See Library of Devotion.
- St. Cyres (Viscount).** See Oxford Biographies.
- St. Francis of Assisi.** See Standard Library.
- 'Saki' (H. Munro).** REGINALD. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 22. 6d. net.
- Sales (St. Francis de).** See Library of Devotion.
- Salmon (A. L.).** A POPULAR GUIDE TO DEVON. Medium 8vo. 6d. net. See also Little Guides.
- Sargeant (J.).** M.A. ANNALS OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Sathas (C.).** See Byzantine Texts.
- Schmitt (John).** See Byzantine Texts.
- Scott (A. M.).** WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL. With Portraits and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Seeley (H. G.), F.R.S.** DRAGONS OF THE AIR. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Sells (V. P.), M.A.** THE MECHANICS OF DAILY LIFE. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Selous (Edmund).** TOMMY SMITH'S ANIMALS. Illustrated by G. W. ORR. Sixth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Settle (J. H.).** ANECDOTES OF SOLDIERS. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net. A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Shakespeare (William).** THE FOUR FOLIOS, 1623; 1632; 1664; 1685. Each Four Guineas net, or a complete set, Twelve Guineas net. Folios 3 and 4 are ready. Folio 2 is nearly ready.
- The Arden Shakespeare.** Demy 8vo. 22. 6d. net each volume. General Editor, W. J. CRAIG. An Edition of Shakespeare in single Plays. Edited with a full Introduction, Textual Notes, and a Commentary at the foot of the page.
- HAMLET.** Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN, Litt.D.
- ROMEO AND JULIET.** Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN, Litt.D.
- KING LEAR.** Edited by W. J. CRAIG.
- JULIUS CAESAR.** Edited by M. MACMILLAN, M.A.
- THE TEMPEST.** Edited by MORRISON LUCE.
- OTHELLO.** Edited by H. C. HART.
- TITUS ANDRONICUS.** Edited by H. B. BAIRDON.
- CYMBELINE.** Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN.
- THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.** Edited by H. C. HART.
- A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** Edited by H. CUNNINGHAM.
- KING HENRY V.** Edited by H. A. EVANS.
- ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.** Edited by W. O. BEISSTOCKE.
- THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.** Edited by R. WARKWICK BOND.
- TIMON OF ATHENS.** Edited by K. DRICHTON.
- MEASURE FOR MEASURE.** Edited by H. C. HART.
- TWELFTH NIGHT.** Edited by MORRISON LUCE.
- THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.** Edited by C. KNOX FOGLE.
- TROLLUS AND CRESSIDA.** Edited by K. DRICHTON.
- The Little Quarto Shakespeare.** Edited by W. J. CRAIG. With Introductions and Notes. Fcap. 16mo. In 40 Volumes. Leather, price 1s. net each volume. Mahogany Revolving Book Case. 10s. net. See also Standard Library.
- Sharp (A.).** VICTORIAN POETS. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Sharp (Cecil).** See S. Baring-Gould.
- Sharp (Mrs. E. A.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Shedlock (J. S.).** THE PIANOFORTE SONATA. Cr. 8vo. 5s.
- Shelley (Percy B.).** ADONAIS; an Elegy on the death of John Keats, Author of 'Endymion,' etc. Pisa. From the types of Didot, 1821. 2s. net.
- Sheppard (H. F.), M.A.** See S. Baring-Gould.
- Sherwell (Arthur), M.A.** See S.Q.S.
- Shipley (Mary E.).** AN ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN. With a Preface by the Bishop of Gibraltar. With Maps and Illustrations. Part I. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.
- Sichel (Walter).** DISRAELI: A Study in Personality and Ideas. With 3 Portraits. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net. A Colonial Edition is also published. See also Oxford Biographies.
- Sime (J.).** See Little Books on Art.

- Simmons (G. A.). FRANCESCO GUARDI.** With 41 Plates. *Imperial 4to.* 6s. 2s. net.
- Sketchley (R. E. D.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Skipton (H. P. K.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Sladen (Douglas). SICILY: The New Winter Resort.** With over 200 Illustrations. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.
- Small (Evan), M.A. THE EARTH.** An Introduction to Physiography. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Smallwood (M. G.).** See Little Books on Art.
- Smedley (P. E.).** See I.P.L.
- Smith (Adam). THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.** Edited with an Introduction and numerous Notes by EDWIN CANNAN, M.A. *Two volumes.* Demy 8vo. 21s. net.
- See also English Library.
- Smith (Horace and James).** See Little Library.
- Smith (H. Bompas), M.A. A NEW JUNIOR ARITHMETIC.** Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Smith (R. Muddle). THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.** Edited by. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
- Smith (Nowell C.).** See W. Wordsworth.
- Smith (John Thomas). A BOOK FOR A RAINY DAY: Or Recollections of the Events of the Years 1766-1833.** Edited by WILFRED WHITTEN. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.
- Snell (F. J.). A BOOK OF EXMOOR.** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Snowden (C. E.). A HANDY DIGEST OF BRITISH HISTORY.** Demy 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Sophocles.** See Classical Translations.
- Sornet (L. A.).** See Junior School Books.
- South (Wilton E.), M.A.** See Junior School Books.
- Southey (R.). ENGLISH SEAMEN.** Edited by DAVID HANNAY.
Vol. I. (Howard, Clifford, Hawkins, Drake, Cavendish). *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Vol. II. (Richard Hawkins, Grenville, Essex, and Raleigh). Cr. 8vo. 6s.
See also Standard Library.
- Spence (C. H.), M.A.** See School Examination Series.
- Spooner (W. A.), M.A.** See Leaders of Religion.
- Staley (Edgcumbe). THE GUILDS OF FLORENCE.** Illustrated. *Second Edition.* Royal 8vo. 16s. net.
- Stanbridge (J. W.), B.D.** See Library of Devotion.
- 'Stancliffe.' GOLF DO'S AND DONT'S.** *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s.
- Stead (D. W.).** See D. Gallaher.
- Stedman (A. M. M.), M.A. INITIAL LATINA: Easy Lessons on Elementary Accidence.** *Ninth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s.
- FIRST LATIN LESSONS.** *Ninth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 2s.
- FIRST LATIN READER.** With Notes adapted to the Shorter Latin Primer and Vocabulary. *Sixth Edition revised.* 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- EASY SELECTIONS FROM CÆSAR.** The Helvetian War. *Second Edition.* 18mo. 1s.
- EASY SELECTIONS FROM LIVY.** The Kings of Rome. 18mo. *Second Edition.* 1s. 6d.
- EASY LATIN PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION.** *Tenth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- EXEMPLA LATINA.** First Exercises in Latin Accidence. With Vocabulary. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 1s.
- EASY LATIN EXERCISES ON THE SYNTAX OF THE SHORTER AND REVISED LATIN PRIMER.** With Vocabulary. *Tenth and Cheaper Edition, re-written.* Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. *Original Edition.* 2s. 6d. KEY, 3s. net.
- THE LATIN COMPOUND SENTENCE: Rules and Exercises.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d. With Vocabulary. 2s.
- NOTANDA QUÆDAM: Miscellaneous Latin Exercises on Common Rules and Idioms.** *Fourth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. With Vocabulary. 2s. Key, 2s. net.
- LATIN VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION: Arranged according to Subjects.** *Thirteenth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- A VOCABULARY OF LATIN IDIOMS.** 18mo. *Second Edition.* 1s.
- STEPS TO GREEK.** *Second Edition, revised.* 18mo. 1s.
- A SHORTER GREEK PRIMER.** Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- EASY GREEK PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION.** *Third Edition, revised.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- GREEK VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION.** Arranged according to Subjects. *Fourth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- GREEK TESTAMENT SELECTIONS.** For the use of Schools. With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary. *Fourth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- STEPS TO FRENCH.** *Seventh Edition.* 18mo. 8d.
- FIRST FRENCH LESSONS.** *Seventh Edition, revised.* Cr. 8vo. 1s.
- EASY FRENCH PASSAGES FOR UNSEEN TRANSLATION.** *Fifth Edition, revised.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

- EASY FRENCH EXERCISES ON ELEMENTARY SYNTAX.** With Vocabulary. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Krv. 3s. net.
- FRENCH VOCABULARIES FOR RE-PETITION:** Arranged according to Subjects. *Thirteenth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s. See also School Examination Series.
- Steel (R. Elliott), M.A., F.C.S.** THE WORLD OF SCIENCE. With 147 Illustrations. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. See also School Examination Series.
- Stephenson (C.),** of the Technical College, Bradford, and **Suddards (F.)** of the Yorkshire College, Leeds. **ORNAMENTAL DESIGN FOR WOVEN FABRICS.** Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. Third Edition.* 7s. 6d.
- Stephenson (J.), M.A.** THE CHIEF TRUTHS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Storne (Laurence).** See Little Library.
- Sterry (W.), M.A.** ANNALS OF ETON COLLEGE. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d.*
- Steuart (Katherine).** BY ALLAN WATER. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Stevenson (R. L.)** THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS. Selected and Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN. *Sixth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 12s.
- LIBRARY EDITION.** *Demy 8vo. 2 vols. 25s. net.* A Colonial Edition is also published.
- VAILIMA LETTERS.** With an Etched Portrait by WILLIAM STRANG. *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. Buckram. 6s.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- THE LIFE OF R. L. STEVENSON.** See G. Balfour.
- Stevenson (M. I.).** FROM SARANAC TO THE MARQUESAS. Being Letters written by Mrs. M. I. STEVENSON during 1887-8. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.
- A Colonial Edition is also published.
- LETTERS FROM SAMOA.** Edited and arranged by M. C. BALFOUR. With many Illustrations. *Second Ed.* Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.
- Stoddart (Anna M.).** See Oxford Biographies.
- Stokes (F. G.), B.A.** HOURS WITH RABELAIS. From the translation of SIR T. URQUHART and P. A. MOTTEUX. With a Portrait in Photogravure. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.
- Stone (S. J.).** POEMS AND HYMNS. With a Memoir by F. G. ELLERTON, M.A. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Storr (Vernon F.), M.A.,** Lecturer in the Philosophy of Religion in Cambridge University; Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury; formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford. **DEVELOPMENT AND DIVINE PURPOSE.** Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.
- Straker (F.).** See Books on Business.
- Strome (A. W.), D.D.** See Churchman's Bible.
- Stroud (H.), D.Sc., M.A.** See Textbooks of Science.
- Strutt (Joseph).** THE SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. Illustrated by many engravings. Revised by J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. *Quarto. 21s. net.*
- Stuart (Capt. Donald).** THE STRUGGLE FOR PERSIA. With a Map. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Sturch (F.),** Staff Instructor to the Surrey County Council. **MANUAL TRAINING, DRAWING (WOODWORK).** Its Principles and Application, with Solutions to Examination Questions, 1892-1905, Orthographic, Isometric and Oblique Projection. With 50 Plates and 140 Figures. *Foolscap. 5s. net.*
- Suckling (Sir John).** FRAGMENTA AUREA: a Collection of all the Incomparable Peeces, written by. And published by a friend to perpetuate his memory. Printed by his own copiers.
- Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the Princes Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1646.
- Suddards (F.).** See C. Stephenson.
- Surtees (R. S.).** See I. P. L.
- Swift (Jonathan).** THE JOURNAL TO STELLA. Edited by G. A. AITKEN. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Symes (J. E.), M.A.** THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Sympson (E. M.), M.A., M.D.** See Ancient Cities.
- Syrett (Netta).** See Little Blue Books.
- Tacitus.** AGRICOLA. With Introduction Notes, Map, etc. By R. F. DAVIS, M.A., Fcap. 8vo. 2s.
- GERMANIA.** By the same Editor. *Fcap. 8vo. 2s.* See also Classical Translations.
- Tallock (W.).** HOWARD LETTERS AND MEMORIES. *Demy 8vo. 20s. 6d. net.*
- Tauler (J.).** See Library of Devotion.
- Tauntan (E. L.).** A HISTORY OF THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo. 21s. net.*
- Taylor (A. E.).** THE ELEMENTS OF METAPHYSICS. *Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.*
- Taylor (F. G.), M.A.** See Commercial Series.
- Taylor (L. A.).** See Oxford Biographies.
- Taylor (T. M.), M.A.,** Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. **A CONSTITUTIONAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF ROME.** Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Tennyson (Alfred, Lord).** THE EARLY POEMS OF. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by J. CHURTON COLLINS, M.A. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- IN MEMORIAM, MAUD, AND THE PRINCESS.** Edited by J. CHURTON COLLINS, M.A. Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Little Library.

- Terry (C. S.)**. See Oxford Biographies.
- Terton (Alice)**. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN A HOSPITAL. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- Thackeray (W. M.)**. See Little Library.
- Theobald (F. V.)**. M.A. INSECT LIFE. Illustrated. *Second Ed. Revised. Cr. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Thompson (A. H.)**. See Little Guides.
- Tilston (Mary W.)**. DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY NEEDS. *Twelfth Edition. Medium 16mo.* 2s. 6d. *net.* Also an edition in superior binding, 6s.
- Tompkins (H. W.)**. F.R.H.S. See Little Guides.
- Townrow (R. F.)**. A DAY BOOK OF MILTON. Edited by. *Fcap. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. *net.*
- Townley (Lady Susan)**. MY CHINESE NOTE-BOOK. With 16 Illustrations and 2 Maps. *Third Edition. Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- *Toynbee (Paget), M.A., D.Litt.** DANTE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. *net.*
See also Oxford Biographies.
- Trench (Herbert)**. DEIRDRE WED and Other Poems. *Cr. 8vo.* 5s.
- Trevelyan (G. M.)**, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS. With Maps and Plans. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*
- Troutbeck (G. E.)**. See Little Guides.
- Tyler (E. A.)**, B.A., F.C.S. See Junior School Books.
- Tyrell-Gill (Frances)**. See Little Books on Art.
- Vardon (Harry)**. THE COMPLETE GOLFER. Illustrated. *Seventh Edition. Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d. *net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Vaughan (Henry)**. See Little Library.
- Voegelin (A.)**, M.A. See Junior Examination Series.
- Waddell (Col. L. A.)**, LL.D., C.B. LHASA AND ITS MYSTERIES. With a Record of the Expedition of 1903-1904. With 2000 Illustrations and Maps. *Demy 8vo.* 21s. *net.*
Also Third and Cheaper Edition. With 155 Illustrations and Maps. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. *net.*
- Wade (G. W.)**, D.D. OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. With Maps. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
- Wagner (Richard)**. See A. L. Cleather.
- Wall (J. C.)**. DEVILS. Illustrated by the Author and from photographs. *Demy 8vo.* 4s. 6d. *net.* See also Antiquary's Books.
- Walters (H. B.)**. See Little Books on Art.
- Walton (F. W.)**. See Victor G. Plarr.
- Walton (Izaak) and Cotton (Charles)**. See I.P.L., Standard Library, and Little Library.
- Warmelo (D. S. Van)**. ON COMMANDO. With Portrait. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Warren-Vernon (Hon. William), M.A.** READINGS ON THE INFERNO OF DANTE, chiefly based on the Commentary of BENVENUTO DA IMOLA. With an Introduction by the Rev. Dr. Moore. In Two Volumes. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 15s. *net.*
- Waterhouse (Mrs. Alfred)**. WITH THE SIMPLE-HEARTED: Little Homilies to Women in Country Places. *Second Edition. Small Pott 8vo.* 2s. *net.* See also Little Library.
- Weatherhead (T. C.)**, M.A. EXAMINATION PAPERS IN HORACE. *Cr. 2s.* 2s. See also Junior Examination Series.
- Webb (W. T.)**. See Little Blue Books.
- Webber (F. C.)**. See Textbooks of Technology.
- Wells (Sidney H.)**. See Textbooks of Science.
- Wells (J.)**, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College. OXFORD AND OXFORD LIFE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
- A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME. Sixth Edition.** With 3 Maps. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
See also Little Guides.
- 'Westminster Gazette' Office Boy (Francis Brown)**. THE DOINGS OF ARTHUR. *Cr. 4to.* 2s. 6d. *net.*
- Wetmore (Helen C.)**. THE LAST OF THE GREAT SCOUTS ('Buffalo Bill'). Illustrated. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo.* 6s.
A Colonial Edition is also published.
- Whibley (C.)**. See Half-crown Library.
- Whibley (L.)**, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge. GREEK OLIGARCHIES: THEIR ORGANISATION AND CHARACTER. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
- Whitaker (G. H.)**, M.A. See Churchman's Bible.
- White (Gilbert)**. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. Edited by L. C. MIALL, F.R.S., assisted by W. WARD FOWLER, M.A. *Cr. 8vo.* 6s. See also Standard Library.
- Whitfield (E. E.)**. See Commercial Series.
- Whitehead (A. W.)**. GASPARD DE COLIGNY. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. *net.*
- Whiteley (R. Lloyd)**, F.I.C., Principal of the Municipal Science School, West Bromwich. AN ELEMENTARY TEXT-BOOK OF INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. *Cr. 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
- Whitley (Miss)**. See S.Q.S.
- Whitten (W.)**. See John Thomas Smith.
- Whyte (A. G.)**, B.Sc. See Books on Business.
- Wilberforce (Wilfrid)**. See Little Books on Art.
- Wilde (Oscar)**. DE PROFUNDIS. *Sixth Edition. Cr. 8vo.* 5s. *net.*
A Colonial Edition is also published.

- Wilkins (W. H.)**, B.A. See S.O.S.
Wilkinson (J. Frome). See S.O.S.
Williams (A.). PETROL PETER: or Mirth for Motorists. Illustrated in Colour by A. W. MILLS. *Demy 4to.* 3s. 6d. net.
Williamson (M. G.). See Ancient Cities.
Williamson (W.). THE BRITISH GARDENER. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.
Williamson (W.), B.A. See Junior Examination Series, Junior School Books, and Beginner's Books.
Wilson (Beckles). LORD STRATHCONA: the Story of his Life. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
 A Colonial Edition is also published.
Willmet-Buxton (E. M.). MAKERS OF EUROPE. *Cr. 8vo.* Sixth Ed. 3s. 6d.
 A Text-book of European History for Middle Forms.
THE ANCIENT WORLD. With Maps and Illustrations. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
 See also Beginner's Books.
Wilson (Bishop). See Library of Devotion.
Wilson (A. J.). See Books on Business.
Wilson (H. A.). See Books on Business.
Wilton (Richard), M.A. LYRA PAS-TORALIS: Songs of Nature, Church, and Home. *Pott 8vo.* 2s. 6d.
Winbolt (S. E.), M.A. EXERCISES IN LATIN ACCIDENCE. *Cr. 8vo.* 1s. 6d.
**LATIN HEXAMETER VERSE: An Aid to Composition. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d. KEY, 5s. net.
Windle (B. C. A.), D.Sc., F.R.S. See Anti-quary's Books, Little Guides and Ancient Cities.
Winterbotham (Canon), M.A., B.Sc., LL.B. See Churchman's Library.
Wood (J. A. E.). See Textbooks of Technology.
Wood (J. Hickory). DAN LENO. Illustrated. *Third Edition.* *Cr. 8vo.* 6s.
 A Colonial Edition is also published.
Wood (W. Birkbeck), M.A., late Scholar of Worcester College, Oxford, and Edmonds (Major J. E.), R.E., D.A.Q.-M.G. A HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES. With an Introduction by H. SPENSER WILKINSON. With 24 Maps and Plans. *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. net.**
- Wordsworth (Christopher)**. See Anti-quary's Books.
Wordsworth (W.). THE POEMS OF. With Introduction and Notes by NOWELL C. SMITH, Fellow of New College, Oxford. In Four Volumes. *Demy 8vo.* 5s. net each. See also Little Library.
Wordsworth (W.) and Coleridge (S. T.). See Little Library.
Wright (Arthur), M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. See Churchman's Library.
Wright (C. Gordon). See Dante.
Wright (J. C.). TO-DAY. *Fcap. 16mo.* 1s. net.
Wright (Sophie). GERMAN VOCABULARIES FOR REPETITION. *Fcap. 8vo.* 1s. 6d.
Wrong (George M.), Professor of History in the University of Toronto. THE EARL OF ELGIN. Illustrated. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d. net.
 A Colonial Edition is also published.
Wyatt (Kate) and Glegg (M.). A BOOK OF ENGLISH GARDENS. With 24 Illustrations in Colour. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6s. net.
Wylde (A. B.). MODERN ABYSSINIA. With a Map and a Portrait. *Demy 8vo.* 15s. net.
 A Colonial Edition is also published.
Wyndham (George). THE POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. With an Introduction and Notes. *Demy 8vo.* Buckram, gilt top. 10s. 6d.
Wyon (R.). See Half-crown Library.
Yents (W. B.). AN ANTHOLOGY OF IRISH VERSE. Revised and Enlarged Edition. *Cr. 8vo.* 3s. 6d.
Young (Filson). THE COMPLETE MOTORIST. With 138 Illustrations. *Sixth Edition.* *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d. net.
 A Colonial Edition is also published.
Young (T. M.). THE AMERICAN COTTON INDUSTRY: A Study of Work and Workers. *Cr. 8vo.* Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper boards, 1s. 6d.
Zimmern (Antonia). WHAT DO WE KNOW CONCERNING ELECTRICITY? *Fcap. 8vo.* 1s. 6d. net.

Ancient Cities

General Editor, B. C. A. WINDLE, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

- CHESTER**. By B. C. A. Windle, D.Sc. F.R.S. Illustrated by E. H. New.
SHREWSBURY. By T. Anden, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated.
CANTERBURY. By J. C. Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated.
- EDINBURGH**. By M. G. Williamson. Illustrated by Herbert Railton.
LINCOLN. By E. Mansel Symson, M.A., M.D. Illustrated by E. H. New.
BRISTOL. By Alfred Harvey. Illustrated by E. H. New.

Antiquary's Books, The

General Editor, J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A.

A series of volumes dealing with various branches of English Antiquities; comprehensive and popular, as well as accurate and scholarly.

Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE. By the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. Illustrated. <i>Third Edition.</i></p> <p>REMAINS OF THE PREHISTORIC AGE IN ENGLAND. By B. C. A. Windle, D.Sc., F.R.S. With numerous Illustrations and Plans.</p> <p>OLD SERVICE BOOKS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. By Christopher Wordsworth, M.A., and Henry Littlehales. With Coloured and other Illustrations.</p> <p>CELTIC ART. By J. Romilly Allen, F.S.A. With numerous Illustrations and Plans.</p> | <p>ARCHÆOLOGY AND FALSE ANTIQUITIES. By R. Munro, LL.D. Illustrated.</p> <p>SHRINES OF BRITISH SAINTS. By J. C. Wal. With numerous Illustrations and Plans.</p> <p>THE ROYAL FORESTS OF ENGLAND. By J. C. Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated.</p> <p>THE MANOR AND MANORIAL RECORDS. By Nathaniel J. Hode. Illustrated.</p> <p>SEALS. By J. Harvey Bloom. Illustrated.</p> |
|--|--|

Beginner's Books, The

Edited by W. WILLIAMSON, B.A.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>EASY FRENCH RHYMES. By Henri Blouet. Illustrated. <i>Fcap. 8vo. 1s.</i></p> <p>EASY STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, Author of 'Makers of Europe.' <i>Cr. 8vo. 1s.</i></p> | <p>EASY EXERCISES IN ARITHMETIC. Arranged by W. S. Beard. <i>Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. Without Answers, 1s. With Answers, 1s. 3d.</i></p> <p>EASY DICTATION AND SPELLING. By W. Williamson, B.A. <i>Fifth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.</i></p> |
|--|--|

Business, Books on*Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.*

A series of volumes dealing with all the most important aspects of commercial and financial activity. The volumes are intended to treat separately all the considerable industries and forms of business, and to explain accurately and clearly what they do and how they do it. Some are illustrated. The first volumes are—

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>PORTS AND DOCKS. By Douglas Owen.</p> <p>RAILWAYS. By E. R. McDermott.</p> <p>THE STOCK EXCHANGE. By Chas. Duguid. <i>Second Edition.</i></p> <p>THE BUSINESS OF INSURANCE. By A. J. Wilson.</p> <p>THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY: LIGHTING, TRACTION, AND POWER. By A. G. Whyte, B.Sc.</p> <p>THE SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRY: Its History, Science, Practice, and Finance. By David Pollock, M.I.N.A.</p> <p>THE MONEY MARKET. By F. Straker.</p> <p>THE BUSINESS SIDE OF AGRICULTURE. By A. G. L. Rogers, M.A.</p> <p>LAW IN BUSINESS. By H. A. Wilson.</p> <p>THE BREWING INDUSTRY. By Julian L. Baker, F.I.C., F.C.S.</p> | <p>THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY. By G. de H. Stone.</p> <p>MINING AND MINING INVESTMENTS. By 'A. Moil.'</p> <p>THE BUSINESS OF ADVERTISING. By Clarence G. Moran, Barrister-at-Law. Illustrated.</p> <p>TRADE UNIONS. By G. Drage.</p> <p>CIVIL ENGINEERING. By T. Claxton Fidler, M.Inst. C.E. Illustrated.</p> <p>THE IRON TRADE. By J. Stephen Jeans. Illustrated.</p> <p>MONOPOLIES, TRUSTS, AND KARTELLS. By F. W. Hirst.</p> <p>THE COTTON INDUSTRY AND TRADE. By Prof. S. J. Chapman, Dean of the Faculty of Commerce in the University of Manchester. Illustrated.</p> |
|---|---|

Byzantine Texts

Edited by J. B. BURY, M.A., Litt. D.

A series of texts of Byzantine Historians, edited by English and foreign scholars.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>ZACHARIAH OF MITYLENE. Translated by F. J. Hamilton, D.D., and E. W. Brooks. <i>Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.</i></p> <p>EVAGRIUS. Edited by Léon Parmentier and M. Bidez. <i>Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.</i></p> | <p>THE HISTORY OF PSELLUS. Edited by C. Sathas. <i>Demy 8vo. 15s. net.</i></p> <p>ECTHESIS CHRONICA. Edited by Professor Lambros. <i>Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.</i></p> <p>THE CHRONICLE OF MOREA. Edited by John Schmitt. <i>Demy 8vo. 15s. net.</i></p> |
|--|---|

Churchman's Bible, The

General Editor, J. H. BURN, B.D., F.R.S.E.

A series of Expositions on the Books of the Bible, which will be of service to the general reader in the practical and devotional study of the Sacred Text.

Each Book is provided with a full and clear Introductory Section, in which is stated what is known or conjectured respecting the date and occasion of the composition of the Book, and any other particulars that may help to elucidate its meaning as a whole. The Exposition is divided into sections of a convenient length, corresponding as far as possible with the divisions of the Church Lectionary. The Translation of the Authorised Version is printed in full, such corrections as are deemed necessary being placed in footnotes.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>THE EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE GALATIANS. Edited by A. W. Robinson, M.A. <i>Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.</i></p> <p>ECCLESIASTES. Edited by A. W. Streane, D.D. <i>Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.</i></p> <p>THE EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS. Edited by C. R. D. Biggs, D.D. <i>Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.</i></p> | <p>THE EPISTLE OF ST. JAMES. Edited by H. W. Fulford, M.A. <i>Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.</i></p> <p>ISAIAH. Edited by W. E. Barnes, D.D. <i>Two Volumes. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. net each. With Map.</i></p> <p>THE EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE EPHESIANS. Edited by G. H. Whitaker, M.A. <i>Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d. net.</i></p> |
|---|---|

Churchman's Library, The

General Editor, J. H. BURN, B.D., F.R.S.E.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH CHRISTIANITY. By W. E. Collins, M.A. With Map. <i>Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.</i></p> <p>SOME NEW TESTAMENT PROBLEMS. By Arthur Wright, M.A. <i>Cr. 8vo. 6s.</i></p> <p>THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN HERE AND HERE-AFTER. By Canon Winterbotham, M.A., B.Sc., LL.B. <i>Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.</i></p> <p>THE WORKMANSHIP OF THE PRAYER BOOK: Its Literary and Liturgical Aspects. By J. Powden, D.D. <i>Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.</i></p> | <p>EVOLUTION. By F. B. Jevons, M.A., Litt. D. <i>Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.</i></p> <p>THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE NEW SCHOLARSHIP. By J. W. Peters, D.D. <i>Cr. 8vo. 6s.</i></p> <p>THE CHURCHMAN'S INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT. By A. M. Mackay, B.A. <i>Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.</i></p> <p>THE CHURCH OF CHRIST. By E. T. Green, M.A. <i>Cr. 8vo. 6s.</i></p> <p>COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY. By J. A. MacCulloch. <i>Cr. 8vo. 6s.</i></p> |
|---|---|

Classical Translations

Edited by H. F. FOX, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford.

Crown 8vo.

A series of Translations from the Greek and Latin Classics, distinguished by literary excellence as well as by scholarly accuracy.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>ÆSCHYLUS—Agamemnon, Choephoroe, Eumenides. Translated by Lewis Campbell, LL.D. 5s.</p> <p>CICERO—De Oratore I. Translated by E. N. P. Moor, M.A. 3s. 6d.</p> | <p>CICERO—Select Orations (Pro Milone, Pro Mureno, Philippic II., in Cautinam). Translated by H. E. D. Blakiston, M.A. 5s.</p> <p>CICERO—De Natura Deorum. Translated by F. Brooks, M.A. 3s. 6d.</p> |
|---|--|

[Continued.]

CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS—*continued.*

- CICERO—De Officiis. Translated by G. B. Gardiner, M.A. 2s. 6d.
 HORACE—The Odes and Epodes. Translated by A. D. Godley, M.A. 2s.
 LUCIAN—Six Dialogues (Nigrinus, Icaro-Menippus, The Cock, The Ship, The Parasite, The Lover of Falsehood) Translated by S. T. Irwin, M.A. 3s. 6d.
 SOPHOCLES—Electra and Ajax. Translated by E. D. A. Morshead, M.A. 2s. 6d.
 TACITUS—Agricola and Germania. Translated by R. B. Townshend. 2s. 6d.
 THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL. Translated by S. G. Owen. 2s. 6d.

Commercial Series

Edited by H. DE B. GIBBINS, Litt.D., M.A.

Crown 8vo.

A series intended to assist students and young men preparing for a commercial career, by supplying useful handbooks of a clear and practical character, dealing with those subjects which are absolutely essential in the business life.

- COMMERCIAL EDUCATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By E. E. Whitfield, M.A. 5s.
 An introduction to Methuen's Commercial Series treating the question of Commercial Education fully from both the point of view of the teacher and of the parent.
 BRITISH COMMERCE AND COLONIES FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA. By H. de B. Gibbins, Litt.D., M.A. *Third Edition.* 2s.
 COMMERCIAL EXAMINATION PAPERS. By H. de B. Gibbins, Litt.D., M.A. 1s. 6d.
 THE ECONOMICS OF COMMERCE. By H. de B. Gibbins, Litt.D., M.A. *Second Edition.* 1s. 6d.
 A GERMAN COMMERCIAL READER. By S. E. Bally. With Vocabulary. 2s.
 A COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By L. W. Lyde, M.A. *Fifth Edition.* 2s.
 A COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY OF FOREIGN NATIONS. By F. C. Boon, B.A. 2s.
 A PRIMER OF BUSINESS. By S. Jackson, M.A. *Third Edition.* 1s. 6d.
 COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC. By F. G. Taylor, M.A. *Fourth Edition.* 1s. 6d.
 FRENCH COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By S. E. Bally. With Vocabulary. *Third Edition.* 2s.
 GERMAN COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By S. E. Bally. With Vocabulary. *Second Edition.* 2s. 6d.
 A FRENCH COMMERCIAL READER. By S. E. Bally. With Vocabulary. *Second Edition.* 2s.
 PRECIS WRITING AND OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE. By E. E. Whitfield, M.A. *Second Edition.* 2s.
 A GUIDE TO PROFESSIONS AND BUSINESS. By H. Jones. 1s. 6d.
 THE PRINCIPLES OF BOOK-KEEPING BY DOUBLE ENTRY. By J. E. B. M'Allen, M.A. 2s.
 COMMERCIAL LAW. By W. Douglas Edwards. *Second Edition.* 2s.

Connoisseur's Library, The

Wide Royal 8vo. 25s. net.

A sumptuous series of 20 books on art, written by experts for collectors, superbly illustrated in photogravure, colliotype, and colour. The technical side of the art is duly treated. The first volumes are—

- MEZZOTINTS. By Cyril Davenport. With 40 Plates in Photogravure.
 PORCELAIN. By Edward Dillon. With 19 Plates in Colour, 20 in Colliotype, and 5 in Photogravure.
 MINIATURES. By Dudley Heath. With 9 Plates in Colour, 15 in Colliotype, and 15 in Photogravure.
 IVORIES. By A. Maskell. With 80 Plates in Colliotype and Photogravure.
 ENGLISH FURNITURE. By F. S. Robinson. With 160 Plates in Colliotype and one in Photogravure. *Second Edition.*
 EUROPEAN ENAMELS. By H. CUNYNGHAME, C.B. With many Plates in Colliotype and a Frontispiece in Photogravure.

Devotion, The Library of

With Introductions and (where necessary) Notes.

Small Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. ; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

These masterpieces of devotional literature are furnished with such Introductions and Notes as may be necessary to explain the standpoint of the author and the obvious difficulties of the text, without unnecessary intrusion between the author and the devout mind.

- | | |
|--|--|
| THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Edited by C. Bigg, D.D. <i>Fifth Edition.</i> | ON THE LOVE OF GOD. By St. Francis de Sales. Edited by W. J. Knox-Little, M.A. |
| THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. Edited by Walter Lock, D.D. <i>Third Edition.</i> | A MANUAL OF CONSOLATION FROM THE SAINTS AND FATHERS. Edited by J. H. Burn, B.D. |
| THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. Edited by C. Bigg, D.D. <i>Fourth Edition.</i> | THE SONG OF SONGS. Edited by B. Blaxland, M.A. |
| A BOOK OF DEVOTIONS. Edited by J. W. Stanbridge, B.D. <i>Second Edition.</i> | THE DEVOTIONS OF ST. ANSKLM. Edited by C. C. J. Webb, M.A. |
| LYRA INNOCENTIUM. Edited by Walter Lock, D.D. | GRACE ABOUNDING. By John Bunyan. Edited by S. C. Freer, M.A. |
| A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE. Edited by C. Bigg, D.D. <i>Second Edition.</i> | BISHOP WILSON'S SACRA PRIVATA. Edited by A. E. Burn, B.D. |
| THE TEMPLE. Edited by E. C. S. Gibson, D.D. <i>Second Edition.</i> | LYRA SACRA : A Book of Sacred Verse. Edited by H. C. Beeching, M.A., Canon of Westminster. |
| A GUIDE TO ETERNITY. Edited by J. W. Stanbridge, B.D. | A DAY BOOK FROM THE SAINTS AND FATHERS. Edited by J. H. Burn, B.D. |
| THE PSALMS OF DAVID. Edited by B. W. Randolph, D.D. | HEAVENLY WISDOM. A Selection from the English Mystics. Edited by E. C. Gregory. |
| LYRA APOSTOLICA. By Cardinal Newman and others. Edited by Canon Scott Holland and Canon H. C. Beeching, M.A. | LIGHT, LIFE, and LOVE. A Selection from the German Mystics. Edited by W. R. Inge, M.A. |
| THE INNER WAY. By J. Tanler. Edited by A. W. Hutton, M.A. | AN INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOUT LIFE. By St. Francis de Sales. Translated and Edited by T. Barns, M.A. |
| THE THOUGHTS OF PASCAL. Edited by C. S. Jerram, M.A. | |

Methuen's Standard Library

In Sixpenny Volumes.

THE STANDARD LIBRARY is a new series of volumes containing the great classics of the world, and particularly the finest works of English literature. All the great masters will be represented, either in complete works or in selections. It is the ambition of the publishers to place the best books of the Anglo-Saxon race within the reach of every reader, so that the series may represent something of the diversity and splendour of our English tongue. The characteristics of THE STANDARD LIBRARY are four :—1. SOUNDNESS OF TEXT. 2. CHEAPNESS. 3. CLEARNESS OF TYPE. 4. SIMPLICITY. The books are well printed on good paper at a price which on the whole is without parallel in the history of publishing. Each volume contains from 100 to 250 pages, and is issued in paper covers, Crown 8vo, at Sixpence net, or in cloth gilt at One Shilling net. In a few cases long books are issued as Double Volumes or as Treble Volumes.

The following books are ready with the exception of those marked with a †, which denotes that the book is nearly ready :—

- | | |
|---|--|
| THE MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS. The translation is by R. Graves. | RELIGIO MEDICI and URN BURIAL. By Sir Thomas Browne. The text has been collated by A. R. Waller. |
| THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN. In 5 volumes. VOL. 1.—Sense and Sensibility. | THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. |
| ESSAYS AND COUNSELS and THE NEW ATLANTIS. By Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. | REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Edmund Burke. |
| | THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION, NATURAL AND REVEALED. By Joseph Butler, D.D. |

[Continued.]

THE STANDARD LIBRARY—*continued.*

- THE POEMS OF THOMAS CHATTERTON. In 2 volumes.
Vol. I.—Miscellaneous Poems.
†Vol. II.—The Rowley Poems.
- †VITA NUOVA. By Dante. Translated into English by D. G. Rossetti.
- TOM JONES. By Henry Fielding. Treble Vol. CRANFORD. By Mrs. Gaskell.
- THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By Edward Gibbon. In 7 double volumes.
Vol. v. is nearly ready.
The Text and Notes have been revised by J. B. Bury, Litt.D., but the Appendices of the more expensive edition are not given.
- †THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith.
- THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. THE WORKS OF BEN JONSON.
†Vol. I.—The Case is Altered. Every Man in His Humour. Every Man out of His Humour.
The text has been collated by H. C. Hart.
- THE POEMS OF JOHN KEATS. Double volume. The Text has been collated by E. de Selincourt.
- ON THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By Thomas à Kempis.
The translation is by C. Bigg, DD., Canon of Christ Church.
- A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE. By William Law.
- THE PLAYS OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.
†Vol. I.—Tamburlane the Great. The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus.
- THE PLAYS OF PHILIP MASSINGER.
†Vol. I.—The Duke of Milan.
- THE POEMS OF JOHN MILTON. In 2 volumes.
Vol. I.—Paradise Lost.
- THE PROSE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON.
VOL. I.—Eikonoklastes and The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates.
- SELECT WORKS OF SIR THOMAS MORE.
Vol. I.—Utopia and Poems.
- THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO. Translated by Sydenham and Taylor. Double Volume. The translation has been revised by W. H. D. Rouse.
- THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS. Translated by W. Heywood.
- THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. In 10 volumes.
VOL. I.—The Tempest; The Two Gentlemen of Verona; The Merry Wives of Windsor; Measure for Measure; The Comedy of Errors.
VOL. II.—Much Ado About Nothing; Love's Labour's Lost; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Merchant of Venice; As You Like It.
VOL. III.—The Taming of the Shrew; All's Well that Ends Well; Twelfth Night; The Winter's Tale.
Vol. IV.—The Life and Death of King John; The Tragedy of King Richard the Second; The First Part of King Henry IV.; The Second Part of King Henry IV.
Vol. V.—The Life of King Henry V.; The First Part of King Henry VI.; The Second Part of King Henry VI.
THE LIFE OF NELSON. By Robert Southey.
- THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE. By Gilbert White.

Half-Crown Library

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

- THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN. By W. G. Collingwood, M.A. With Portraits. *Sixth Edition.*
- ENGLISH LYRICS. By W. E. Henley. *Second Edition.*
- THE GOLDEN POMP. A Procession of English Lyrics. Arranged by A. T. Quiller Couch. *Second Edition.*
- CHITRAL: The Story of a Minor Siege. By Sir G. S. Robertson, K.C.S.I. *Third Edition.* Illustrated.
- STRANGE SURVIVALS AND SUPERSTITIONS. By S. Baring-Gould. *Third Edition.*
- YORKSHIRE ODDITIES AND STRANGE EVENTS. By S. Baring-Gould. *Fourth Edition.*
- ENGLISH VILLAGES. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. *Second Edition.*
- A BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE. By W. E. Henley and C. Whibley.
- THE LAND OF THE BLACK MOUNTAINS. Being a Description of Montenegro. By R. Wyon and G. France. With 40 Illustrations.

Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books, The

Fcap 8vo. 3s. 6d. net each volume.

A series, in small form, of some of the famous illustrated books of fiction and general literature. These are faithfully reprinted from the first or best editions without introduction or notes. The illustrations are chiefly in colour.

COLOURED BOOKS

- OLD COLOURED BOOKS. By George Paston. With 16 Coloured Plates. *Fcap 8vo. 2s. net.*
- THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN MUTTON, ESQ. By Nimrod. With 18 Coloured Plates by Henry Alken and T. J. Rawlins. *Fourth Edition.*

[Continued.]

ILLUSTRATED POCKET LIBRARY OF PLAIN AND COLOURED BOOKS—continued.

- THE LIFE OF A SPORTSMAN.** By Nimrod. With 35 Coloured Plates by Henry Alken.
- HANDLEY CROSS.** By R. S. Surtees. With 7 Coloured Plates and 100 Woodcuts in the Text by John Leech. *Second Edition.*
- MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.** By R. S. Surtees. With 13 Coloured Plates and 90 Woodcuts in the Text by John Leech.
- JORROCKS' JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES.** By R. S. Surtees. With 15 Coloured Plates by H. Alken. *Second Edition.*
This volume is reprinted from the extremely rare and costly edition of 1843, which contains Alken's very fine illustrations instead of the usual ones by Phil.
- ASK MAMMA.** By R. S. Surtees. With 13 Coloured Plates and 70 Woodcuts in the Text by John Leech.
- THE ANALYSIS OF THE HUNTING FIELD.** By R. S. Surtees. With 7 Coloured Plates by Henry Alken, and 43 Illustrations on Wood.
- THE TOUR OF DR. SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.** By William Combe. With 30 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson.
- THE TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION.** By William Combe. With 24 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson.
- THE THIRD TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.** By William Combe. With 24 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson.
- THE HISTORY OF JOHNNY QUAE GENUS: the Little Foundling of the late Dr. Syntax.** By the Author of 'The Three Tours.' With 24 Coloured Plates by Rowlandson.
- THE ENGLISH DANCE OF DEATH,** from the Designs of T. Rowlandson, with Metrical Illustrations by the Author of 'Doctor Syntax.' *Two Volumes.*
This book contains 76 Coloured Plates.
- THE DANCE OF LIFE: A Poem.** By the Author of 'Doctor Syntax.' Illustrated with 26 Coloured Engravings by T. Rowlandson.
- LIFE IN LONDON: or, the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his Elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom.** By Pierce Egan. With 36 Coloured Plates by I. R. and G. Cruikshank. With numerous Designs on Wood.
- REAL LIFE IN LONDON: or, the Rambles and Adventures of Bob Tallyho, Esq., and his Cousin, The Hon. Tom Dashall.** By an Amateur (Pierce Egan). With 31 Coloured Plates by Alken and Rowlandson, etc. *Two Volumes.*
- THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.** By Pierce Egan. With 27 Coloured Plates by Theodore Lane, and several Designs on Wood.
- THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.** By Oliver Goldsmith. With 24 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson.
- THE MILITARY ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME.** By an Officer. With 15 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson.
- THE NATIONAL SPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.** With Descriptions and 51 Coloured Plates by Henry Alken.
This book is completely different from the large folio edition of 'National Sports' by the same artist, and none of the plates are similar.
- THE ADVENTURES OF A POST CAPTAIN.** By A Naval Officer. With 24 Coloured Plates by Mr. Williams.
- GAMONIA: or, the Art of Preserving Game; and an Improved Method of making Plantations and Covers,** explained and illustrated by Lawrence Rawstone, Esq. With 15 Coloured Plates by T. Rawlins.
- AN ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN: Containing the completest Instructions for Walking, Trotting, Cantering, Galloping, Stumbling, and Tumbling.** Illustrated with 27 Coloured Plates, and adorned with a Portrait of the Author. By Geoffrey Gambado, Esq.
- REAL LIFE IN IRELAND, or, the Day and Night Scenes of Brian Boru, Esq., and his Elegant Friend, Sir Shawn O'Dogherty.** By a Real Paddy. With 19 Coloured Plates by Heath, Marks, etc.
- THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY NEWCOME IN THE NAVY.** By Alfred Burton. With 16 Coloured Plates by T. Rowlandson.
- THE OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE: A Poem.** By John Careless, Esq. With 20 Coloured Plates after the style of T. Rowlandson.
- THE ENGLISH SPY.** By Bernard Blackmantle. With 72 Coloured Plates by R. Cruikshank, and many Illustrations on wood. *Two Volumes.*

PLAIN BOOKS

- THE GRAVE: A Poem.** By Robert Blair. Illustrated by 12 Etchings executed by Louis Schiavonetti from the original Inventions of William Blake. With an Engraved Title Page and a Portrait of Blake by T. Phillips, R.A. The illustrations are reproduced in photogravure.
- ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB.** Invented and engraved by William Blake. These famous Illustrations—21 in number—are reproduced in photogravure.
- ÆSOP'S FABLES.** With 380 Woodcuts by Thomas Bewick.

[Continued.]

ILLUSTRATED POCKET LIBRARY OF PLAIN AND COLOURED BOOKS—continued.

WINDSOR CASTLE. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. With 22 Plates and 87 Woodcuts in the Text by George Cruikshank.

THE TOWER OF LONDON. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. With 40 Plates and 58 Woodcuts in the Text by George Cruikshank.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH. By F. E. Smedley. With 30 Plates by George Cruikshank.

HANDY ANDY. By Samuel Lover. With 24 Illustrations by the Author.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. By Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton. With 24 Plates and 77 Woodcuts in the Text.

This volume is reproduced from the beautiful edition of John Major of 1824.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By Charles Dickens. With the 43 Illustrations by Seymour and Phiz, the two Buss Plates, and the 32 Contemporary Ozwhyn Plates.

Junior Examination Series

Edited by A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A. *Fcap. 8vo. 1s.*

This series is intended to lead up to the School Examination Series, and is intended for the use of teachers and students, to supply material for the former and practice for the latter. The papers are carefully graduated, cover the whole of the subject usually taught, and are intended to form part of the ordinary class work. They may be used *vivid voce* or as a written examination.

JUNIOR FRENCH EXAMINATION PAPERS. By F. Jacob, M.A. *Second Edition.*

JUNIOR LATIN EXAMINATION PAPERS. By C. G. Botting, B.A. *Fourth Edition.*

JUNIOR ENGLISH EXAMINATION PAPERS. By W. Williamson, B.A.

JUNIOR ARITHMETIC EXAMINATION PAPERS. By W. S. Beard. *Second Edition.*

JUNIOR ALGEBRA EXAMINATION PAPERS. By S. W. Finn, M.A.

JUNIOR GREEK EXAMINATION PAPERS. By I. C. Weatherhead, M.A.

JUNIOR GENERAL INFORMATION EXAMINATION PAPERS. By W. S. Beard.

A KEY TO THE ABOVE. *Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.*

JUNIOR GEOGRAPHY EXAMINATION PAPERS. By W. G. Baker, M.A.

JUNIOR GERMAN EXAMINATION PAPERS. By A. Voegelin, M.A.

Junior School-Books

Edited by O. D. INSKIP, LL.D., and W. WILLIAMSON, B.A.

A series of elementary books for pupils in lower forms, simply written by teachers of experience.

A CLASS-BOOK OF DICTATION PASSAGES. By W. Williamson, B.A. *Eleventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. Edited by E. Wilton South, M.A. With Three Maps. *Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK. Edited by A. E. Rubie, D.D. With Three Maps. *Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.*

A JUNIOR ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By W. Williamson, B.A. With numerous passages for parsing and analysis, and a chapter on Essay Writing. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s.*

A JUNIOR CHEMISTRY. By E. A. Tyler, B.A., F.C.S. With 78 Illustrations. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. Edited by A. E. Rubie, D.D. *Cr. 8vo. 2s.*

A JUNIOR FRENCH GRAMMAR. By L. A. Sornet and M. J. Acatos. *6r. 8vo. 2s.*

ELEMENTARY EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE. PHYSICS by W. T. Clough, A.R.C.S. CHEMISTRY by A. E. Dunstan, B.Sc. With 2 Plates and 154 Diagrams. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

A JUNIOR GEOMETRY. By Noel S. Lydog. With 276 Diagrams. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 2s.*

A JUNIOR MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By W. T. Clough. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

ELEMENTARY EXPERIMENTAL CHEMISTRY. By A. E. Dunstan, B.Sc. With 4 Plates and 109 Diagrams. *Cr. 8vo. 2s.*

A JUNIOR FRENCH PROSE COMPOSITION. By R. R. N. Baron, M.A. *Cr. 8vo. 2s.*

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE. With an Introduction and Notes by William Williamson, B.A. With Three Maps. *Cr. 8vo. 2s.*

Leaders of Religion

Edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A., Canon of Westminster. *With Portraits.*
Cr. 8vo. 2s. net.

A series of short biographies of the most prominent leaders of religious life and thought of all ages and countries.

- | | |
|--|---|
| CARDINAL NEWMAN. By R. H. Hutton. | WILLIAM LAUD. By W. H. Hutton, M.A. <i>Third Edition.</i> |
| JOHN WESLEY. By J. H. Overton, M.A. | JOHN KNOX. By F. MacCunn. <i>Second Edition.</i> |
| BISHOP WILBERFORCE. By G. W. Daniell, M.A. | JOHN HOWE. By R. F. Horton, D.D. |
| CARDINAL MANNING. By A. W. Hutton, M.A. | BISHOP KEN. By F. A. Clarke, M.A. |
| CHARLES SIMON. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. | GEORGE FOX, THE QUAKER. By T. Hodgkin, D.C.L. <i>Third Edition.</i> |
| JOHN KEEBLE. By Walter Lock, D.D. | JOHN DONNE. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. |
| THOMAS CHALMERS. By Mrs. Oliphant. | THOMAS CRANMER. By A. J. Mason, D.D. |
| LANCELOT ANDREWS. By R. L. Oxtley, D.D. <i>Second Edition.</i> | BISHOP LATIMER. By R. M. Carlyle and A. J. Carlyle, M.A. |
| AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY. By E. L. Cutts, D.D. | BISHOP BUTLER. By W. A. Spooner, M.A. |

Little Blue Books, The

General Editor, E. V. LUCAS.

Illustrated. Demy 16mo. 2s. 6d.

A series of books for children. The aim of the editor is to get entertaining or exciting stories about normal children, the moral of which is implied rather than expressed.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. THE CASTAWAYS OF MEADOWBANK. By Thomas Cobb. | 6. THE TREASURE OF PRINCEGATE PRIORY. By T. Cobb. |
| 2. THE HECHEMUT BOOK. By Jacob Abbott. Edited by E. V. Lucas. | 7. MRS. BARBERRY'S GENERAL SHOP. By Roger Ashton. |
| 3. THE AIR GUN. By T. Hilbert. | 8. A BOOK OF BAD CHILDREN. By W. T. Webb. |
| 4. A SCHOOL YEAR. By Netta Syrett. | 9. THE LOST BALL. By Thomas Cobb. |
| 5. THE PEELERS AT THE CAPITAL. By Roger Ashton. | |

Little Books on Art

With many Illustrations. Demy 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.

A series of monographs in miniature, containing the complete outline of the subject under treatment and rejecting minute details. These books are produced with the greatest care. Each volume consists of about 200 pages, and contains from 30 to 40 illustrations, including a frontispiece in photogravure.

- | | |
|---|--|
| GREEK ART. H. B. Walters. <i>Second Edition.</i> | HOLBEIN. Mrs. G. Fortescue. |
| BOOKPLATES. E. Almack. | BURNE-JONES. <i>Fortunée de Lisle. Second Edition.</i> |
| REYNOLDS. J. Sime. <i>Second Edition.</i> | REMBRANDT. Mrs. E. A. Sharp |
| ROMNEY. George Paston. | COROT. Alice Pollard and Ethel Birnstingl. |
| WATTS. R. E. D. Sketchley. | RAPHAEL. A. R. Dryhurst. |
| LEIGHTON. Alice Corkran. | MILLET. Netta Peacock. |
| VELASQUEZ. Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert. | ILLUMINATED MSS. J. W. Bradley. |
| GREUZE AND BOUCHER. Eliza F. Pollard. | CHRIST IN ART. Mrs. Henry Jenner. |
| VANDYCK. M. G. Smallwood. | JEWELLERY. Cyril Davenport. |
| TURNER. Frances Tyrell-Gill. | CLAUDE. Edward Dillon. |
| DGERS. Jessie Allen. | THE ARTS OF JAPAN. Edward Dillon. |
| HOPFFNER. H. P. K. Shipston. | |

Little Galleries, The*Demy 16mo. 2s. 6d. net.*

A series of little books containing examples of the best work of the great painters. Each volume contains 20 plates in photogravure, together with a short outline of the life and work of the master to whom the book is devoted.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF REYNOLDS.
A LITTLE GALLERY OF ROMNEY.
A LITTLE GALLERY OF HOPPER.

A LITTLE GALLERY OF MILLAR.
A LITTLE GALLERY OF ENGLISH PORTS.

Little Guides, The*Small Pott 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.; leather, 3s. 6d. net.*

- OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES. By J. Wells, M.A. Illustrated by E. H. New. *Seventh Edition.*
CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES. By A. Hamilton Thompson. Illustrated by E. H. New. *Second Edition.*
THE MALVERN COUNTRY. By B. C. A. Windle, D.Sc., F.R.S. Illustrated by E. H. New.
SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY. By B. C. A. Windle, D.Sc., F.R.S. Illustrated by E. H. New. *Second Edition.*
SUSSEX. By F. G. Brabant, M.A. Illustrated by E. H. New. *Second Edition.*
WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By G. E. Troutbeck. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford.
NORFOLK. By W. A. Dutt. Illustrated by B. C. Boulter.
CORNWALL. By A. L. Salmon. Illustrated by B. C. Boulter.
BRITTANY. By S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated by J. Wylie.
HERTFORDSHIRE. By H. W. Tompkins, F.R.H.S. Illustrated by E. H. New.
THE ENGLISH LAKES. By F. G. Brabant, M.A. Illustrated by E. H. New.
KENT. By G. Clinch. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford.
ROME. By C. G. Killaby. Illustrated by K. C. Boulter.
THE ISLE OF WIGHT. By G. Clinch. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford.
SURREY. By F. A. H. Lambert. Illustrated by E. H. New.
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. By E. S. Roscoe. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford.
SUFFOLK. By W. A. Dutt. Illustrated by J. Wylie.
DERBYSHIRE. By J. C. Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated by J. C. Wall.
THE NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE. By J. E. Mortis. Illustrated by R. J. S. Bertram.
HAMPSHIRE. By J. C. Cox. Illustrated by M. E. Purser.
SICILY. By F. H. Jackson. With many illustrations by the Author.
DORSET. By Frank R. Heath. Illustrated.
CHESHIRE. By W. M. Gallichan. Illustrated by Elizabeth Hartley.
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. By Wakeling Dry Illustrated.
THE EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE. By J. E. Mortis. Illustrated.
OXFORDSHIRE. By F. G. Brabant. Illustrated by E. H. New.
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. By George Clinch. Illustrated by Beatrice Alcock.

Little Library, The

With Introductions, Notes, and Photogravure Frontispieces.

Small Pott 8vo. Each Volume, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; leather, 2s. 6d. net.

A series of small books under the above title, containing some of the famous works in English and other literatures, in the domains of fiction, poetry, and belles lettres. The series also contains volumes of selections in prose and verse. The books are edited with the most scholarly care. Each one contains an introduction which gives (1) a short biography of the author; (2) a critical estimate of the book. Where they are necessary, short notes are added at the foot of the page.

Each volume has a photogravure frontispiece, and the books are produced with great care.

- ANON. ENGLISH LYRICS, A LITTLE BOOK OF.
Austen (Jane). PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Edited by E. V. Lucas. *Two Volumes.*
NORTHANGER ABBEY. Edited by E. V. Lucas.
Bacon (Francis). THE ESSAYS OF LORD BACON. Edited by Edward Wright.

- Barham (R. H.).** THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS. Edited by J. B. ATLAY. *Two Volumes.*
- Barnett (Mrs. P. A.).** A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE.
- Beckford (William).** THE HISTORY OF THE CALIPH VATHEK. Edited by E. DENISON ROSS.
- Blake (William).** SELECTIONS FROM WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by M. PERUGINI.
- Borrow (George).** LAVENGRO. Edited by F. HINDES GROOME. *Two Volumes.*
- THE ROMANY RYE.** Edited by JOHN SAMPSON.
- Browning (Robert).** SELECTIONS FROM THE EARLY POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING. Edited by W. HALL GRIFFIN, M.A.
- Canning (George).** SELECTIONS FROM THE ANTI-JACOBIN: with GEORGE CANNING'S additional Poems. Edited by LLOYD SANDERSON.
- Cowley (Abraham).** THE ESSAYS OF ABRAHAM COWLEY. Edited by H. C. MINCHIN.
- Crabbe (George).** SELECTIONS FROM GEORGE CRABBE. Edited by A. C. DEANE.
- Crak (Mrs.).** JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. Edited by ANNE MATHESON. *Two Volumes.*
- Crashaw (Richard).** THE ENGLISH POEMS OF RICHARD CRASHAW. Edited by EDWARD HUTTON.
- Dante (Alighieri).** THE INFERNO OF DANTE. Translated by H. F. CARY. Edited by PAGET TOYNBEE, M.A., D.Litt.
- THE PURGATORIO OF DANTE.** Translated by H. F. CARY. Edited by PAGET TOYNBEE, M.A., D.Litt.
- THE PARADISO OF DANTE.** Translated by H. F. CARY. Edited by PAGET TOYNBEE, M.A., D.Litt.
- Darley (George).** SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE DARLEY. Edited by R. A. STREATHFIELD.
- Deane (A. C.).** A LITTLE BOOK OF LIGHT VERSE.
- Dickens (Charles).** CHRISTMAS BOOKS. *Two Volumes.*
- Ferrier (Susan).** MARRIAGE. Edited by A. GOODRICH-FREER and LORD IDDESLEIGH. *Two Volumes.*
- THE INHERITANCE.** *Two Volumes.*
- Gaskell (Mrs.).** CRANFORD. Edited by E. V. LUCAS. *Second Edition.*
- Hawthorne (Nathaniel).** THE SCARLET LETTER. Edited by PERCY DEARNER.
- Henderson (T. F.).** A LITTLE BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE.
- Keats (John).** POEMS. With an Introduction by L. BROWN, and Notes by J. MASEFIELD.
- Kinglake (A. W.).** EOTHEN. With an Introduction and Notes. *Second Edition.*
- Lamb (Charles).** ELIA, AND THE LAST ESSAYS OF ELIA. Edited by E. V. LUCAS.
- Locker (F.).** LONDON LYRICS. Edited by A. D. GODLEY, M.A. A reprint of the First Edition.
- Longfellow (H. W.).** SELECTIONS FROM LONGFELLOW. Edited by L. M. FAITHFULL.
- Marvell (Andrew).** THE POEMS OF ANDREW MARVELL. Edited by E. WRIGHT.
- Milton (John).** THE MINOR POEMS OF JOHN MILTON. Edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A., Canon of Westminster.
- Moir (D. M.).** MANSIE WAUCH. Edited by T. F. HENDERSON.
- Nichols (J. B. B.).** A LITTLE BOOK OF ENGLISH SONNETS.
- Rochefoucauld (La).** THE MAXIMS OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. Translated by Dean STANHOPE. Edited by G. H. POWELL.
- Smith (Horace and James).** REJECTED ADDRESSES. Edited by A. D. GODLEY, M.A.
- Sterne (Laurence).** A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. Edited by H. W. PAUL.
- Tennyson (Alfred, Lord).** THE EARLY POEMS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Edited by J. CHURTON COLLINS, M.A.
- IN MEMORIAM.** Edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A.
- THE PRINCESS.** Edited by ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.
- MAUD.** Edited by ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH.
- Thackeray (W. M.).** VANITY FAIR. Edited by S. GWYNN. *Three Volumes.*
- PENDENNIS.** Edited by S. GWYNN. *Three Volumes.*
- ESMOND.** Edited by S. GWYNN.
- CHRISTMAS BOOKS.** Edited by S. GWYNN.
- Vaughan (Henry).** THE POEMS OF HENRY VAUGHAN. Edited by EDWARD HUTTON.
- Walton (Izaak).** THE COMPLETE ANGLER. Edited by J. BUCHAN.
- Waterhouse (Mrs. Alfred).** A LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH. Edited by *Ninth Edition.*
- Wordsworth (W.).** SELECTIONS FROM WORDSWORTH. Edited by NOWELL C. SMITH.
- Wordsworth (W.) and Coleridge (S. T.).** LYRICAL BALLADS. Edited by GEORGE SAMPSON.

Miniature Library

Reprints in miniature of a few interesting books which have qualities of humanity, devotion, or literary genius.

- EUPHRANOR: A Dialogue on Youth.** By Edward FitzGerald. From the edition published by W. Pickering in 1851. *Demy 32mo. Leather, 2s. net.*
- POLONIUS: or Wise Saws and Modern Instances.** By Edward FitzGerald. From the edition published by W. Pickering in 1852. *Demy 32mo. Leather, 2s. net.*
- THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.** By Edward FitzGerald. From the 1st edition of 1859, *Third Edition. Leather, 1s. net.*
- THE LIFE OF EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERSBURY.** Written by himself. From the edition printed at Strawberry Hill in the year 1764. *Medium 32mo. Leather, 2s. net.*
- THE VISIONS OF DOM FRANCISCO QUEVEDO VILLEGAS, Knight of the Order of St. James.** Made English by R. L. From the edition printed for H. Herringman, 1666. *Leather, 2s. net.*
- POEMS.** By Dora Greenwell. From the edition of 1848. *Leather, 2s. net.*

Oxford Biographies

Fcap. 8vo. Each volume, cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net.

These books are written by scholars of repute, who combine knowledge and literary skill with the power of popular presentation. They are illustrated from authentic material.

- DANTE ALIGHIERI.** By Paget Toynbee, M.A., D.Litt. With 12 Illustrations. *Second Edition.*
- SAVONAROLA.** By E. L. S. Horsburgh, M.A. With 12 Illustrations. *Second Edition.*
- JOHN HOWARD.** By E. C. S. Gibson, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester. With 12 Illustrations.
- TENNYSON.** By A. C. Benson, M.A. With 9 Illustrations.
- WALTER RALEIGH.** By I. A. Taylor. With 12 Illustrations.
- ERASMUS.** By E. F. H. Capey. With 12 Illustrations.
- THE YOUNG PRETENDER.** By C. S. Terry. With 12 Illustrations.
- ROBERT BURNS.** By T. F. Henderson. With 12 Illustrations.
- CHATHAM.** By A. S. M'Dowall. With 12 Illustrations.
- ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.** By Anna M. Stoddart. With 16 Illustrations.
- CANNING.** By W. Alison Phillips. With 12 Illustrations.
- BEAconsFIELD.** By Walter Sichel. With 12 Illustrations.
- GOETHE.** By H. G. Atkins. With 12 Illustrations.
- FENELON.** By Viscount St. Cyres. With 12 Illustrations.

School Examination Series

Edited by A. M. M. STEDMAN, M.A. *Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.*

- FRENCH EXAMINATION PAPERS.** By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A. *Fourteenth Edition.*
A KEY, issued to Tutors and Private Students only to be had on application to the Publishers. *Fifth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.*
- LATIN EXAMINATION PAPERS.** By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A. *Thirteenth Edition.*
KEY (*Fourth Edition*) issued as above. *6s. net.*
- GREEK EXAMINATION PAPERS.** By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A. *Eighth Edition.*
KEY (*Third Edition*) issued as above. *6s. net.*
- GERMAN EXAMINATION PAPERS.** By R. J. Morich. *Sixth Edition.*
- KEY (*Third Edition*) issued as above. *6s. net.*
- HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY EXAMINATION PAPERS.** By C. H. Spence, M.A. *Second Edition.*
- PHYSICS EXAMINATION PAPERS.** By R. E. Steel, M.A., F.C.S.
- GENERAL KNOWLEDGE EXAMINATION PAPERS.** By A. M. M. Stedman, M.A. *Fifth Edition.*
KEY (*Third Edition*) issued as above. *7s. net.*
- EXAMINATION PAPERS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.** By J. Tait Plowden-Wardlaw, B.A.

Science, Textbooks of

Edited by G. F. GOODCHILD, B.A., B.Sc., and G. R. MILLS, M.A.

- PRACTICAL MECHANICS. By Sidney H. Wells. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 PRACTICAL PHYSICS. By H. Stroud, D.Sc., M.A. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY. Part I. By W. French, M.A. Cr. 8vo. *Fourth Edition.* 1s. 6d. Part II. By W. French, M.A., and T. H. Boardman, M.A. Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
 TECHNICAL ARITHMETIC AND GEOMETRY. By C. T. Mills, M.L.M.E. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 EXAMPLES IN PHYSICS. By C. E. Jackson, B.A. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
 *ELEMENTARY ORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By A. K. DUBBER, B.Sc. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo.

Social Questions of To-day

Edited by H. DE B. GIBBINS, Litt.D., M.A. *Crown 8vo.* 2s. 6d.

A series of volumes upon those topics of social, economic, and industrial interest that are foremost in the public mind.

- TRADE UNIONISM—NEW AND OLD. By G. Howell. *Third Edition.*
 THE COMMERCE OF NATIONS. By C. F. Bastable, M.A. *Fourth Edition.*
 THE ALIEN INVASION. By W. H. Wilkins, B.A.
 THE RURAL EXODUS. By P. Anderson Graham.
 LAND NATIONALIZATION. By Harold Cox, B.A. *Second Edition.*
 A SHORTER WORKING DAY. By H. de B. Gibbins and R. A. Hadfield.
 BACK TO THE LAND. An Inquiry into Rural Depopulation. By H. E. Moore.
 TRUSTS, POOLS, AND CORNERS. By J. Stephen Jeans.
 THE FACTORY SYSTEM. By R. W. Cooke Taylor.
 WOMEN'S WORK. By Lady Dilke, Miss Bulley, and Miss Whitley.
 SOCIALISM AND MODERN THOUGHT. By M. KAUFFMANN.
 THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED. By J. A. HOLSON, M.A.
 LIFE IN WEST LONDON. By Arthur Sherwell, M.A. *Third Edition.*
 RAILWAY NATIONALIZATION. By Clement Edwards.
 UNIVERSITY AND SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS. By W. REASON, M.A.

Technology, Textbooks of

Edited by G. F. GOODCHILD, B.A., B.Sc., and G. R. MILLS, M.A.

Fully Illustrated.

- HOW TO MAKE A DRESS. By J. A. E. Wood. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
 CARPENTRY AND JOINERY. By F. C. Webber. *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 MILLINERY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. By Clare Hill. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 2s.
 AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF TEXTILE DESIGN. By Aldred F. Barker. *Demy 8vo.* 7s. 6d.
 BUILDERS' QUANTITIES. By H. C. Grubb. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
 RÉPOUSÉ METAL WORK. By A. C. HORTH. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Theology, Handbooks of

Edited by R. L. OTTLEY, D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.

The series is intended, in part, to furnish the clergy and teachers and students of Theology with trustworthy Textbooks, adequately representing the present position of the questions dealt with; in part, to make accessible to the reading public an accurate and concise statement of facts and principles in all questions bearing on Theology and Religion.

- THE XXXIX. ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Edited by E. C. S. Gibson, D.D. *Fifth and Cheaper Edition in one Volume.* *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d.
 AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF RELIGION. By F. B. JEVONS, M.A., Litt.D. *Third Edition.* *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.
 THE DOCTRINE OF THE INCARNATION. By R. L. OTTLEY, D.D. *Second and Cheaper Edition.* *Demy 8vo.* 12s. 6d.
 AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE CREEDS. By A. E. BURD, D.D. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.
 THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. By Alfred Caldecott, D.D. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.
 A HISTORY OF EARLY CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By J. F. BETHUNE BAKER, M.A. *Demy 8vo.* 10s. 6d.

Westminster Commentaries, The

General Editor, WALTER LOCK, D.D., Warden of Keble College,
Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford.

The object of each commentary is primarily exegetical, to interpret the author's meaning to the present generation. The editors will not deal, except very subordinately, with questions of textual criticism or philology; but, taking the English text in the Revised Version as their basis, they will try to combine a hearty acceptance of critical principles with loyalty to the Catholic Faith.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. Edited with Introduction and Notes by S. R. Driver, D.D. *Fifth Edition Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.*
THE BOOK OF JOB. Edited by E. C. S. Gibson, D.D. *Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 6s.*
THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. Edited by R. B. Rackham, M.A. *Demy 8vo. Third and Cheaper Edition. 10s. 6d.*

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS. Edited by H. L. Goudge, M.A. *Demy 8vo. 6s.*

THE EPISTLE OF ST. JAMES. Edited with Introduction and Notes by R. J. Knowling, M.A. *Demy 8vo. 6s.*

PART II.—FICTION

Albanesi (E. Maria). SUSANNAH AND ONE OTHER. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE BLUNDER OF AN INNOCENT. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
CAPRICIOUS CAROLINE. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
LOVE AND LOUISA. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
PETER, A PARASITE. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE BROWN EYES OF MARY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
Anstey (F.). Author of 'Vice Versâ.' A BAYARD FROM BENGAL. Illustrated by BERNARD PARTIDGE. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.*
Bachelier (Irving). Author of 'Eben Holden.' DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
Bagot (Richard). A ROMAN MYSTERY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE PASSPORT. *Fourth Ed. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
Baring-Gould (S.). ARMINELL. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
URITH. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA. *Seventh Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
CHEAP JACK ZITA. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
MARGERY OF QUETHER. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE QUEEN OF LOVE. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
JACQUETTA. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
KITTY ALONE. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
NOËMI. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE BROOM-SQUIRE. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

DARTMOOR IDYLLS. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
GUAVAS THE TINNER. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
BLADYS. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
PABO THE PRIEST. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
WINEFRED. Illustrated. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
ROYAL GEORGIE. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
MISS QUILLET. Illustrated. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
CHRIS OF ALL SORTS. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
IN DEWISLAND. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
LITTLE TUPPENNY. *A New Edition. 6d.*
See also Strand Novels and Books for Boys and Girls.
Barlow (Jane). THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.* See also Strand Novels.
Barr (Robert). IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE MUTABLE MANY. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE COUNTESS TEKLA. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE LADY ELECTRA. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
THE TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT. Illustrated. *Third Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
See also Strand Novels and S. Crane.
Beeble (Harold). THE ADVENTURES OF SIR JOHN SPARROW. *Cr. 8vo. 6s.*
Belloc (Hilaire). EMMANUEL BURDEN, MERCHANT. With 36 Illustrations by G. K. CHESTERTON. *Second Edition. Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

- Benson (E. F.)** DODO. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Strand Novels.
- Benson (Margaret).** SUBJECT TO VANITY. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Bourne (Harold C.).** See V. Langbridge.
- Burton (J. Bleundelle).** THE YEAR ONE: A Page of the French Revolution. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE FATE OF VALSEC. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A BRANDED NAME. Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Strand Novels.
- Capes (Bernard).** Author of 'The Lake of Wine.' THE EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSIONS OF DIANA PLEASE. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A JAY OF ITALY. *Fourth Ed.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- LOAVES AND FISHES. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Cheamsey (Weatherby).** THE TRAGEDY OF THE GREAT EMERALD. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE MYSTERY OF A BUNGALOW. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Strand Novels.
- Clifford (Hugh).** A FREE LANCE OF TO-DAY. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Clifford (Mrs. W. K.).** See Strand Novels and Books for Boys and Girls.
- Cobb (Thomas).** A CHANGE OF FACE. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Corelli (Marie).** A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS. *Twenty-Sixth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- VENDETTA. *Twenty-Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THELMA. *Thirty-Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- ARDATH: THE STORY OF A DEAD SELF. *Sixteenth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE SOUL OF LILITH. *Thirteenth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- WORMWOOD. *Fourteenth Ed.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- BARABBAS: A DREAM OF THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY. *Forty-first Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE SORROWS OF SATAN. *Fifty-first Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE MASTER CHRISTIAN. *167th Thousand.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- TEMPORAL POWER: A STUDY IN SUPREMACY. *150th Thousand.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- GOD'S GOOD MAN: A SIMPLE LOVE STORY. *137th Thousand.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE MIGHTY ATOM. *A New Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- BOY. *A New Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- JANE. *A New Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Crockett (S. R.).** Author of 'The Raiders,' etc. LOCHINVAR. Illustrated. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE STANDARD BEARER. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Croker (B. M.).** THE OLD CANTONMENT. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- JOHANNA. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE HAPPY VALLEY. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A NINE DAYS' WONDER. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- PEGGY OF THE BARTONS. *Sixth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- ANGEL. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A STATE SECRET. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Dawson (Francis W.).** THE SCAR. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Dawson (A. J.).** DANIEL WHYTE. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Doyle (A. Conan).** Author of 'Sherlock Holmes,' 'The White Company,' etc. ROUND THE RED LAMP. *Ninth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Duncan (Sara Jeannette) (Mrs. Everard Cotes).** THOSE DELIGHTFUL AMERICANS. Illustrated. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Strand Novels.
- Findlater (J. H.).** THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE. *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Strand Novels.
- Findlater (Mary).** A NARROW WAY. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE ROSE OF JOY. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Strand Novels.
- Fitzpatrick (K.)** THE WEANS AT ROWALLAN. Illustrated. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Fitzstephen (Gerald).** MORE KIN THAN KIND. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Fletcher (J. S.).** LUCIAN THE DREAMER. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Fraser (Mrs. Hugh).** Author of 'The Stolen Emperor.' THE SLAKING OF THE SWORD. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- IN THE SHADOW OF THE LORD. *Second Edition.* Crown 8vo. 6s.
- Fuller-Matthiand (Mrs.).** Author of 'The Day Book of Bethia Hardacre.' BLANCHE ESMEAD. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Gerard (Dorothea).** Author of 'Lady Baby.' THE CONQUEST OF LONDON. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- HOLY MATRIMONY. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- MADE OF MONEY. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE BRIDGE OF LIFE. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE IMPROBABLE IDYL. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Strand Novels.
- Gerard (Emily).** THE HERONS' TOWER. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Gissing (George).** Author of 'Demos,' 'In the Year of Jubilee,' etc. THE TOWN TRAVELLER. *Second Ed.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE CROWN OF LIFE. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Gielg (Charles).** BUNTER'S CRUISE. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Harvason (Beatrice).** IN VARYING MOODS. *Fourteenth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.

- THE SCHOLAR'S DAUGHTER.** *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
HILDA STRAFFORD. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Harrod (F.) (Frances Forbes Robertson). **THE TAMING OF THE BRUTE.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Herbertson (Agnes G.). **PATIENCE DEAN.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Hichens (Robert). **THE PROPHET OF BERKELEY SQUARE.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
TONGUES OF CONSCIENCE. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
FELIX. *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE WOMAN WITH THE FAN. *Sixth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
BYEWAYS. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE GARDEN OF ALLAH. *Thirteenth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE BLACK SPANIEL. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Hobbes (John Oliver). Author of 'Robert Orange.' **THE SERIOUS WOOING.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Hope (Anthony). **THE GOD IN THE CAR.** *Tenth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
A CHANGE OF AIR. *Sixth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
A MAN OF MARK. *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO. *Sixth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
PHROSO. Illustrated by H. R. MILLAR. *Sixth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
SIMON DALE. Illustrated. *Seventh Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE KING'S MIRROR. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
QUISANTE. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE DOLLY DIALOGUES. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC. Illustrated. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Hope (Graham). Author of 'A Cardinal and his Conscience,' etc., etc. **THE LADY OF LYFE.** *Second Ed.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Hough (Emerson). **THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.** Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Housman (Clemence). **THE LIFE OF SIR AGLOVALE DEGALIS.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Hyne (C. J. Cutcliffe). Author of 'Captain Kettle.' **MR. HORROCKS, PURSER.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Jacobs (W. W.). **MANY CARGOES.** *Twenty-Eighth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
SEA URCHINS. *Twelfth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
A MASTER OF CRAFT. Illustrated. *Seventh Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
LIGHT FREIGHTS. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
James (Henry). **THE SOFT SIDE.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE BETTER SORT. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE AMBASSADORS. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE GOLDEN BOWL.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Janson (Gustaf). **ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Keays (H. A. Mitchell). **HE THAT EATETH BREAD WITH ME.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Langbridge (V.) and Bourne (C. Harold). **THE VALLEY OF INHERITANCE.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Lawless (Hon. Emily). **WITH ESSEX IN IRELAND.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
 See also Strand Novels.
Lawson (Harry). Author of 'When the Billy Boils.' **CHILDREN OF THE BUSH.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Le Queux (W.). **THE HUNCHBACK OF WESTMINSTER.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE CLOSED BOOK. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW. Illustrated. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
BEHIND THE THRONE. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Levett-Yeats (S.). **ORRAIN.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Long (J. Luther), Co-Author of 'The Darling of the Gods.' **MADAME BUTTERFLY.** Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
SIXTY JANE. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Lewis (Cecil). **THE MACHINATIONS OF THE MYO-OK.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Lyall (Edna). **DERRICK VAUGHAN. NOVELIST.** *42nd Thousand.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
M'Carthy (Justin H.). Author of 'If I were King.' **THE LADY OF LOYALTY HOUSE.** Illustrated. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE DRYAD. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Macdonald (Ronald). **THE SEA MAID.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Macnaughtan (S.). **THE FORTUNE OF CHRISTINA MACNAB.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Malet (Lucas). **COLONEL ENDERBY'S WIFE.** *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION. *New Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE WAGES OF SIN. *Fifteenth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE CARISSIMA. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE GATELESS BARRIER. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD CALMADY. *Seventh Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
 See also Books for Boys and Girls.
Mann (Mrs. M. E.). **OLIVIA'S SUMMER.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
A LOST ESTATE. *A New Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE PARISH OF HILBY. *A New Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.

- THE PARISH NURSE.** *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- GRAN'MA'S JANE.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- MRS. PETER HOWARD.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A WINTER'S TALE.** *A New Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.** *A New Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- ROSE AT HONEYPOT.** *Third Ed.* Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Books for Boys and Girls.
- Marylett (Charles),** Author of 'The Column.' **GENEVRA.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Marsh (Richard),** **THE TWICKENHAM PEERAGE.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A DUEL.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE MARQUIS OF PUTNEY.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- See also Strand Novels.
- Mason (A. E. W.),** Author of 'The Four Feathers,' etc. **CLEMENTINA.** Illustrated. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Mathers (Helen),** Author of 'Comin' thro' the Rye.' **HONEY.** *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- GRIFF OF GRIFFITHSCOURT.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE FERRYMAN.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Maxwell (W. B.),** Author of 'The Ragged Messenger.' **VIVIEN.** *Eighth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE RAGGED MESSENGER.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- FABULOUS FANCIES.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Meads (L. T.),** **DRIFT.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- RESURGAM.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- VICTORY.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- See also Books for Girls and Boys.
- Meredith (Ellis),** **HEART OF MY HEART.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- 'Miss Molly'** (The Author of), **THE GREAT RECONCILER.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Mitford (Bertram),** **THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.** Illustrated. *Sixth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- IN THE WHIRL OF THE RISING.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE RED DERELICT.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Montresor (F. F.),** Author of 'Into the Highways and Hedges.' **THE ALLEN.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Morrison (Arthur),** **TALES OF MEAN STREETS.** *Seventh Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- A CHILD OF THE JAGO.** *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- TO LONDON TOWN.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- CUNNING MURRELL.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE HOLE IN THE WALL.** *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- DIVERS VANITIES.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Nesbit (E.),** (Mrs. E. Bland), **THE RED HOUSE.** Illustrated. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- See also Strand Novels.
- Norris (W. E.),** **THE CREDIT OF THE COUNTY.** Illustrated. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE EMBARRASSING ORPHAN.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- NIGEL'S VOCATION.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- BARHAM OF BELTANA.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- See also Strand Novels.
- Ollivant (Alfred),** **OWD BOB, THE GREY DOG OF KENMUIR.** *Eighth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Oppenheim (E. Phillips),** **MASTER OF MEN.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Oxenham (John),** Author of 'Barbe of Grand Bayou.' **A WEAVER OF WEBS.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE GATE OF THE DESERT.** *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Pain (Barry),** **THREE FANTASIES.** Cr. 8vo. 3s.
- LINDLEY KAYS.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Parker (Gilbert),** **PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE.** *Sixth Edition.*
- MRS. FALCHION.** *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD.** Illustrated. *Ninth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- WHEN VALMONDCAME TO PONTIAC:** The Story of a Lost Napoleon. *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- AN ADVENTURER OF THE NORTH:** The Last Adventures of 'Pretty Pierre.' *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.** Illustrated. *Fourteenth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG:** a Romance of Two Kingdoms. Illustrated. *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE POMP OF THE LAVIETTES.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Pemberton (Max),** **THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE.** Illustrated. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- I CROWN THEE KING.** With Illustrations by Frank Dadd and A. Forrester. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- Phillipotts (Eden),** **LYING PROPHETS.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- CHILDREN OF THE MIST.** *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- THE HUMAN BOY.** With a Frontispiece. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
- SONS OF THE MORNING.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.

- THE RIVER.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE AMERICAN PRISONER. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE SECRET WOMAN. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
KNOCK AT A VENTURE. With a Frontispiece. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE PORTREEVE. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
 See also Strand Novels.
Pickthall (Marmaduke). **SAID THE FISHERMAN.** *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
BRENDEL. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
 'O' Author of 'Dead Man's Rock.' **THE WHITE WOLF.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE MAYOR OF TROY. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Rhys (Grace). **THE WOOING OF SHEILA.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE PRINCE OF LISNOVER. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Rhys (Grace) and Another. **THE DIVERTED VILLAGE.** Illustrated by DOROTHY GWYN JEFFREYS. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Ridge (W. Pett). **LOST PROPERTY.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
ERB. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
A SON OF THE STATE. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
A BREAKER OF LAWS. *A New Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
MRS. GALER'S BUSINESS. Illustrated. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
SECRETARY TO BAYNE, M.P. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Ritchie (Mrs. David G.). **THE TRUTHFUL LIAR.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Roberts (C. G. D.). **THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD.** Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Russell (W. Clark). **MY DANISH SWEETHEART.** Illustrated. *Fifth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
HIS ISLAND PRINCESS. Illustrated. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
ABANDONED. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
 See also Books for Boys and Girls.
Sergeant (Adeline). **ANTHEA'S WAY.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE PROGRESS OF RACHAEL. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE MYSTERY OF THE MOAT. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
MRS. LYGON'S HUSBAND. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE COMING OF THE RANDOLPHS. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
 See also Strand Novels.
Shannon. (W.F.) **THE MESS DECK** Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
 See also Strand Novels.
- Sandwichson (Albert).** **DEEP-SEA VAGABONDS.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Thompson (Vance). **SPINNERS OF LIFE.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Ureheart (M.). **A TRAGEDY IN COMMONPLACE.** *Second Ed.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Wainmann (Finn). **BY A FINNISH LAKE.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE SONG OF THE FOREST. Cr. 8vo. 6s. See also Strand Novels.
Waltz (E. C.). **THE ANCIENT LAND-MARK: A Kentucky Romance.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Watson (H. B. Marriott). **ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
CAPTAIN FORTUNE. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
TWISTED EGLANTINE. With 8 Illustrations by FRANK CRAIG. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE HIGH TOBY. With a Frontispiece. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
 See also Strand Novels.
Wells (H. G.). **THE SEA LADY.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Weyman (Stanley), Author of 'A Gentleman of France.' **UNDER THE RED ROBE.** With Illustrations by R. C. WOODVILLE. *Twentieth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
White (Stewart E.), Author of 'The Blazed Trail.' **CONJUROR'S HOUSE.** A Romance of the Free Trail. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
White (Percy). **THE SYSTEM.** *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE PATIENT MAN. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Williamson (Mrs. C. N.), Author of 'The Barnstormers.' **THE ADVENTURE OF PRINCESS SYLVIA.** *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
THE WOMAN WHO DARED. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE SEA COULD TELL. *Second Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE CASTLE OF THE SHADOWS. *Third Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
PAPA. Cr. 8vo. 6s.
LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER. *Sixth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Williamson (C. N. and A. M.). **THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR: Being the Romance of a Motor Car.** Illustrated. *Fifteenth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
THE PRINCESS PASSES. Illustrated. *Seventh Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
MY FRIEND THE CHAUFFEUR. With 16 Illustrations. *Seventh Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.
Wyllarde (Delf), Author of 'Uriah the Hittite.' **THE PATHWAY OF THE PIONEER.** *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 6s.

- Mackie (Pauline Bradford).** THE VOICE IN THE DESERT.
Marsh (Richard). THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.
GARNERED.
A METAMORPHOSIS.
MARVELS AND MYSTERIES.
BOTH SIDES OF THE VEIL.
Mayall (J. W.). THE CYNIC AND THE SYREN.
Monkhouse (Allan). LOVE IN A LIFE.
Moore (Arthur). THE KNIGHT PUNCTILIOUS.
Nesbit (Mrs. Bland). THE LITERARY SENSE.
Norris (W. E.). AN OCTAVE.
Oliphant (Mrs.). THE LADY'S WALK.
SIR ROBERT'S FORTUNE.
THE TWO MARYS.
Penny (Mrs. Frank). A MIXED MARRIAGE.
Phillipotts (Eden). THE STRIKING HOURS.
FANCY FREE.
Pryce (Richard). TIME AND THE WOMAN.
Randall (J.). AUNT BETHIA'S BUTTON.
Raymond (Walter). FORTUNE'S DARING.
Rayner (Olive Pratt). ROSALBA.
Rhys (Grace). THE DIVERTED VILLAGE.
- Richard (Edith).** OUT OF THE CYPRESS SWAMP.
Robertson (M. H.). A GALLANT QUAKER.
Saunders (Marshall). ROSE A CHAR-LITTE.
Sergeant (Adeline). ACCUSED AND ACCUSER.
BARBARA'S MONEY.
THE ENTHUSIAST.
A GREAT LADY.
THE LOVE THAT OVERCAME.
THE MASTER OF BEECHWOOD.
UNDER SUSPICION.
THE YELLOW DIAMOND.
Shannon (W. F.). JIM TWELVES.
Strain (E. H.). ELMSLIE'S DRAG NET.
Stringer (Arthur). THE SILVER POPPY.
Stuart (Esme). CHRISTALLA.
Sutherland (Duchess of). ONE HOUR AND THE NEXT.
Swan (Annie). LOVE GROWN COLD.
Swift (Benjamin). SORDON.
Tanqueray (Mrs. B. M.). THE ROYAL QUAKER.
Trafford-Tannton (Mrs. E. W.). SILENT DOMINION.
Upward (Allen). ATHELSTANE FORD.
Waineman (Paul). A HEROINE FROM FINLAND.
Watson (H. B. Marriott). THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY CHANCE.
'Zack.' TALES OF DUNSTABLE WEIR.

Books for Boys and Girls

Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

- THE GETTING WELL OF DOROTHY.** By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. *Second Edition.*
THE ICELANDER'S SWORD. By S. Baring-Gould.
ONLY A GUARD-ROOM DOG. By Edith E. Cuthell.
THE DOCTOR OF THE JULIET. By Harry Collingwood.
LITTLE PETER. By Lucas Malet. *Second Edition.*
MASTER ROCKAFELLAR'S VOYAGE. By W. Clark Russell. *Third Edition.*
THE SECRET OF MADAME DE MONLUC. By the Author of "Mdlle. Mori."
SYD BELTON: OR, THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO SEA. By G. Manville Fenn.
THE RED GRANGE. By Mrs. Molesworth.
A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE. By L. T. Meade. *Second Edition.*
HEPSY GIPSY. By L. T. Meade. *2s. 6d.*
THE HONOURABLE MISS. By L. T. Meade. *Second Edition.*
THERE WAS ONCE A PRINCE. By Mrs. M. E. Mann.
WHEN ARNOLD COMES HOME. By Mrs. M. E. Mann.

The Novels of Alexandre Dumas

Price 6d. Double Volumes, 12.

- THE THREE MUSKETEERS.** With a long Introduction by Andrew Lang. Double volume.
THE PRINCE OF THIEVES. *Second Edition.*
ROBIN HOOD. A Sequel to the above.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.
GEORGES.
CROP-EARED JACQUOT; JANE; ETC.
TWENTY YEARS AFTER. Double volume.
AMARY.
THE CASTLE OF EPPSTEIN.
THE SNOWBALL, and SULTANETTA.
CECILE; OR, THE WEDDING GOWN.
ACTÉ.

THE BLACK TULIP.
THE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE.
 Part I. Louise de la Vallière. Double
 Volume.
 Part II. The Man in the Iron Mask.
 Double Volume.
THE CONVICT'S SON.
THE WOLF-LEADER.
NARON; OR, THE WOMEN' WAR. Double
 volume.
PAULINE; MURAT; AND PASCAL BRUNO.
THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PAMPHILE.
FERNANDE.
GABRIEL LAMBERT.
CATHERINE BLUM.
THE CHEVALIER D'HARMENTAL. Double
 volume.
SYLVANDINE.
THE FENCING MASTER.
THE REMINISCENCES OF ANTONY.
CONSCIENCE.
PERE LA RUINE.
HENRI OF NAVARRE. The second part of
 Queen Margot.
THE GREAT MASSACRE. The first part of
 Queen Margot.
THE WILD DUCK SHOOTER.

Illustrated Edition.

Demy 8vo. Cloth.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS. Illustrated in
 Colour by Frank Adams. 2s. 6d.

THE PRINCE OF THIEVES. Illustrated in
 Colour by Frank Adams. 2s.
ROBIN HOOD THE OUTLAW. Illustrated in
 Colour by Frank Adams. 2s.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS. Illustrated in
 Colour by A. M. M'Lellan. 1s. 6d.
THE WOLF-LEADER. Illustrated in Colour
 by Frank Adams. 1s. 6d.
GEORGES. Illustrated in Colour by Munro Orr.
 2s.
TWENTY YEARS AFTER. Illustrated in Colour
 by Frank Adams. 3s.
AMAURY. Illustrated in Colour by Gordon
 Browne. 2s.
THE SNOWBALL, and SULTANETTA. Illus-
 trated in Colour by Frank Adams. 2s.
THE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE. Illustrated in
 Colour by Frank Adams.
 Part I. Louise de la Vallière. 3s.
 Part II. The Man in the Iron Mask. 3s.
CROP-EARED JACQUOT; JANE; ETC. Illus-
 trated in Colour by Gordon Browne. 2s.
THE CASTLE OF EPPSTEIN. Illustrated in
 Colour by Stewart Orr. 1s. 6d.
ACTS. Illustrated in Colour by Gordon
 Browne. 1s. 6d.
CECILE; OR, THE WEDDING GOWN. Illus-
 trated in Colour by D. Murray Smith.
 1s. 6d.
THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PAMPHILE
 Illustrated in Colour by Frank Adams.
 1s. 6d.

Methuen's Sixpenny Books

Anston (Jane). PRIDE AND PRE-
 JUDICE.
Baget (Richard). A ROMAN MYSTERY.
Balfour (Andrew). BY STROKE OF
 SWORD.
Baring-Gould (S.). FURZE BLOOM.
CHEAP JACK ZITA.
KITTY ALONE.
URITH.
THE BROOM SQUIRE.
IN THE ROAR OF THE SEA.
NOEMI.
A BOOK OF FAIRY TALES. Illustrated.
LITTLE TU'PENNY.
THE FROBISHERS.
Barr (Robert). JENNIE BAXTER,
 JOURNALIST.
IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS.
THE COUNTESS TEKLA.
THE MUTABLE MANY.
Benson (E. F.). DODO.
Brents (Charlotte). SHIRLEY.
Brownell (C. L.). THE HEART OF
 JAPAN.

Burton (J. Bloundelle). ACROSS THE
 SALT SEAS.
Caffyn (Mrs.), ('Iota'). ANNE MAUL-
 VERER.
***Capes (Bernard).** THE LAKE OF
 WINE.
Clifford (Mrs. W. K.). A FLASH OF
 SUMMER.
MRS. KEITH'S CRIME.
Connell (F. Norreys). THE NIGGER
 KNIGHTS.
Corbett (Jullian). A BUSINESS IN
 GREAT WATERS.
Croker (Mrs. B. M.). PEGGY OF THE
 BARTONS.
A STATE SECRET.
ANGEL.
JOHANNA.
Dante (Alighieri). THE VISION OF
 DANTE (CARY).
Doyle (A. Conan). ROUND THE RED
 LAMP.
Duncan (Sara Jeannette). A VOYAGE
 OF CONSOLATION.
THOSE DELIGHTFUL AMERICANS.

- Eliot (George).** THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.
Fladlater (Jane H.). THE GREEN GRAVES OF BALGOWRIE.
Gallon (Tom). RICKERBY'S FOLLY.
Gaskell (Mrs.). CRANFORD.
MARY BARTON.
 NORTH AND SOUTH.
Gerard (Dorothea). HOLY MATRIMONY.
 THE CONQUEST OF LONDON.
 MADE OF MONEY.
Gissing (George). THE TOWN TRAVELLER.
 THE CROWN OF LIFE.
Glanville (Ernest). THE INCA'S TREASURE.
 THE KLOOF BRIDE.
Gleig (Charles). BUNTER'S CRUISE.
Grimm (The Brothers). GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. Illustrated.
Hope (Anthony). A MAN OF MARK.
 A CHANGE OF AIR.
THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.
 PHROSÖ.
 THE DOLLY DIALOGUES.
Hornung (E. W.). DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.
Ingraham (J. H.). THE THRONE OF DAVID.
Le Queux (W.). THE HUNCHBACK OF WESTMINSTER.
Levett-Yeats (S. K.). THE TRAITOR'S WAY.
Linton (E. Lynn). THE TRUE HISTORY OF JOSHUA DAVIDSON.
Lyall (Edna). DERRICK VAUGHAN.
Malet (Lucas). THE CARISSIMA.
 A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.
Mann (Mrs. M. E.). MRS. PETER HOWARD.
 A LOST ESTATE.
 THE CEDAR STAR.
Marchmont (A. W.). MISER HOADLEY'S SECRET.
 A MOMENT'S ERROR.
Marryat (Captain). PETER SIMPLE.
JACOB FAITHFUL.
Marsh (Richard). THE TWICKENHAM PEERAGE.
 THE GODDESS.
 THE JOSS.
Mason (A. E. W.). CLEMENTINA.
Mathers (Helen). HONEY.
GRIFF OF GRIFFITHSCOURT.
- SAM'S SWEETHEART**
Meade (Mrs. L. T.). DRIFT.
Mitford (Bertram). THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.
Montresor (F. F.). THE ALIEN.
Moore (Arthur). THE GAY DECEIVERS.
Morrison (Arthur). THE HOLE IN THE WALL.
Nesbit (E.). THE RED HOUSE.
Norris (W. E.). HIS GRACE.
 GILES INGILBY.
 THE CREDIT OF THE COUNTY.
 LORD LEONARD.
 MATTHEW AUSTIN.
 CLARISSA FURIOSA.
Oliphant (Mrs.). THE LADY'S WALK.
SIR ROBERT'S FORTUNE.
 THE PRODIGALS.
Oppenheim (E. Phillips). MASTER OF MEN.
Parker (Gilbert). THE POMP OF THE LAVIETTES.
 WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC.
 THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD.
Pemberton (Max). THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE.
 I CROWN THEE KING.
Phillipotts (Eden). THE HUMAN BOY.
 CHILDREN OF THE MIST.
Ridge (W. Pett). A SON OF THE STATE.
 LOST PROPERTY.
GEORGE AND THE GENERAL.
Russell (W. Clark). A MARRIAGE AT SEA.
 ABANDONED.
MY DANISH SWEETHEART.
Sergeant (Adeline). THE MASTER OF BEECHWOOD.
BARBARA'S MONEY.
THE YELLOW DIAMOND.
Surtees (R. S.). HANDLEY CROSS. Illustrated.
MR. SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR. Illustrated.
ASK MAMMA. Illustrated.
Valentine (Major E. S.). VELDT AND LAAGER.
Walford (Mrs. L. B.). MR. SMITH.
THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.
Wallace (General Lew). BEN-HUR.
THE FAIR GOD.
Watson (H. B. Marriot). THE ADVENTURERS.
Weekes (A. B.). PRISONERS OF WAR.
Wells (H. G.). THE STOLEN BACILLUS.
White (Percy). A PASSIONATE PILGRIM.



